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ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

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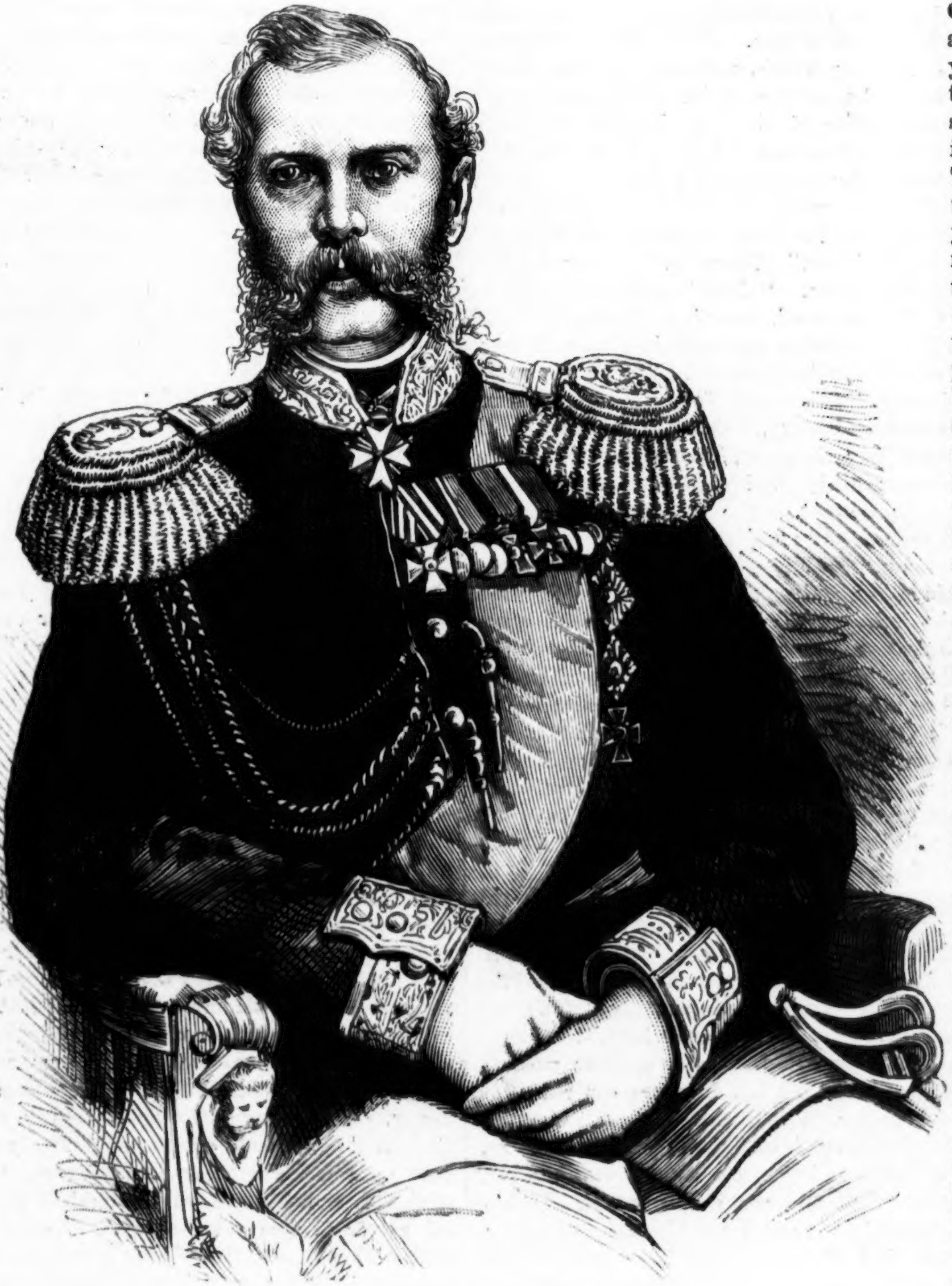

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II.

ALEXANDER II., officially styled, as far as the English language will express his titles, "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," was born on the 29th of April (the 17th by Russian reckoning), 1818, and has therefore entered upon his sixty-second year. It is long since one of his predecessors upon the throne of Russia has reached that age. He ascended the throne upon the death of his father, Nicholas I., March 2d, 1855, and has consequently reigned twenty-five years. Few of his predecessors have reigned so long; and there is a popular proverb which forebodes ill to any Czar whose reign overpasses that space of time: "Evil awaits the Czar of five-and-twenty years." History almost seems to verify the omen. The first twenty-five years of the reign of Ivan the Terrible (1547-1584) were notably prosperous; but he had scarcely touched the twenty-sixth, when disasters began to crowd thick and fast. The conquests which he had won were wrested from him; his three successive wives died, one after another, and his son and heir was murdered. The first twenty-five years of the reign of Peter the Great (1689-1725) were, upon the whole, prosperous; but scarcely had he touched this ominous period before evils began to come, and the remaining ten years of his life were shrouded in gloom. Had Alexander I. died just before the beginning of the twenty-fifth year of his reign, he would have been set down as the most fortunate of modern sovereigns. But the very next year nature and man seemed to conspire against him. A fearful rising of the Neva, in 1824, threatened St. Petersburg with destruction. A wide-spread conspiracy was formed against him, and he left his capital, broken in heart and spirit, only to die in the distant Crimea. His brother and successor, Nicholas, reigned to all appearance prosperously for twenty-five years; but in the twenty-sixth of his rule he entered upon the Crimean war, the unsuccessful issue of which broke his prestige, and caused his death. His son, the present Alexander, gave promise of being the best and wisest of Russian Czars; but as he approached the close of the first quarter-century of his reign, disasters thickened around him; and now, as we read day by day the tidings from Russia, everything forebodes a gloomy future for him and for his empire.

In any point of view, the reign of Alexander II. will have to be written down by the future historian as a critical one in the history of Russia. He is the inheritor of long centuries of wrong, which, with the best intentions, he has found himself unable to right. And now we are told that the one desire of his heart is to throw off the mighty burden which has been laid upon his shoulders.

The native title of the sovereign of Russia is "Czar," or "Tsar." Many persons, misled by the similarity of sound, suppose that this title is the same as the Roman "Cæsar" and the German "Kaiser." There is, however, no real connection between them. "Czar" or "Tsar" appears to be a pure Russian word, meaning simply "chief." Etymologists find a probable analogue in the suffix *-sar*, which occurs so often in Assyrian and Babylonian names, such as Phalas-sar, Nabonas-sar, Nabopolas-sar, and the like. Still, in modern history, "Czar" is used as a synonym for "Kaiser," or "Emperor," meaning the sovereign of several States over which he is ruler-in-chief, with powers more or less paramount.

In Russia, surnames, as we understand them, are scarcely known. The son usually takes, as a sort of patronymic, the name of his father, adding to it the suffix *-vitch*, "son of." Thus, the father of the present Czar was Nicholas, or Nicolai; so the son is called Alexander Nicolaïvitch, or, as we should say, "Nicholson"; the father of Nicholas was Paul, and so his name was Nicholas Paulovitch—that is, "Paulson"; the eldest son of the present Czar is also named Alexander, and so he is called Alexander Alexandrovitch, or, as the Scotch would say, "Saunderson." The eldest son of the Czar takes the title of *Czarevitch*, "the Czar's son." Daughters add *-erna* or *-orna*, "daughter of," to their father's name.

There seemed very little likelihood that Nicholas would ever become sovereign of Russia. Alexander I. was Czar. He was a weak man whom circumstances had enabled and even compelled to play a leading part in the history of the Napoleonic times. Many worse men have lived, few more unhappy ones. Years before his death he had come to know that he could have no legitimate child to succeed him upon the throne, and all his love was centred upon an illegitimate daughter. She died in 1824, and simultaneously came the ominous inundation of St. Petersburg. Memories of old events began to crowd upon the Czar, already broken in health and weakened in mind. He had ascended the throne by the murder of his half-mad father. Everybody knew that Alexander had been privy to the dethronement of Paul, and few doubted that he must have been aware that murder was the almost inevitable sequence of dethronement. The ill-balanced mind of Alexander gave way. His physicians ordered him to make a tour in the southern part of his wide dominions. He went as far as Taganrog, in the Crimea, where he died suddenly, on the 1st of December, 1825. Long before this a witty Russian had epigrammatically designated the Russian system of government as "a despotism tempered by assassination." Not a few believed that the Czar had been poisoned, and there were circumstances which rendered this not wholly improbable. But the attending physicians certified that his death was owing to fever and erysipelas. We are inclined to believe that their report was true; and that, although several of his predecessors had certainly been assassinated, and several others had probably come to their end by foul means, the name of Alexander, the son of the murdered Paul, does not belong to this dark list.

Alexander I. died childless, at the age of forty-eight. By ancient law, the Czar had the right of naming his successor, his choice not being restricted to members of the imperial family. Paul I. had tried to change this, making the crown hereditary in males of the blood royal. Still, it was understood that within this limit the Czar had the right to set aside the strict order of primogeniture. Upon the death of Alexander, the crown devolved upon one of his brothers. Of these there were three—Constantine, aged forty-six; Nicholas, twenty-nine; and Michael, somewhat younger. Three years before his death, Alexander had executed a formal document, not to be promulgated until after his death, devolving the crown upon Nicholas, to the exclusion of Constantine. The narrative of this transaction not only forms one of the most curious chapters in history, but it incidentally throws no little light upon events which are transpiring before our own eyes.

Constantine, Grand Duke of Russia, is one of those strange characters who form a standing puzzle to historians and philosophers. He had received his name from his grandmother, the great and bad Catharine II., who fancied that in him would be fulfilled an old prophecy that another Constantine would come to be the ruler of Constantinople, and master of the wide domains swayed by the first Christian Emperor, whose name he bore. All the other sons of Paul I. were notable for their stately presence. Constantine alone had the mean Tartar aspect of his father. He was by no means wanting in a certain kind of capacity, but his temper was so violent and capricious that he may fairly be considered as more than half insane. Of his wild escapades, the history of his time is full. While a mere boy, he was married to an accomplished German princess of the House of Saxe-Coburg. His brutal manners were intolerable to any civilized woman, and after a few years of misery she left him, while he abandoned himself to a succession of ignoble amours. In 1815 he was made commander-in-chief of the forces in Poland, and virtual viceroy. Of his brutal rule there, we shall not speak. To this half-mad savage it seemed that the imperial crown of Russia must soon fall. But it was ordered otherwise, in a most singular way.

About 1820 he became violently enamored with Johanna Grudzinska, a noble Polish lady, whom he wished to marry. His former wife was still living, and the Russian Church is, above all others, most firmly set against divorces. But his brother Alexander was the titular head of the Russian Church, with enough of purely ecclesiastical power to secure the coveted divorce, and he clearly wished that Constantine should not succeed him upon the throne. How the matter was brought about, we do not know; but the upshot was that Constantine agreed to renounce his birthright upon condition that a divorce was granted. Constantine married the Polish lady, who seems to have made an almost civilized man of him. It was not very long before it was thought advisable to put this family pact upon record, so that it might be available when required. Constantine put his abnegation in the shape of a petition to his brother, the Czar:

"Not recognizing in myself"—so ran the document—"either the genius, the talent, or the power requisite for my being raised to that sovereign dignity to which I might lay claim by my birth, I beseech your Imperial Majesty to transfer that right to the one to whom, after myself, it belongs; and thus for ever to assure the stability of your empire. As for myself, I add, by this renunciation, a new guarantee and a new force to the engagements which I, of my own accord, solemnly contracted at the time of my divorce from my first consort. Deign, Sire, graciously to grant my supplication, to which our august widowed mother has given her accord, and sanction it by your imperial assurance."

This document was formally sealed and deposited among the archives of the empire, and to it was appended a manifesto from Alexander, naming Nicholas as his successor. The package bore a superscription to the effect that it should be first opened by the Grand Council after the death of the Czar, and before any other official act was performed. As far as we can now learn, Nicholas, whom the matter so deeply concerned, was wholly ignorant of this strange family compact, which made him inheritor of the crown of all the Russias.

Alexander died three years after the formal execution of this family compact, by which Constantine gave up his right of primogeniture. It took a week for the swiftest couriers to bring the tidings of the death of the Czar to Warsaw. For two whole days Constantine kept himself in seclusion. Perhaps he was meditating what he should do, for the imperial crown was not a thing to be lightly thrown away. In any case, he made up his mind, and from that decision he never swerved for an instant. He would not have the imperial crown. At Warsaw he had been recognized as Czar. He refused such recognition. He said that he had solemnly renounced the right of succession, and he now held by the renunciation. To Nicholas he wrote, begging to be the foremost of all his subjects to proffer the oath of subjection and fidelity.

The tidings of the death of Alexander reached St. Petersburg two days after their arrival at Warsaw. A courier from the Crimea had come with intelligence that the Czar was recovering from his illness, and thanksgivings for this were offered up in the imperial chapel. While the solemn services were being performed, a new courier entered, and placed in the hands of Nicholas dispatches announcing that Alexander was no more. He ordered that the thanksgivings should cease; and before any one could fairly know what was the import of these last dispatches, the great illuminated cross was draped in black. The Empress-mother, whose lips were yet quivering with thanksgivings for the supposed convalescence of her eldest son, knew what had happened, and sank fainting into the arms of her attendants.

Then, or within a day or two, came the opening of one of the strangest scenes upon record. "The Czar is dead; long live the Czar!" was shouted, or might have been shouted. Nicholas went to the Senate House, with apparent purpose to take the oath of allegiance to Constantine. The famous sealed document was opened, and in it was the formal renunciation of Constantine and the naming of Nicholas as Czar. Nicholas refused to recognize these documents. He had never before heard of them; they had never been made public, and were in every way invalid. Constantine was the rightful Czar, and should be at once proclaimed as such. Never were functionaries in a sorer quandary than were the members of this Council of State. According to what looked like law, Nicholas was the Czar, and to his behests absolute obedience was due; but he directed them to proclaim his elder brother. Whatever they should do, Siberia loomed up before them. Whichever should become ruler, in case there was any real dispute between them, would not be likely to look favorably upon any one who had favored his opponent. The puzzled Council acted cleverly. No men could have carried water more dextrously upon both shoulders. To Nicholas they made reply: "You are our Czar; to you we owe absolute obedience. Since you command us to recognize the Grand Duke Constantine, we must obey." So the troops of the guard were drawn up, the death of Alexander was formally announced to them, and Constantine was proclaimed as his successor.

Messengers were forthwith sent to Constantine at Warsaw, announcing to him that he was now Czar, and had been so proclaimed at the capital. Constantine refused to recognize the act, and anew professed fealty to Nicholas. Courier after courier crossed each other on the road from Warsaw to St. Petersburg, bearing dispatches that each brother recognized the other as Czar and sovereign. This strange contest lasted nearly three weeks. In the end, Nicholas came to be fully convinced that Constantine was really sincere in his renunciation, and on the 24th of December had signed the manifesto announcing his own accession, which was to be made public on the next day.

But in the months preceding, a conspiracy had been forming, the object of which was to overthrow the whole system of the Russian government. Even after the lapse of more than half a century, we know very little of the extent and aim of this conspiracy. We indeed discover that so-called "liberal" ideas had penetrated certain portions of the people, and that they were prevalent among the subordinate officers of the army. We catch glimpses of secret revolutionary societies, apparently not unlike those of which we read in our own day. The leaders of these societies, as we have them, are scarcely worth mentioning now. Petzel, the Mouraviefs, Troubetskoi and Oblonskoi are mere shadows of names. Of Conrad Ryleïff, poet, dreamer and revolutionist, we know a little more. He seems to have had a presentiment of the fate which was to befall him. In one of his poems he says: "Well do I know that a gulf is yawning to swallow up the first who rises against a nation's oppressors. Fate has chosen me; but tell me in what country, in what age, liberty has been won without victims? I shall die for the country of my birth. I know it, I feel it; and it is with joy that I hail my approaching doom."

It had been designed that a general outbreak should take place in the Spring of 1826; but the apparent interregnum which followed the death of Alexander seemed to present a favorable occasion to anticipate the time. Of all the conspirators, no one seemed to shrink from the idea of assassination. Nicholas was chosen as the first victim, and the time was fixed upon as that 26th of December, 1825, when he was to be formally proclaimed as Czar. Among the conspirators was one Kakhofski, who seems to have been a mere desperado. "Dear friend," said Ryleïff to him, "you only of us are alone in the world. You ought to sacrifice yourself for the society. Rid us of the Czar."

On the morning of December 26th, the civil and military authorities were assembled at St. Petersburg for the

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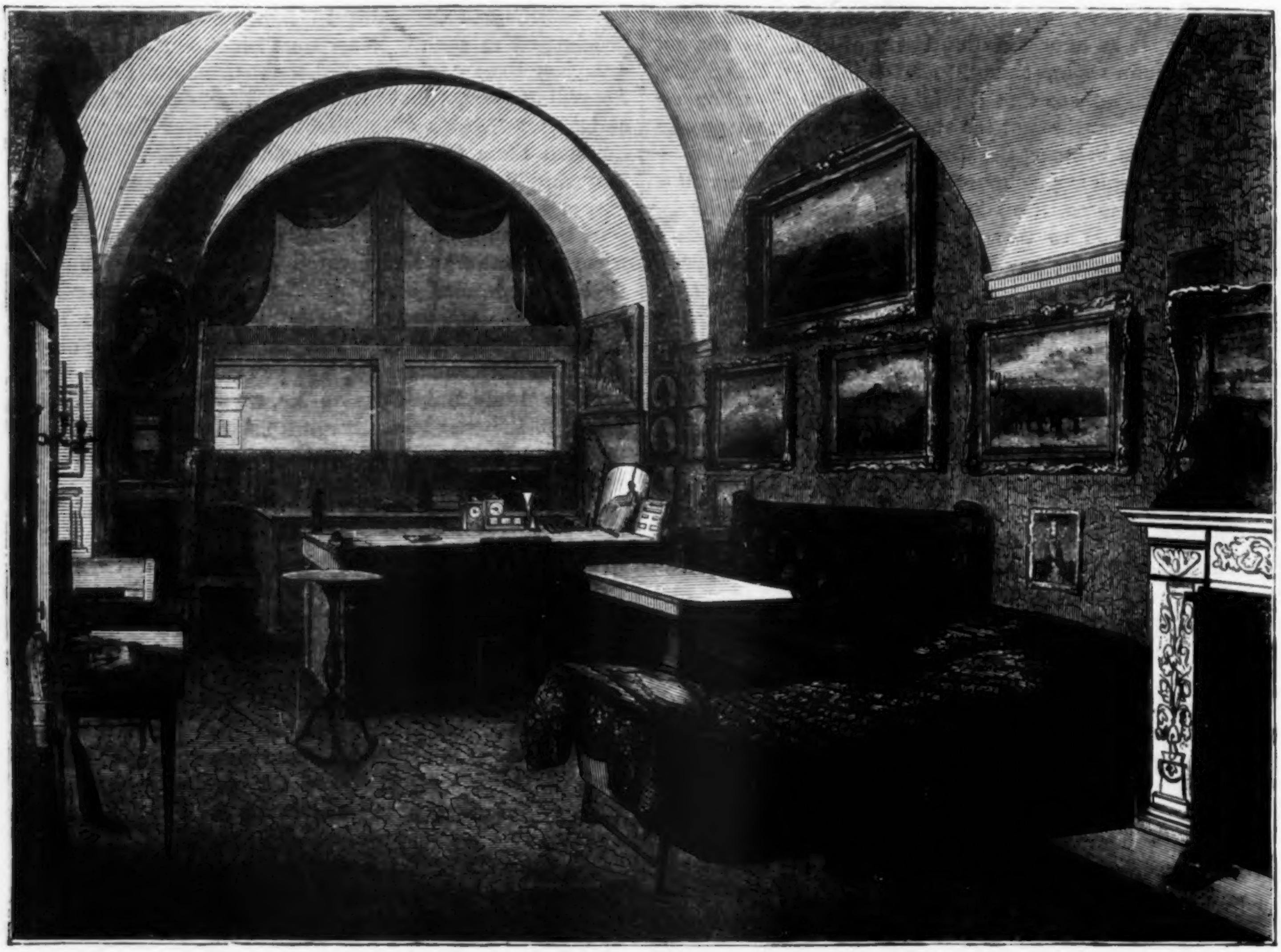
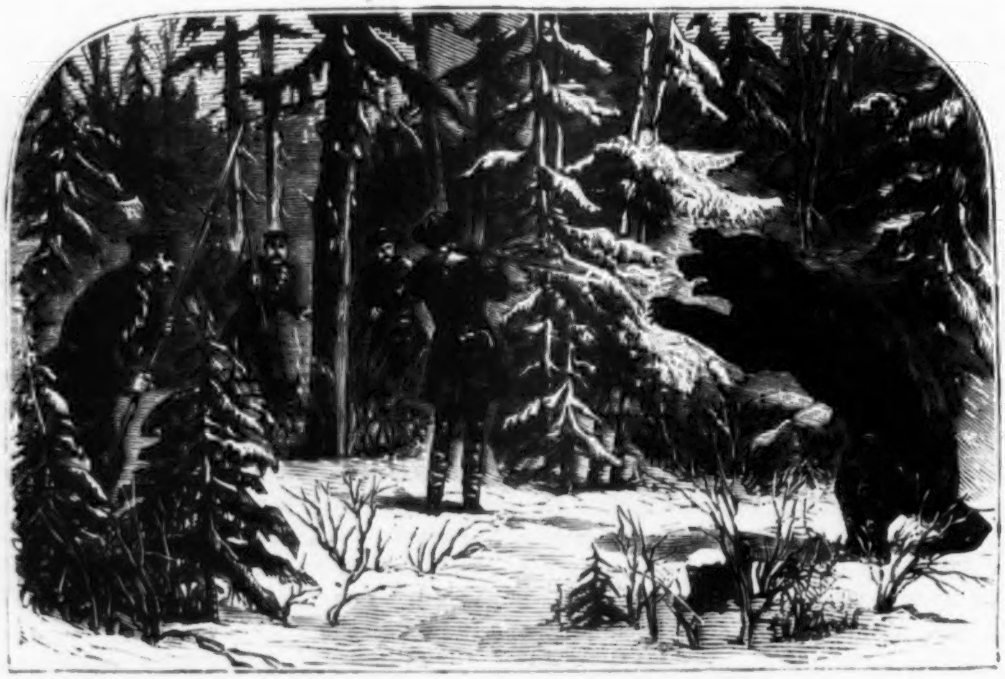


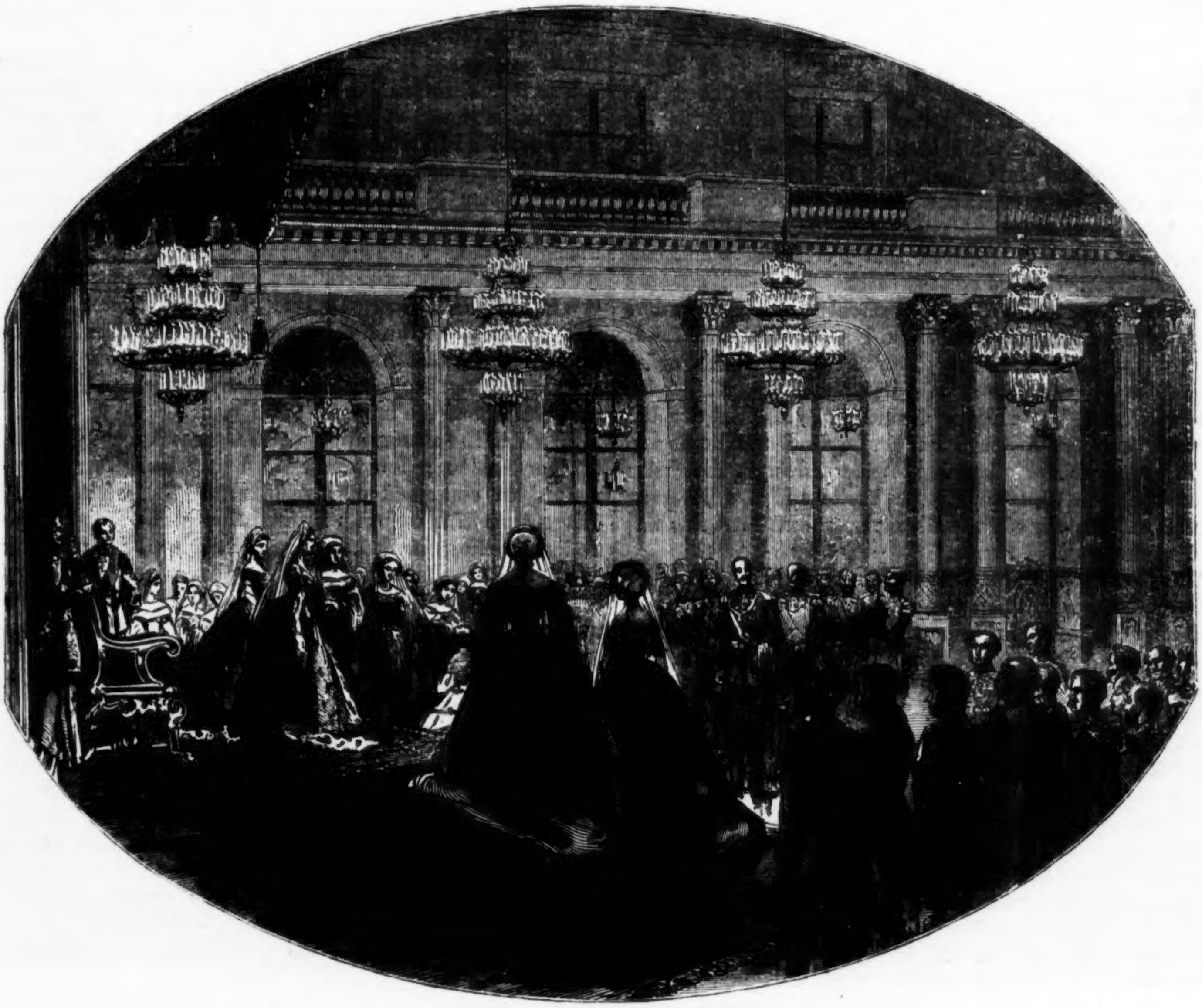
THE CZAR'S SLEEPING-APARTMENT.

purpose of taking the oath of fealty to the Czar Nicholas. All at once a cry was raised among the troops: "They are deceiving us. The Grand Duke Constantine has not refused the throne. He is now in irons at Warsaw; but I am here with orders from him to oppose this treachery. Down with all who are unfaithful to him!" Some one cried out, "Hurrah for the Constitution!" and the hurrah was duly given. "Who is this *Constitution?*" asked a soldier who had shouted himself hoarse. "I suppose she is the wife of the Czar Constantine," was the reply of his comrade. Disorder spread through the regiments. One general who tried to repress it was shot down; and before any one could tell why or wherefore, the tumultuary troops found themselves drawn up in the great square, in the centre of which stands the huge granite block surmounted by the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great, whose hand is stretched out in benediction over the great city which he had created among the swamps of the Neva. It seemed as though he was also blessing those who were now upholding the claims of Constantine.

Nicholas had in the meantime been in the palace, receiving the homage of the great officials; and it was noon before he knew of the wild movement which had been made against him. Of Nicholas himself, little was known, saving that, as commander of a regiment, he was the strictest of all military martinets. He had now a chance to show what there was in him. He

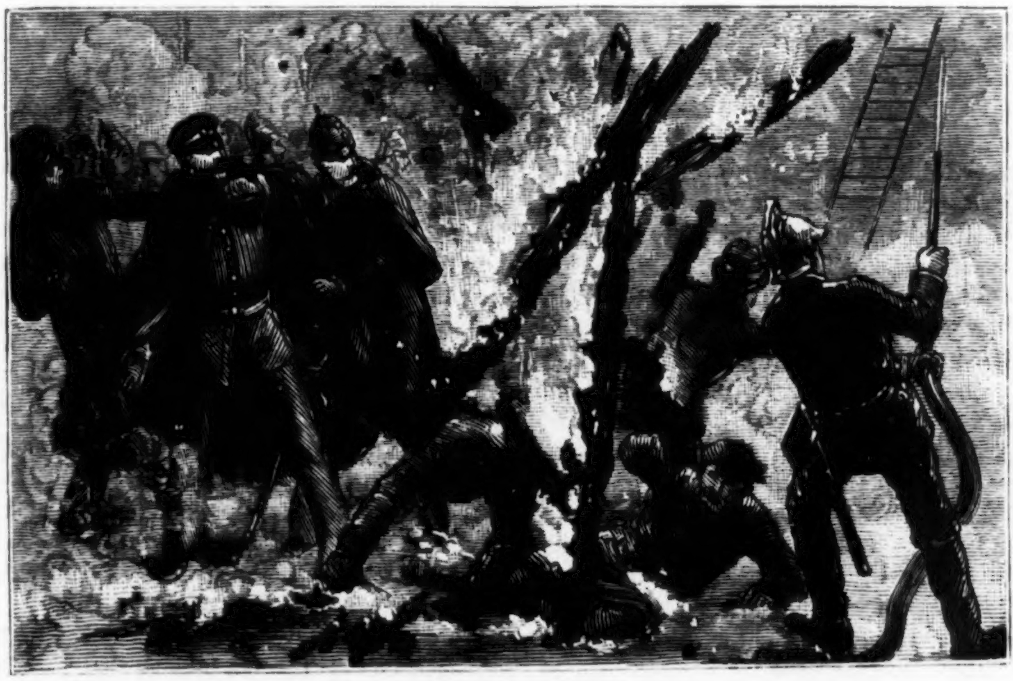


THE CZAR ON A HUNTING EXCURSION.



A RECEPTION AT THE COURT OF ALEXANDER II.

proved himself equal to the occasion. Taking in his arms his young son—then a slight boy of seven years, now the Czar Alexander II.—he descended the steps of the palace, at the foot of which were grouped a handful of guards, upon whose fidelity reliance might be placed. "I confide the boy to your hands," he said, as he took his way to the scene upon which the drama was to be played out. This is the first time in which the present Czar appears upon the page of history; it was an even chance whether it should not be the last.



THE CZAR AT A ST. PETERSBURG FIRE.

Of the wild and whirling events of that afternoon, it is impossible to frame anything like a connected account. We catch glimpses of attacks, almost but not quite successful, upon important points. The truth appears to be that the conspirators had no head, or rather a nominal one, who was worse than none at all. Troubetskoi was styled "dictator" of the revolutionary society, and he was to direct the movement. But his heart failed him at the supreme moment, and he betook himself to the palace in order to take the oath to Nicholas. Ryleïff, in whose head lay what of brains were in the conspiracy, tried vainly to learn where Troubetskoi was. So, for four hours, at a time when minutes were of mighty moment, the revolutionists were without leader or guide. One man of the right mold might, on that afternoon, have changed the current of Russian history for an age, perhaps for many ages.

The only head in which there were any brains at this moment was that of Nicholas. By four o'clock in the afternoon he had got together a respectable force, which he had marched into the great square; and the two bodies of soldiery stood confronting each other. Those who held for Constantine still refused to recognize Nicholas; and orders were given that a volley of blank cartridges should be fired against them. This idle measure was as useless as such things commonly are. Then orders were given that the guns should be shotted and fired. For a few minutes, it was uncertain whether this order would be obeyed. If it were not, the cause of Nicholas was a lost one. The young Grand Duke Michael decided the matter. Seizing a lintstock, he fired the first gun. Volley after volley followed, plowing through the dense masses of the insurgents, who broke and fled in every direction. By six o'clock all was over, and Nicholas was undisputed Czar of Russia.

The first thing to be done was to inquire into the conspiracy. A commission was appointed for the purpose, and its work lasted for more than half a year. As far as we can learn, this commission did its work with no lack of zeal, and with no undue harshness. The results of the inquiry were meagre enough. Thirty-seven persons, who were found guilty as ringleaders, were sentenced to death; but in the case of all except five of them, the punishment was commuted to banishment to Siberia. One hundred and thirty more were found guilty in a minor degree, and were sentenced to punishments more or less severe. Thus the entire list of those who suffered in any way in consequence of this conspiracy falls short of two hundred.

The fate of Troubetskoi, the nominal head of the movement, deserves mention. He begged abjectly for his life, and asked to be allowed to write to his wife, announcing what his fate was to be. "Write as I shall dictate," said Nicholas to the pitiful wretch. The letter ran thus: "My life has been most mercifully spared; but I am consigned to perpetual hard labor in Siberia." "Well," said Nicholas, "if you want your miserable life upon such terms, take it."

Five of the leaders of the conspiracy were to die. Capital punishment had long before been nominally abolished in Russia, although the terrible inflictment of the *knout*, or flogging, when administered to its full extent, was equivalent to death. It was eighty-five years since there had been an acknowledged execution in the Russian capital. The five were to be hanged upon one scaffold, in the gray morning of July 25th, 1826. No wonder that the executioners blundered in their ghastly work. They do such things among us. All were to die by one fall of the drop. In two cases the ropes had been properly adjusted, and the victims were strangled without ado. But in the other three cases the nooses slipped, and the victims fell, half-stunned, into the pit below the gallows. The scaffold was re-arranged, the men were brought back, and their execution was completed. One of the three was Ryleïff. As he mounted the scaffold for the second time, he murmured, "Can nothing go right with me, not even death?" Mouravieff, another of the three, exclaimed, "Woe to the country where they can neither conspire, nor judge, nor hang!" It has been said—and the statement has passed into history—that when Ryleïff was first hung, "the rope broke, and he fell to the ground still alive. The sight of his agony created such sympathy in the assembled multitude, that the Governor-General sent for instructions to the Czar, and his reply was, 'Take a stronger rope, and proceed with the execution.'" We are quite confident that nothing of the kind took place, or, indeed, could have taken place.

The formal coronation of Nicholas as Czar took place at Moscow on the 3d of September. It was a notable scene, as we read it in the records of the day. The most touching incident occurred after the close of the public ceremonies, when Nicholas and Constantine walked out side by side from the Church of the Assumption. Constantine, lifting his shaggy white eyebrows, said, "What a beautiful day this is, my brother!" to which Nicholas made reply, "What had I to fear? Had not I my conductor by my side?" Thus, in the full triumph of his elevation, Nicholas recognized that he owed all to the unswerving persistence of Constantine in holding fast to his perhaps enforced renunciation of the imperial dignity.

So ended the strange drama of the accession of Nicholas. Of Constantine, a few words more may be said. He remained in command of Poland until 1830, when he was driven from Warsaw by an insurrection of the Poles, whose national feelings he had outraged. Diebitch, the "Crosser of the Balkans," was made viceroy over him. The best that both of them could do was bad enough. Constantine was almost disgraced by Nicholas, who owed all to him, and died in obscurity in the Summer of 1831. Johanna Grudzinska, for whom he had sacrificed so much, died a few months later.

Of the reign of Nicholas we shall not speak at length. His first purpose was to consolidate the imperial power. The next was to fulfill in his own person what had been hoped for from Constantine; that is, to make himself master of Constantinople and the narrow waters which connect the Black Sea with the Mediterranean—in a word, to carry into effect the grand idea embodied in the so-called "Will" of Peter the Great, which he is said to have deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhoff, as "a rule for his successors on the throne of Russia." We are inclined to believe that no such document exists, or ever existed. We speak thus, knowing that we may possibly be corrected by Mr. Eugene Schuyler in his forthcoming "Life of Peter the Great." If he has found, or shall find, trace of any such document, we hereby retract the judgment which we have formed from the best sources within our reach.

As far as we know, the first mention of any such document is made by the famous, or infamous, Chevalier d' Éon, a personage who passed for half his life as a man, and for half of it as a woman, and in this double capacity intrigued with both sexes, to the no little discredit of not a few men and women in high places. We first meet with what purports to be a transcript of this "Will" in a manifesto put forth by Napoleon when about to invade Russia. The essential paragraph in the "Will," as thus given, runs thus:

"Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and toward the Indies. He who reigns at Constantinople will be the real sovereign of the world. And, with that object in view, provoke continual wars with Turkey and with Persia. Establish dockyards in the Black Sea; get possession of the shores of that sea, as well as of those of the Baltic: these two things being necessary for the ultimate success of our project. Hasten the decadency of Persia; penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf; re-establish the former trade of the Levant, by appropriating Syria; and, if possible, extend the power of Russia to the Indies, which are the emporium of the world."

We do not believe that Peter had it in him to conceive any such vast idea. We believe that Napoleon could have conceived it; and that he put it into shape in order to show to Europe what Russia could do, and would do, should opportunity be given. In any case, the grand idea thus formulated is the one upon which Nicholas acted with full determination, and the one upon which his son and successor has been forced to act, more or less against his will. How nearly Nicholas came to success, and how utterly he failed of it, may be read in the following brief resumé of his reign which we have written elsewhere:

"The brilliant warfare of 1829, when Diebitch demonstrated that the Balkans presented no insuperable barrier to a straight march upon Constantinople, gave prestige to the earlier years of the reign of Nicholas. But the fruit, apparently within his grasp, could not then be seized, and he was forced to content himself with seeing Greece made an independent kingdom, and the Danubian provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia reorganized under a Russian protectorate. For a time he turned his attention to affairs at home, trying to give a good government to Russia. He instituted many reforms; relaxed the rigid censorship of the press, fought against the notorious venality of government officials, and attempted a codification of the laws of the empire. He hoped to concentrate all the power of the empire into his own hands, meaning to use it well and wisely; and for a brief space Russia, to all appearance, presented the aspect of a vast empire ruled by the iron hand of a single man. A more laborious man never lived. He worked fourteen or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. He thought that all the great influences —the Church, the army, the secret police—were subservient to him. But never before in the world's history were more flagrant abuses perpetrated than took place under his reign. Religious persecutions were especially notable. The members of the United Greek Church, which acknowledged the authority of the Pope, while clinging to their own ancient usages, were forced to unite with the so-called 'Orthodox' establishment; the Roman Catholics in Poland and the Protestants in the Baltic provinces were alike persecuted; and the Jews were everywhere subjected to outrage. In the East he followed the traditions of his House, making large conquests in the region of the Caucasus. The ambition of gaining a preponderance in Turkey was the leading idea in his foreign policy. This at last culminated, in 1853, in the rupture with the Porte, out of which grew that conflict with England and France which we know as the Crimean War. The general result of this was in many ways adverse to Russia. The strong physical and mental constitution of the Czar broke down, and he died on the 2d day of March, 1855. The immediate physical cause of his death, as assigned by medical authority, was 'atrophy of the lungs.'"

Nicholas was succeeded by his eldest son, Alexander, now a man of eight-and-thirty. No two men could well be more unlike than were father and son. Alexander was trained under the genial influence of his mother, a daughter of the King of Prussia. He had little liking for the stern routine of military life, which, according to old Muscovite ideas, was the only occupation befitting a Czar. There were rumors that he was to be set aside in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, nine years his junior. The two brothers were never on friendly terms. Constantine had been made Grand Admiral, and upon one occasion found opportunity to place his brother under arrest; their father made amends for this by subjecting Constantine to a like indignity. Long before his death, Nicholas had looked anxiously upon what might be the issue of the estrangement between his sons, and when almost at the point of death he called them to his bedside, formally made over the imperial dignity to the eldest, and won from both of them a solemn promise that they would always remain closely united, in order to secure the peace and happiness of their common country. We find no reason to suppose that this solemn compact has ever been violated. Short of the imperial dignity, Constantine has titles enough. They are all set down in the *Almanach de Gotha* for this year, 1880. From this we read, in the recognized French edition, that he is:

"Constantin-Nicolaïévitch, grand-duc, né le 21 (9) Sept. 1827; grand-amiral et aide de camp gén., président du conseil de l'Empire, chef du corps des cadets de la marine, du 1er équipage de la garde, du 1er équipage de la Mer Noire, du 29e équipage de la flotte, chef du régim. de dragons de Kargapol no. 5, des lanciers de la Volhynie no. 6, des hussards de Narwa no. 13 et des grenadiers de Grusie no. 14, propriétaire du régim. d'infant. autrichien no. 18, chef du 2ème régim. de hussards prussiens du Rhin; marié le 11 Septembre (30 août) 1848, à la Grande-duchesse Alexandra-Joséfovna, ci-devant Alexandra-Frédérique-Henrietta-Pauline-Marianne-Elisabeth, fille de feu Joseph, duc de Saxe-Altenbourg."

Nicholas dying, his son Alexander was proclaimed as Czar. His first official act was to issue a manifesto declaring that he intended to "uphold the glory of the empire" as it had been upheld by Peter, Catharine, Alexander I., and his father, Nicholas. The Crimean war was not yet concluded; but all parties were tired of their share in it, and a peace was speedily patched up. All parties agreed to conditions which no one of them meant to keep longer than suited their convenience.

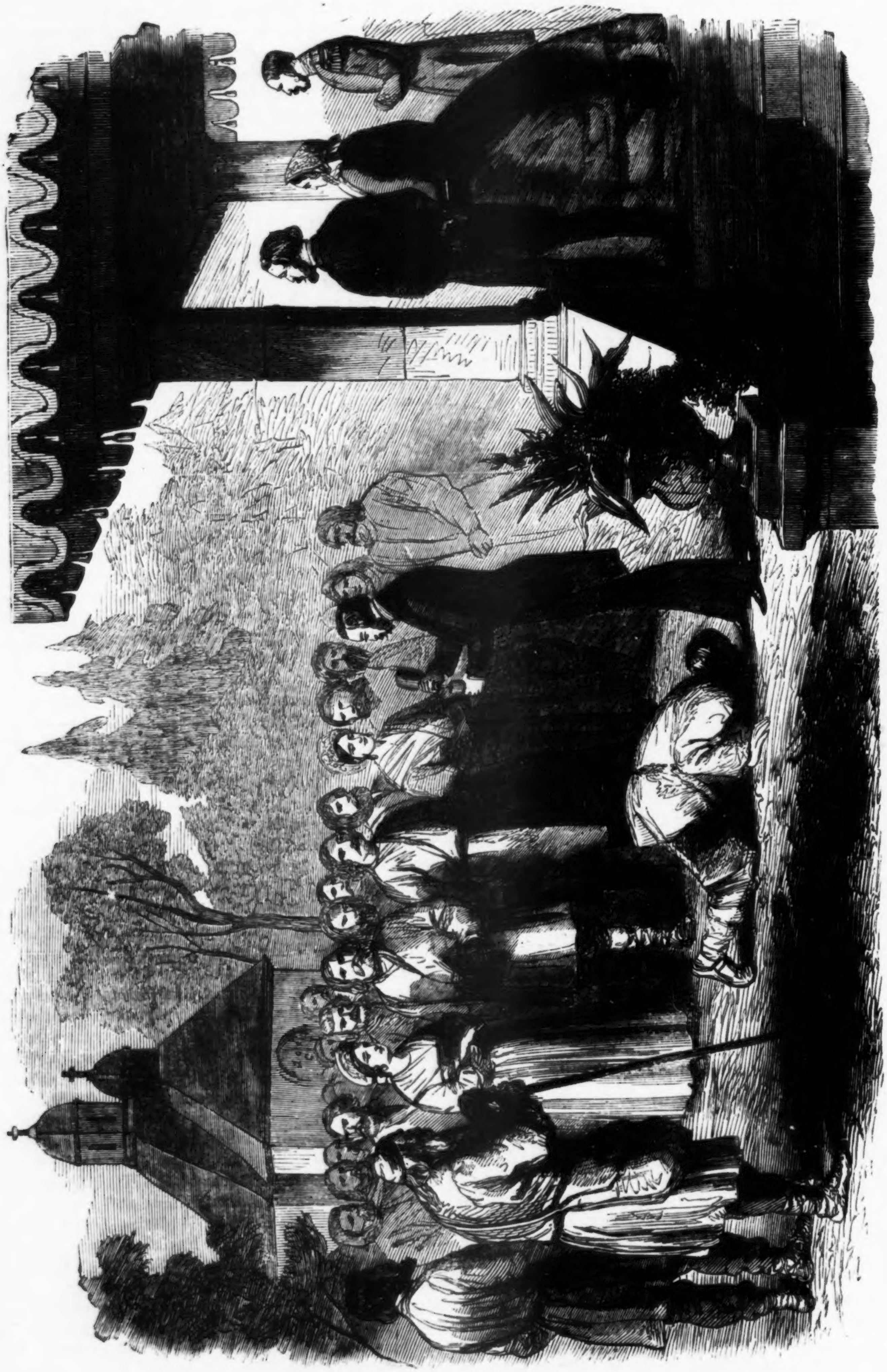
Let us now look at the Russia of which Alexander had become sovereign. The more one looks upon it, the more he becomes aware how little he can learn, when compared with what he would wish to know. A few material statistics are, however, available:

The territorial area of Russia contains about eight and a half millions of square miles, something like one-sixth of all the dry land of the globe. With a single exception, no such an aggregate of territory ever fell even nominally under a single sway. That mighty collection of kingdoms, states, provinces and colonies which we know as the "British Empire" is a little larger in space; but very much of this, as the greater part of British America and the interior of Australia, is not, and probably never will be, inhabited. The Roman Empire, in its widest possible extent, would have been lost in the vast domains of Russia. The United States of America claim less than half as much territory. The other great nations are, in comparison with Russia, only mere specks upon the earth's surface.

The population of Russia is made up of many races, holding many faiths. Predominant over all are what we may call the "Russians proper," a Sclavic race numbering something like 56,000,000. Kindred in race, but bitterly hostile in other respects, are the Poles, of whom there are some 5,000,000. Then there are some 3,000,000 Jews and 1,000,000 Germans. The remainder of the population is made up of a hundred races, as ethnologists count them, speaking half as many languages. Among these minor races are enumerated: tribes of the Finnish race—Finns proper, Lapps, Tchuds, Vots, Livs and Esths; Tartar tribes—Nogais, Mestcheriaks, Bashkirs, Kirghiz and Yakuts; Mongolians—Ainos, Buriats, Tangusians, Calmucks, Cossacks, Samoyeds, Ostiaks, Uzbeks, Turkomans and Tajiks; Circassians—Circassians proper, Georgians, Mingrelians, Armenians; and many others.

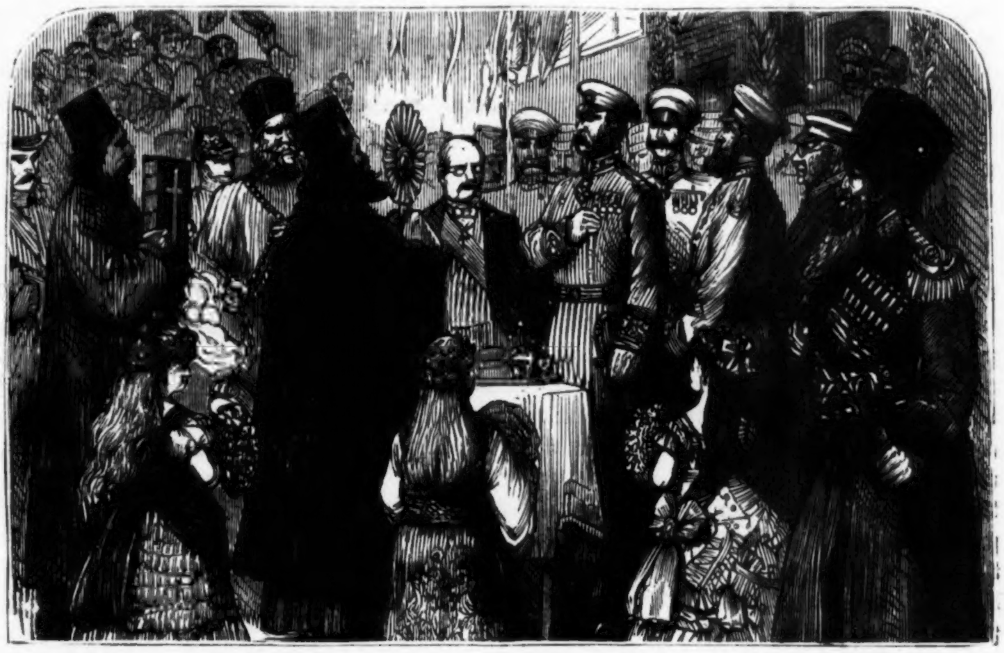
In point of religion, some 60,000,000 may be set down as belonging to the "Orthodox" Greek Church. There are some 8,000,000 Roman Catholics, 3,000,000 Protestants, about as many Jews, and 7,000,000 Mohammedans—leaving a residue of about 5,000,000 who may be grouped

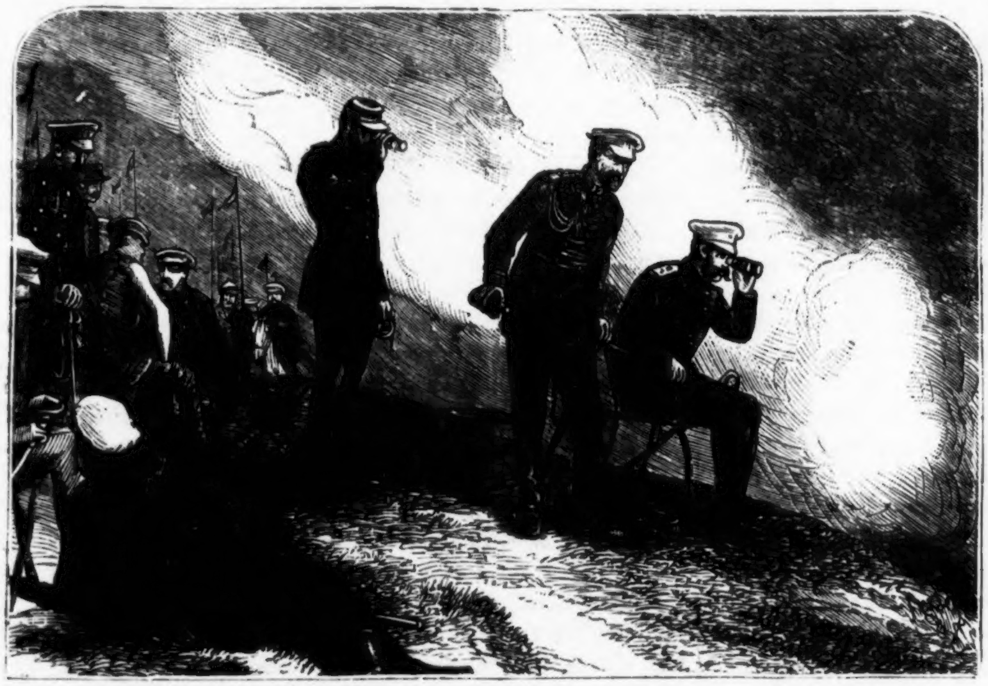
XUM



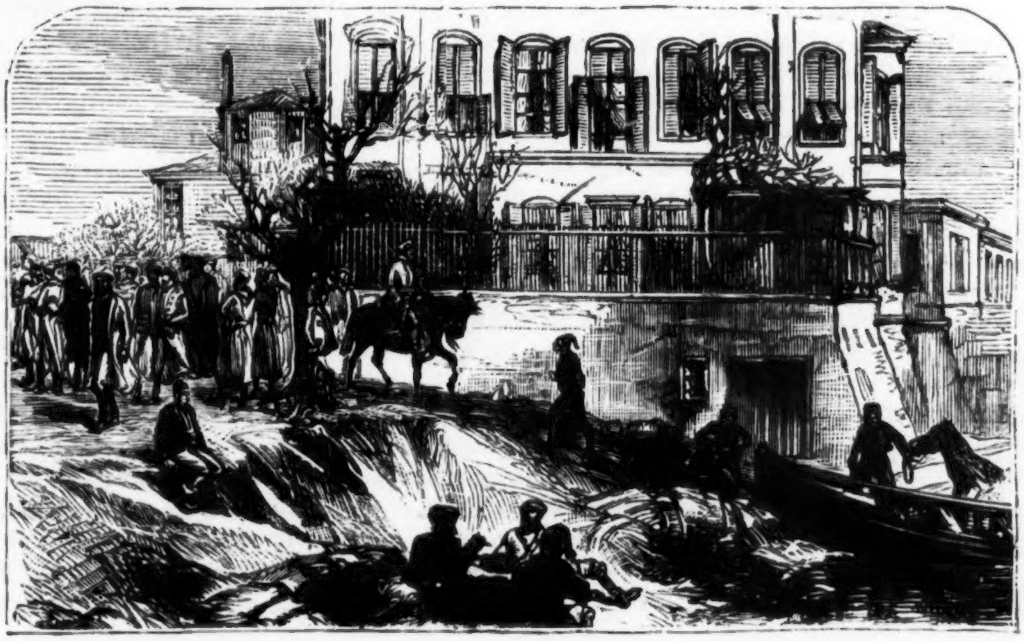
THE LIBERATION OF THE RUSSIAN SERFS, AFTER THEIR EMANCIPATION BY ALEXANDER.

together under the general name of Pagans. Officially reckoned, within the Greek Church are a multitude of sects, of whose numbers we know little, and whose special tenets are only vaguely indicated by the names which they assume. We read of the "Old Believers," whose origin is ascribed to their opposition to certain changes in the liturgy made in the seventeenth century by the Patriarch Nikon; their numbers are set down anywhere between 1,000,000 and 17,000,000. We read also of the "Milk-drinkers," the "Flagellants," the "Little Christians," the "Helpers," and the "White Doves," or "Innocents," who mutilate themselves in order that their bodily desires may be more effectually kept under.


ROUMANIAN PRIESTS BLESSING ALEXANDER ON HIS ARRIVAL.


ALEXANDER WATCHING THE ATTACK ON PLEVNA.

The institution of serfdom, which held the greater portion of the people of western Europe during the Middle Ages, is of comparatively recent date in Russia. We cannot fairly trace it back beyond the reign of Boris Goudenov, about the year 1600. But it was not many years before the mass of the rural population was reduced to the condition of serfs. Almost the only exceptions were those who resided upon the crown domains; and as, in course of time, large grants of these domains were granted to one powerful favorite after another, the great body of the Russian peasantry gradually passed into the state of serfhood—a condition in most respects far worse than that of slavery as it existed among us a few years ago. The serfs were *adscripti glebæ*—"bound to the soil"—a condition which Thomas Carlyle, not many years ago, with all apparent seriousness, advocated as the best one for the emancipated blacks in the West Indies. Catharine II. issued a ukase ordering that the Czars should henceforth give away only the landed estates of the crown, the peasants not to be included in the grant. Her son Paul not only renewed this ukase, but also prohibited the public


HOUSE AT SAN STEFANO WHERE PEACE WAS SIGNED.

XUM

exposure of serfs for sale in the market, directing that they should be sold only in connection with the lands of which they were adscripts. Alexander I., toward the close of his reign, meditated considerable ameliorations in the condition of the peasantry; but his plans really amounted to nothing. Nicholas turned his thoughts more or less in the same direction, but with little apparent result.

In 1860, the civil condition of the Russian people was something like this: Their numbers were set down at about 53,000,000; of these, 16,000,000 were what may properly be called peasants, holding lands from the crown upon the tenure of paying certain rents or performing certain services. These were strictly adscripts of the soil; considerable numbers of them were allowed the privilege of finding work in manufactories, but were bound to return to the crown-lands when so ordered. The serfs proper numbered about 23,000,000, belonging partly to the crown and partly to the nobles. Alexander II. had long conceived the idea of emancipating the serfs when the imperial power should fall into his hands; and very early in his reign he began the preliminary measures. First, he emancipated the crown serfs; and then proposed to do the same thing for those of the nobles. He met at first with strenuous opposition, and threats were muttered of a revolution. The Czar met these by intimating that if there was really to be a revolution, it had better begin among the few nobles than among the numerous peasantry. The refractory nobles were overawed; and on March 2d (February 19th by Russian reckoning), 1861—the sixth anniversary of his succession—an imperial ukase was formally issued, proclaiming the emancipation of the entire body of the serfs in Russia proper, upon certain conditions relating mainly to the arrangement of details as to the quantity of land to be ceded, and the amount of rent or purchase-money to be paid—a period of two years being allowed for this purpose. Two or three years later, similar measures were undertaken in Poland and in other parts of the empire. Various other reforms were set on foot, of which our space will not permit us to make special mention. The Franco-German war of 1870 furnished the long-awaited occasion for Russia to free herself from some of the onerous restrictions imposed by the treaty of 1856, foremost among which was that the right of the free navigation of the Black Sea was regained.

Russia was in the meanwhile slowly extending her real or nominal dominions in Asia. In 1866, hostilities broke out with the Ameer of Bokhara, which lasted a year and a half, the result being that the Ameer was conquered, and Samarcand, his capital, was occupied by the Russians. In 1867 the Czar sold Alaska to the United States, getting rid of a mass of territory of no value to him, and, we imagine, of little to us. In 1873, Khiva was overrun, and in 1875 a large part of Khokand fell under the sway of Russia. No European Power except Great Britain looked with jealousy upon these acquisitions; and even England appeared to look on with indifference, for when the Czar visited that country in 1874, he met with a cordial reception. Of the more recent affairs in Afghanistan, it is yet too early to anticipate the results.

But the recent war between Russia and Turkey calls for more extended consideration, involving as it does matters of grave import to all the civilized world. For years previous to 1876 everything had foreboded that Turkey was tumbling to pieces, and that the European Powers would be likely to quarrel over the fragments of the Ottoman Empire. An insurrection, more than usually alarming, had broken out in the wild frontier region of Herzegovina and Bosnia. This had been apparently suppressed by Omar Pasha, but there was a long arrear of grievances to be settled. The Christian population averred that they had been fearfully wronged; the Mohammedans retorted with like charges. We imagine that either side could have made good any number of accusations against the other.

The European Powers tried to set matters right. The "Sublime Porte" was profuse in promises, not a word of which would anybody believe. Count Andrassy, who represented the Austrian Government, put forth, near the close of 1875, a rather notable report, the upshot of which was that there were beyond doubt great abuses in this part of European Turkey; and that the root of all of them was that while "the Mohammedans were owners of most of the soil, the Christians tilled it." He suggested that many reforms were absolutely necessary; among which were, that there should be complete religious liberty; that the State should sell to the peasantry a part of its lands upon easy terms; and that the execution of these reforms should be intrusted to a commission composed of Christians and Mohammedans in equal numbers. But he added, significantly, "As the people will not trust the bare word of the Porte, the Powers must obtain from the Sultan, by means of an official commission, the confirmation of his promises, and the acceptance of the demands presented by the European Governments." In a word, the Powers of Europe were to constitute themselves the protectors of the Christians in European Turkey. But each of these Powers had its own special ends to subserve, and it was scarcely possible that these should not conflict.

Meantime, the internal affairs of Turkey were going on in a bad way. The Sultan Abdul Aziz was deposed at the close of May, 1876, and his nephew Murad was placed upon the throne. A month later the ex-Sultan was found dead. There were several mortal wounds upon his body, and it was officially reported that he had committed suicide; but nobody doubted that he had been murdered.

All this time the insurrection had been spreading, and had extended into Bulgaria, fomented, as everybody knew, though perhaps nobody could prove, by emissaries from Roumania, now in all but name a dependency of Russia. The wildest accounts were widely circulated as to the atrocities committed here. The British Government sent Mr. Baring to look into the matter. He reported that in the single province of Philippopolis he had heard the number of killed estimated at anywhere between 2,000 and 200,000. But, taking all things into consideration, he judged that in this province the number of killed was not less than 12,000, of whom not more than 163 were Mussulmans. In a word, the Christians were the ones who were massacred.

It would require a large volume to set forth the tortuous course of diplomacy which ensued. Every European Power seemed to be trying to outwit all the others; the real point being that no one should gain too much from what seemed to be the now inevitable downfall of Turkey. At first it seemed that for once Russia and England would find it for their interest to act in concert. Count Schouvaloff intimated to Lord Derby that, "in the opinion of the Czar, force should be used to stop the war." He suggested that Bulgaria should be occupied by the Russians, and Bosnia by the Austrians, while the united fleets of all the Powers should hold the Bosphorus. The British Government, strong at sea, but weak upon the land, were averse to any armed occupation; but were in favor of an armistice of a month, to be granted by the Porte. If that were not given by the Sultan, they would leave him to his inevitable doom.

The Sultan was apparently quite ready to do much more than was asked of him. He would accord an armistice for a whole six months, and in the meanwhile should be promulgated a general scheme of reform in the whole administration of the Ottoman Empire. But all ideas of accommodation fell to the ground, for the simple reason that nobody dared trust anybody else. Germany, Austria and France betook themselves to the background, leaving Russia and Great Britain to come to the front. England quite reasonably distrusted Russia, suspecting that her purpose could be nothing less than to make, directly or indirectly, large acquisitions toward the Bosphorus. When we consider how vital the command of this sea is to Russia, we cannot wonder at the suspicions of the British.

Alexander did his best—we are inclined to think honestly—to satisfy the British Government. Early in November he pledged his honor to the English Ambassador that he "had no intention of acquiring Constantinople; and that if necessity should oblige him to occupy a portion of Bulgaria, it would be only provisionally, and until the peace and safety of the Christian population should be secured." But no matter how sincere Alexander may have been at the time, there was a power behind him which would not allow him to stop. The point to which he soon found himself forced is indicated by a speech, now historical, delivered to the Common Council of Moscow. He hoped, indeed, that peace would be secured by means of a conference between the Powers. "But," he added, "should not this be achieved, and I should see that we cannot obtain such guarantees as are necessary for carrying out what we have a right to demand of the Porte, I am firmly determined to act independently; and I am convinced that in this case the whole of Russia will respond to my summons, should I consider it necessary, and should the honor of Russia require it."

A conference of the Powers was indeed held. But the Turkish representative, seeing how at variance the others were, put a bold face on the matter. "While Turkey would grant reforms of her own will," he declared, "she would allow none to be imposed upon her by the dictation of foreign States." While the conference was in session, a Constitution for the Ottoman Empire was formally promulgated. As it read, it is an admirable document. We doubt whether a better one was ever put upon paper. But nobody dreamed that it would ever be carried into effect. The conference was fairly puzzled as to what should be done. It finally suggested a ridiculous scheme: the troubled provinces should be occupied by Belgian troops. This scheme fell through for two valid reasons: Belgium had no men to be sent on such a mission, and Turkey would not receive them had they been sent.

When the year 1877 opened, it was clear that matters were approaching an issue. The European Powers were rather inclined to let Russia and Turkey try what they could do against each other, and see what would come out of it. Everybody assumed that Turkey would get the worst in the contest, and then the others would step in and see to it that Russia should gain nothing of any account from her military success. The war spirit of the Turks had by this time been raised to the highest pitch. They had come to consider Turkey a fair match for Russia. This feeling was by no means confined to the Ottomans. A grand council was held, in which were represented, in one way or another, all the races and religions of the Ottoman Empire; it decided, with only one dissentient voice, that the risk of a war with Russia should be run "rather than that any foreign Power should be permitted to interfere with the internal affairs of the empire." The Marquis of Salisbury—by no means the wisest or the most foolish diplomat who had to do with the matter—could not understand what he called the "infatuation of the Turks." The only ground which he could find for it was the belief, "fostered in their minds by irresponsible advisers," that the power of Russia was broken, her armies suffering from disease, and that there would be no war. "Their traditional policy," continues the marquis, "has been to maintain themselves by dividing the Powers; and they imagine that the Powers will still be divided, and that a general European war will save them."

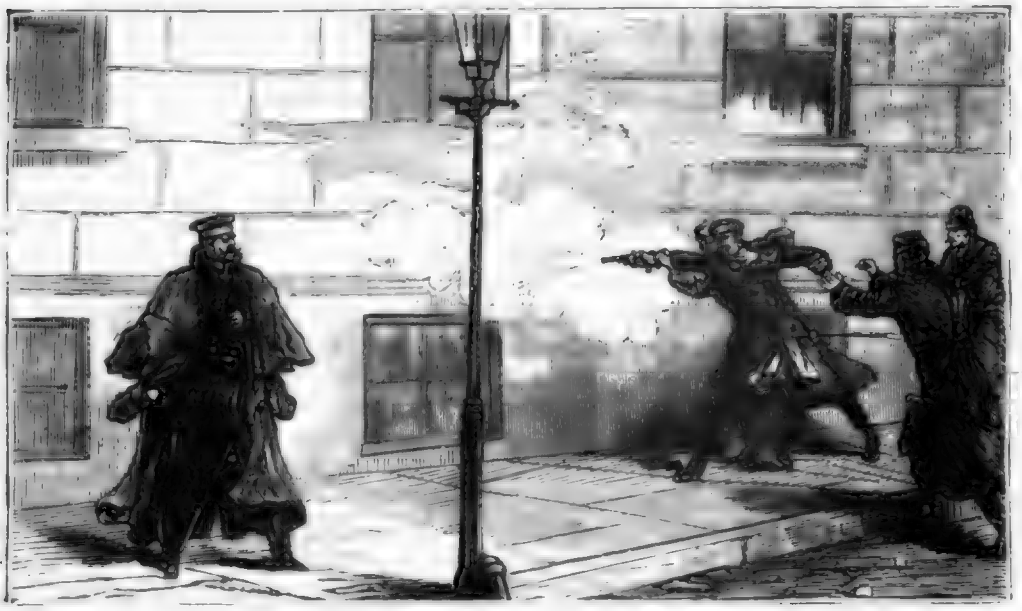
On the last day of March, the representatives of Germany, Austria, France, Italy, England and Russia assembled in London, drew up a formal protocol, which purported to mean much, but which really meant very little. The Powers, so ran the protocol, had hoped much from the reforms announced by the Porte; but, they added, "if these hopes should once more be disappointed, and if the condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan should not be improved in a manner to prevent the return of the complications which periodically disturb the peace of the East, they think it right to declare that such a state of affairs would be incompatible with their interests, and those of Europe in general. In such a case, they reserve to themselves to consider in common as to the means which they may deem fitting to secure the well-being of the Christian populations, and the interests of the general peace."

But to this comprehensive protocol the representatives of the several Powers added provisos which practically nullified it. Count Schouvaloff, speaking for Russia, said that if the Porte was really desirous of undertaking the reforms in question, let it send to St. Petersburg a special envoy to treat of disarmament, to which the Czar would consent; but if massacres similar to those which had occurred in Bulgaria should continue, that would put a stop to all measures of demobilization. The Earl of Derby, speaking for Great Britain, said that in case this measure should not result in the reciprocal disarmament of Russia and Turkey, the "protocol was to be null and void." The Italian representative declared that his Government was bound by its signature to the protocol "only so long as the agreement between all the Powers is maintained." The representatives of Germany, Austria and France said nothing, being apparently instructed to let everybody else fight the matter out.

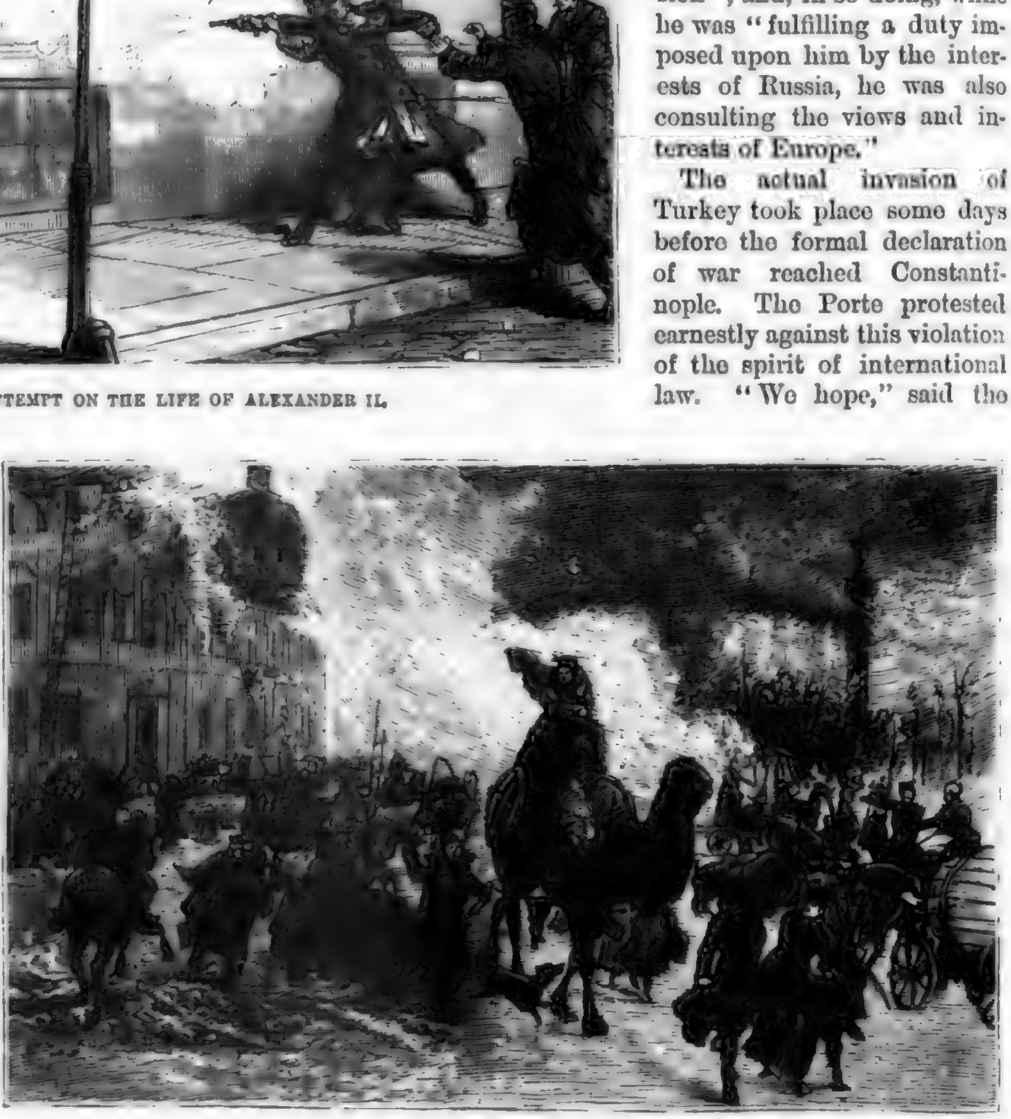
The Turkish Government took the whole matter in a quite lofty vein. It refused any recognition of the protocol. "Strong in the justice of her cause, and trusting in God," so runs the reply, "Turkey determines to ignore what has been decided without her and against her; resolved to retain in the world the place which Providence has destined her in this regard"—that is, the right of every Power to regulate its own affairs without interference from others.

In the war of words, Turkey had clearly the best of it. All the European Powers, with the exception of Russia, made up their minds to stand aloof for awhile. The only question was whether Russia would go back or go forward; for she could not stand still where she was. It must be borne in mind that the greater part of the population of Turkey in Europe belongs to the Sclavonic race, and to the Greek Church; and it had come to be a cardinal belief among the Russians that they were the natural protectors and defenders of their brethren by blood and faith who dwelt in Turkey. The Czar did not long leave it in doubt what the course would be to which he had found himself impelled, probably against his will.

He had for some time been concentrating large bodies of troops all along the wide frontiers. On the 24th of April, 1877, immediately after the reply of the Porte to



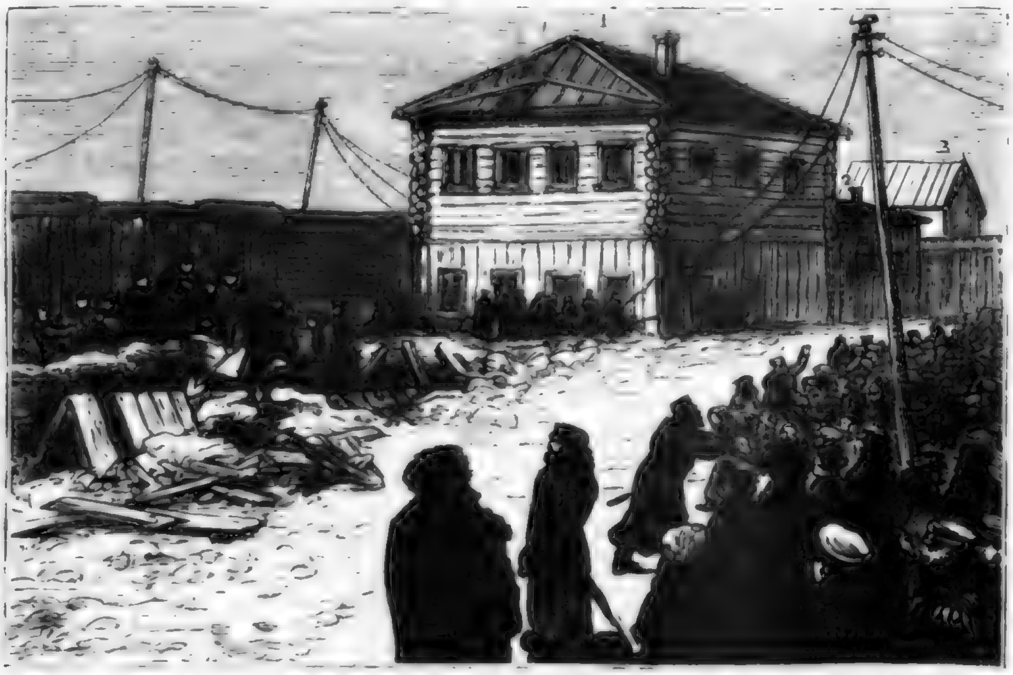
SOLOWJEFF'S ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER II.



ORENBURG BURNED BY THE NIHILISTS.

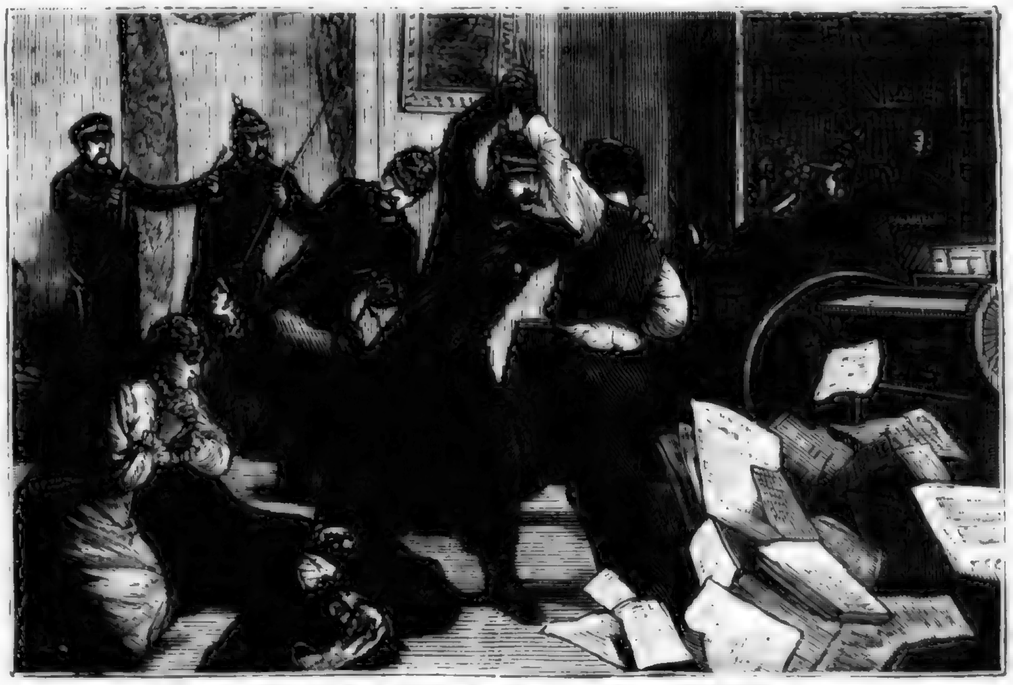
the protocol had been received, he put forth a formal manifesto declaring war. In this document he reminded his "well-beloved subjects" that during his whole reign he had endeavored to provide for them the blessings of peace; but all his efforts to ameliorate the condition of their brethren in Turkey had proved unavailing—the Porte having refused to defer to the will of Europe, as set forth in the protocol; and he was now obliged to proceed to more decisive acts. He had, therefore, "ordered his brave armies to cross the frontier." To the Powers of Europe, he said, by way of justification, that he found "no other alternative than either to prolong a state of things which they had declared to be incompatible with their interests, or to try to obtain by force what the unanimous attempts of the Cabinets had failed to obtain by persuasion"; and, in so doing, while he was "fulfilling a duty imposed upon him by the interests of Russia, he was also consulting the views and interests of Europe."

The actual invasion of Turkey took place some days before the formal declaration of war reached Constantinople. The Porte protested earnestly against this violation of the spirit of international law. "We hope," said the Ottoman manifesto, "that the Governments of Europe, as well as public opinion, will appreciate these facts, and take them into account when they will have to determine the share of responsibility which falls to the two States in the armed conflict which has just broken out." The British Premier wrote a dispatch full of deep regret at the "unwarrantable course pursued by Russia." No other European Power took official notice of the Russian manifesto.



SCENE OF THE MOSCOW ATTEMPT TO KILL THE CZAR BY BLOWING UP THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

No one, at the outset, supposed that Turkey could carry on the war for a month. To the surprise of all men, the contest lasted nearly eight months; the Turks displaying



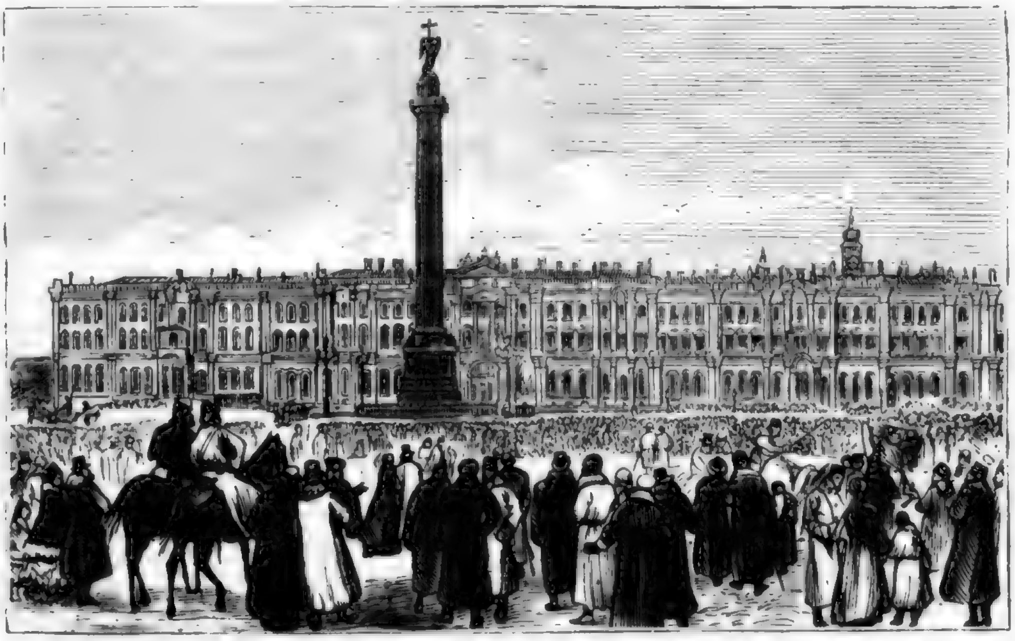
DESCENT OF THE POLICE ON A NIHILIST PRINTING-OFFICE.

a degree of bravery, and even of generalship, of which no one dreamed them to be capable. But, as far as we can now see, all this was the expiring effort of a man lying at the point of death, stricken by a long and incurable disease. It is not within our purpose to write a history of this war; we touch only upon a few of its salient points.

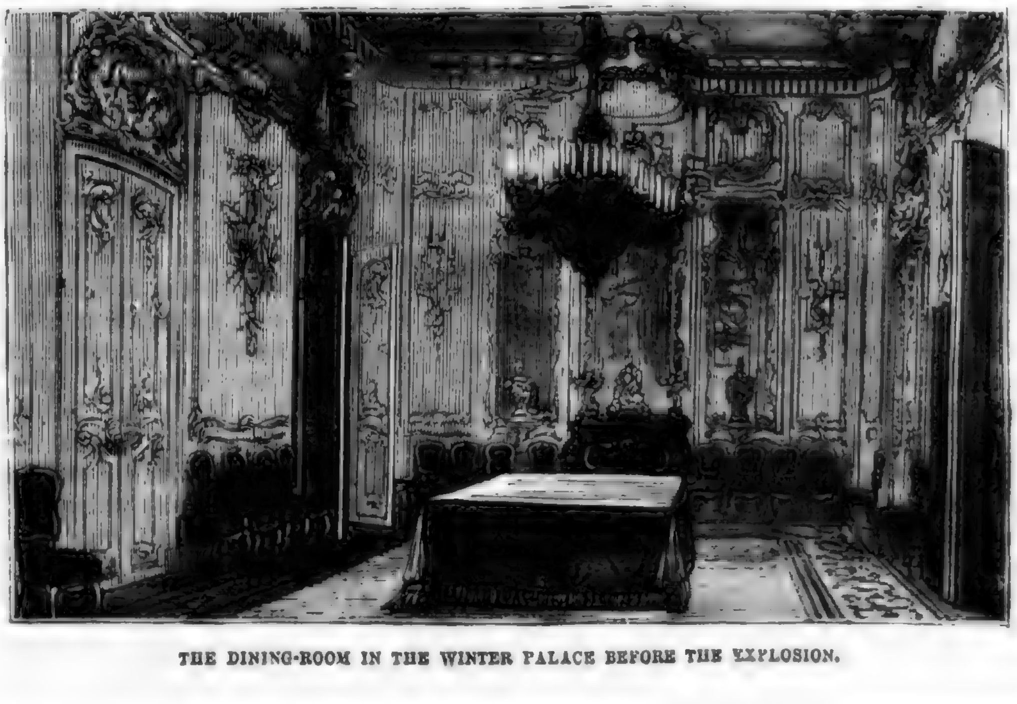
The first blows were struck in Asia. In the region of the Caucasus, the Russian force numbered nearly 150,000; the Turks opposed them with about 125,000, of whom not more than 80,000 were regular soldiers. Here, with little variation, the war went against the Turks.

In Europe, the contest was waged on a mightier scale. The Russian force on the Danube is set down at 350,000 men, with nearly 60,000 horses and 1,000 guns, besides an auxiliary force of 70,000 Roumanians, the whole being under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Czar. The Turkish force in this region is put down at 250,000, but they were widely scattered. Between these hostile forces ran the Danube, whose breadth varies from 750 to 2,200 yards, with a broad expanse of marsh upon the Russian side, while the opposite bank is mostly high and steep. To cross such a stream, even in the face of an inferior enemy, is one of the most difficult operations in warfare. It took two months of preparation and delay, before the Russians could get 120,000 men over. The passage was effected early in July, at four points, and this great army moved straight into Bulgaria. Abdul Kerim, the Turkish commander, seemed paralyzed, though he assured the Sultan that he was maturing a plan which would "insure the total defeat of the enemy, not one of whom would ever return to his own country."

The Russians having thus established themselves in Bulgaria, a proclamation was put forth in the name of the



EXTERIOR OF THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.



THE DINING-ROOM IN THE WINTER PALACE BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.

XUM

Czar, which indicated what the invasion was intended to effect. The Christian population was told that the foremost purpose was to secure an amelioration of their lot; to them should be secured the "sacred rights of their nationality.' The Mussulmans were significantly told that "your existence, your property, the lives and honor of your families will be sacred upon us Christians; but regular and impartial justice will overtake those criminals who have remained unpunished, notwithstanding that their names are well known to the Government." Then was foreshadowed the idea that the Russians meditated no temporary occupation of the country. "As fast as the Russian troops advance into Bulgaria," continues the proclamation, "the power of the Turks will be replaced by a regular organization; the native inhabitants will be summoned to take part therein under the supreme direction of the special authorities. Obey the Russian authorities; follow faithfully the indications they will give you; therein lie your strength and your safety."

At first it seemed that the march from the Danube to the Bosphorus would be a mere military promenade. The Grand Duke Nicholas moved unobstructed to the very foot of the Balkans. "Everywhere," writes one who accompanied the march, "the people came out to meet us, offering bread and salt; the women and girls fairly pelted us with flowers. The priests from the monasteries came down to meet us with banners and pictures, and a large Bible, which the soldiers kissed as they passed. On entering Tirnova, July 16th, the Grand Duke was met by priests in robes, chanting prayers in the old Sclavonic tongue, and immense crowds of people."

Two days before this a Russian detachment under General Gourko had actually penetrated the Balkans, and almost simultaneously the strong post of Nicopolis was carried by assault. But the Russians were now to learn that stern fighting lay between them and Constantinople; and the Shipka Pass and Plevna came to be words of evil omen.

Plevna, a little town a score of miles from the Danube, was held by the Turks under Osman Pasha. On July 20th the Russians attempted to take it, and were disastrously repulsed. The attempt was renewed on the last day of the month, with a larger force, but with even worse result. On this day the Russians lost eight thousand men killed. Gourko's small force was driven back into the Shipka Pass, where a series of bloody encounters took place. One of these must stand as a type of all. It is thus described by the correspondent of a London newspaper:

"The Turkish attack was begun on Tuesday, August 21st, and on Thursday the Russians, who had been strongly reinforced, expected to be surrounded. At six o'clock there was a lull in the fighting, of which the Russians could take no advantage, for their reserves were all engaged. The men were beaten out with heat, fatigue, unger and thirst. For three days there had been no cooking, and there was no water within the lines. The poor fellows lay panting on the bare ridge, reckless that it was swept by the Turkish fire. Others doggedly fought on down among the rocks, and were forced to give ground, but grimly and sourly, the cliffs and valleys sending back the Turkish shouts of '*Allah, il Allah!*' The Russian generals, Stoletoff and Derotchinski, are on the peak which the first position half incloses. With their glasses they scan the steep brown road leading up from the Jantra valley, through thick copses of sombre green and dark rocks. Suddenly Stoletoff clutches his brother general by the arm and points down the pass. The head of a long black column was plainly visible against the reddish-brown bed of the road. 'Now, God be thanked!' exclaimed Stoletoff, baring his head. The newcomers were a battalion of a rifle brigade which had followed Gourko in his bold advance and his checkered retreat. They had that day marched four leagues, and rushed into action without even halting for breath. By their aid the fearful attack was repelled."

The interest of the campaign now began to centre around Plevna. Osman Pasha had there some fifty thousand men, and had entrenched himself so strongly that he could be driven out only by famine. The Russians drew strong lines around the place, and for month after month there was a series of attacks and counter attacks. The Czar came in person to witness the warfare here, and the illustrated newspapers of the day show fully what he saw, or might have seen. Osman Pasha could hold the post against any number of men that could be brought against it; but he could not hold it against famine. He perceived that there were only two possible things to be done: he must either surrender, or break through the investing lines of the Russians. He resolved to try the last expedient, and the effort was to be made on the night of December 9th. His whole force now numbered barely thirty-two thousand men of all arms. The attempt was skillfully planned and boldly executed, but proved an absolute failure. An English writer who was with the Russians describes the closing scene. We give his narrative, with much abridgment:

"The gray light of the morning dawned. It was cloudy, and threatened more snow. Suddenly there was a boom of guns, followed by a crashing roll, which we had learned to know so well. The battle had begun, and we rode in the direction in which it was raging. The country behind Plevna is a wide, open plain, into which the gorge leading up to Plevna opens like a tunnel, the plain being bounded by steep rocky bluffs, along which flows the Vid. Osman Pasha had, during the night, abandoned all his positions, and concentrated the greater part of his army across the Vid. The attack was a most brilliant and daring one. The Turks advanced as best they could under cover of their wagons, while the Russians poured a heavy fire upon them from their breechloaders. Then the Turks, finding their cover beginning to fail them, dashed forward with a shout upon the line of trenches held by the Siberian Guards; swept over them like a tornado, poured into the battery, bayoneted the men, and seized the whole battery. They had broken the first circle which held them in; had they gone on, they would have found two more. But they did not have time to go on, for the Russians rallied almost immediately, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. The Turks clung with dogged obstinacy to the guns which they had captured, seeming to have forgotten that they had come out to escape from Plevna, not to take and hold a battery. Nearly all of them were killed, and those in the flanking trenches open to the Russian fire had little shelter, and began a retreat which soon became a flight. For four hours the storm of lead had swept on. During all this time we were in momentary expectation of seeing one side or the other rush to the charge. About noon the firing began to diminish on both sides; then it stopped entirely, the smoke lifted, and there was silence. In half an hour more a white flag was seen waving from the road around the cliffs. Plevna had fallen, and Osman Pasha was about to surrender."

The fact was that the Turks had exhausted their ammunition; a detachment of Roumanians had turned their left flank and cut off ten thousand men, who laid down their arms without having been really engaged; and at the critical moment Osman Pasha was wounded in the leg by a bullet which also killed his horse.

With the loss of the force at Plevna all was lost. The Turkish Government accepted the situation, and sent a circular to the various Powers, asking their mediation. "What reason," said this circular, "is there for continuing the war? Russia has declared that she is not animated by a spirit of conquest. The military honor on both sides must be abundantly satisfied. The Porte is ready to come to terms, is desirous to stop the further effusion of blood, and therefore appeals to the feelings of justice which must animate the great Powers, hoping that they will receive these overtures amicably."

The Russian forces had by this time come almost within sight of Constantinople. By one means or another, a treaty of peace was patched up in March, 1878, at St. Stefano, which was, however, subsequently greatly modified at the Congress of Berlin. It is not easy to perceive that Russia has really gained anything by this war. The main change which has been wrought in the Ottoman Empire is that Bulgaria has been constituted a "hereditary and constitutional principality," under the nominal sovereignty of the Sublime Porte. This new State contains a population of not quite two millions, the religion of the State being the Confession of the Oriental Greek Church. The young Alexander of Hesse was unanimously elected as prince on the 29th of April, 1879.

Of the Czar Alexander II., only a little more remains to be said. That he has fallen upon evil times is clear. "You will find the burden a heavy one," were the words uttered by Nicholas, when, almost at the point of death, he summoned his children to his bedside and made over the imperial crown to the Czarevitch. The burden has been a heavy one in many ways. We catch occasional glimpses of the life of the Czar during the last few years of his reign, most of them being highly favorable to him. Still, it is quite clear that wide and deep discontent has grown up in the empire. The deep-rooted causes of this are not easy to trace. One writer tells us that "it has been the constant policy of Alexander to strengthen the influence of the Church of which he is the head. The result has been a persecution of all other religious bodies." Perhaps the key to the whole situation is to be found in the fact that in this second half of the nineteenth century the great body of the Russians are either the sons or the grandsons of serf-owners, or are themselves by birth serfs or the children of serfs. Men thus born must be more or less antagonistic They are, in a sense, equals; but yet the one class claims for itself far more than the other is willing to grant.

Several attempts have of late years been made to assassinate the Czar. It is not easy to say how much some of these had to do with political ideas, or how far they were the promptings of revenge for what the perpetrators believed to be private grievances. The first of these attempts was made at St. Petersburg on April 16th, 1876. The Czar was entering his carriage, when a pistol-shot was fired at him by an ex-student named Karakosof; the weapon was turned aside by a workman named Komissarof, who was ennobled for the act. Near the close of the same year a singular demonstration took place in St. Petersburg. December 18th, in the Russian calendar, is St. Nicholas's Day, and a great throng was assembled in and around the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan. Among these were some hundreds of students. One of them made an inflammatory speech, and there was some disturbance, which was speedily put down, and several arrests were made. The correspondent of the London *Times* dispatched an account of this affair, which he characterized as ridiculous in itself; but it was still an indication of a more extended movement in other places, especially in Poland. He adds, almost prophetically, "Every one knows that discontent and political agitation among the students are constant sources of trouble in Russia." In the Summer of 1867, the Czar paid a visit to Paris. On the 6th of June he and his two sons were riding in a carriage with the Emperor Napoleon, when they were fired upon by a Pole named Berezowski. For whom the shot was intended is not certain, but it was badly aimed, and struck the horse of an equerry. The would-be assassin fired again, but the weapon burst, disabling his hand.

A more determined attempt on the life of Alexander was made at St. Petersburg on the 14th of April, 1879. The Czar was taking his customary walk near the palace, when a "respectably dressed man, wearing a military cockade," fired four shots at him, none of which took effect. He was arrested, but soon became insensible, having, as was supposed, taken poison. It was ascertained that his name was Solowjeff; and that was all, as no papers were found upon his person. But an alarming circumstance connected with this affair was, that just previously papers had been circulated purporting to be signed by the "revolutionary committee," threatening the life of the Czar, and a second St. Bartholomew massacre. All suspected houses were searched, but no discoveries were made.

There seemed to be reason to believe that a great revolutionary conspiracy had been formed, and to the supposed conspirators was applied the name of "Nihilists." Troubles in which they quite possibly had no part were attributed to them. Thus, on the 18th of April there was a great fire at Orenburg, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, on the very borders of Russia in Europe. A great part of the city was consumed. This conflagration was attributed to the Nihilists, perhaps upon no better grounds than those for believing that the great fire in London was the work of the Papists.

Two still more recent attempts on the life of the Czar have undoubtedly a political motive. On the 1st of December, 1879, he went by rail from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The time when this journey was to be made was well known. In anticipation of this event the conspirators had hired a house near the railway station, from which they dug a tunnel one hundred and fifty feet long, undermining the track. In this tunnel was placed an immense quantity of explosives, which were connected by wires with a battery in the house. This was fired, but, as it happened, a little too late, for the train which held the Czar had just passed. The baggage-train, which followed, was completely shattered, but no one on board was injured. It appeared that the conspirators had been at work upon this mine since early in September; but the most persistent efforts failed to discover who they were.

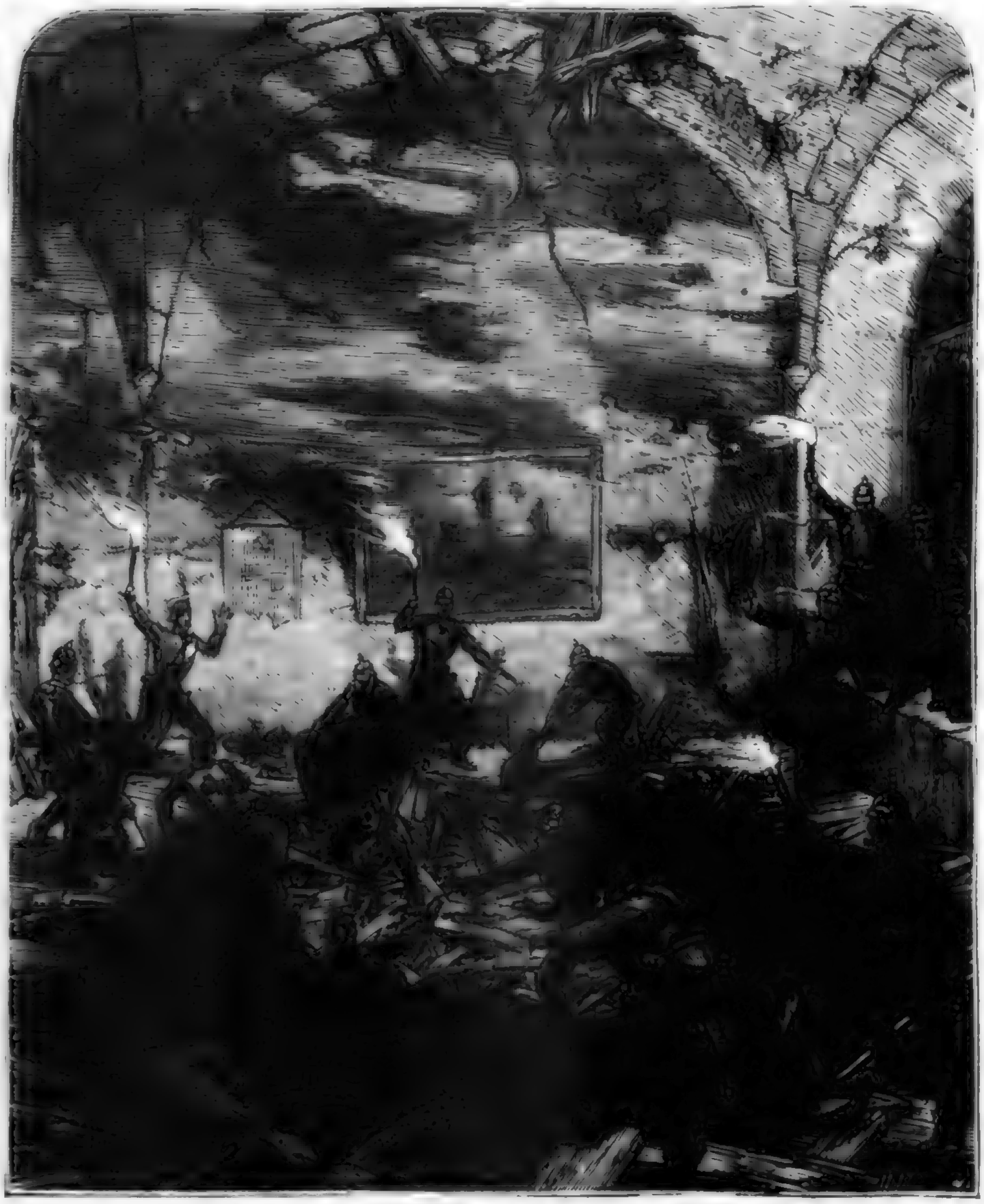
A still more bold attempt was made for destroying the Czar by blowing up a portion of the great Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, on the evening of February 17th, 1880. The explosion took place right under the dining-room, which the imperial party was on the point of entering, a few minutes later than usual. The mine had been laid in an apartment two stories below the dining-room. Above this was a guard-room, which was filled by a detachment of the Finnish Guards, of whom eight were killed outright and forty-five more severely injured, several of whom died subsequently. The dining-room above was much shattered, but none of its occupants were injured. It is clear that the projectors of this scheme were in positions which gave them free access to the palace, and a perfect knowledge of all the ways of its occupants. But as yet we

XUM

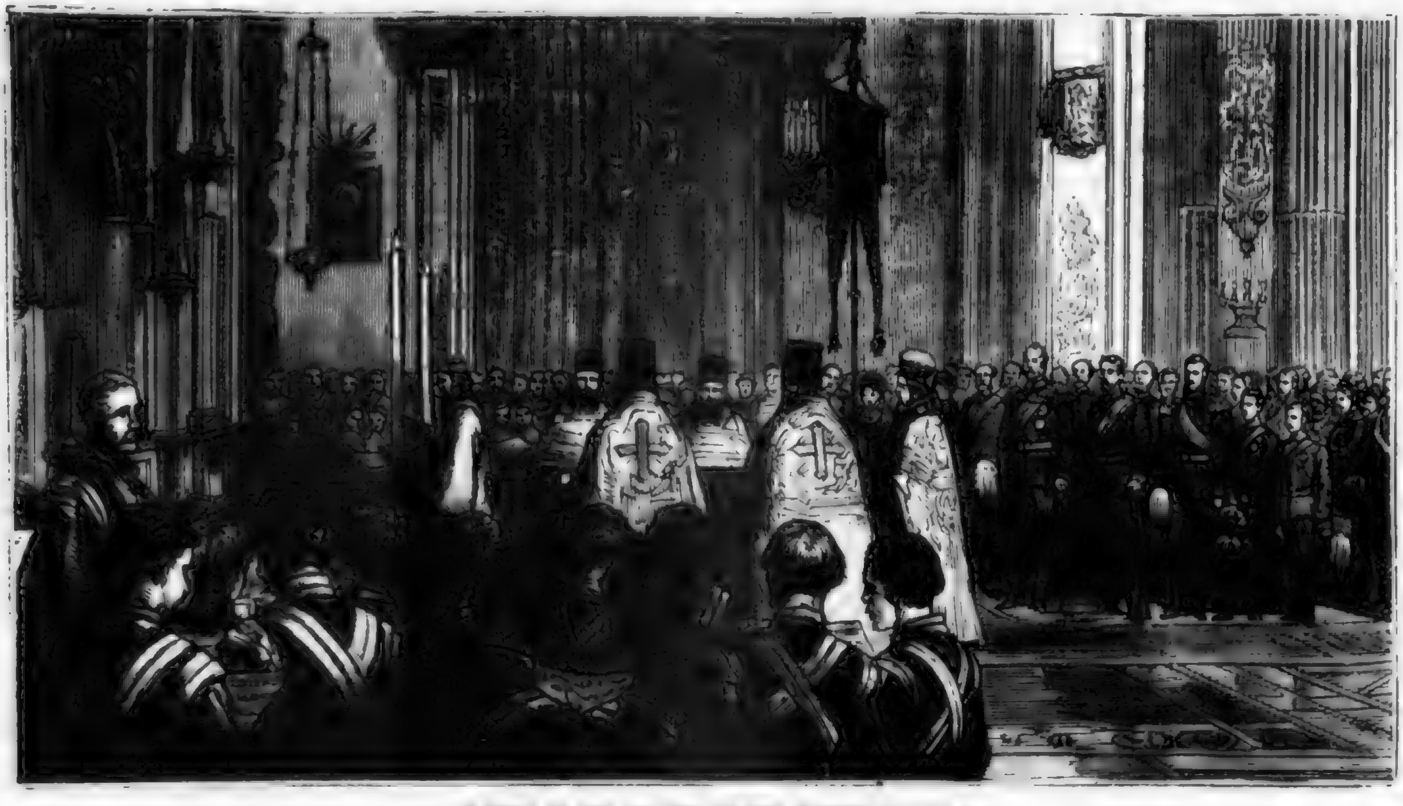
cannot learn that any real clew has been found to identify the criminals.

This bold attempt appears to have unmanned the Czar, and on the 24th he issued a ukase, which reads almost like an abdication of the imperial authority. It established in St. Petersburg a "Supreme Regulating Commission for the preservation of public order and social tranquility," with powers practically unlimited. At the head of this commission was placed Count Loris Mollikoff, "whose orders are to be immediately obeyed by all local officers, such as governor-general, governors, and prefects of police, and also by all the departments, including that of war."

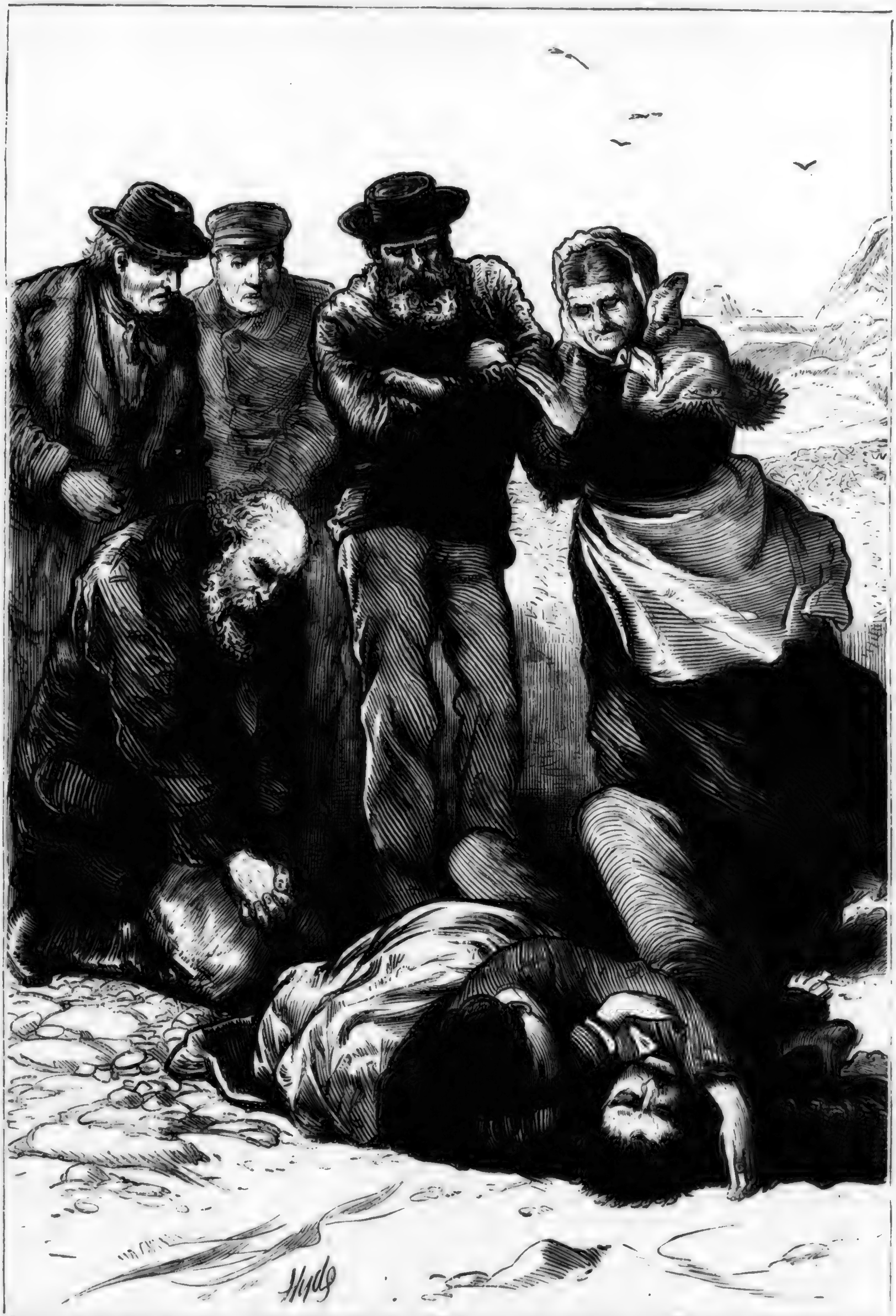
This Count Mellikoff, whose name now appears for almost the first time in European history, is an Armenian by birth, and of humble origin. We learn that he distinguished himself in the late Turko-Russian war, especially at Kars. He is described as a man of very liberal ideas, and those best qualified to judge indulge in high hopes that his virtual viceroyship will result in permanent good for Russia.



REMOVING THE DEAD BODIES AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



TE DEUM IN THE CHAPEL OF THE WINTER PALACE.



"LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."—"I KNELT DOWN BESIDE HER, A SLIM, DRENCHED FIGURE IN GRAY, CLASPED IN THE ARMS OF A MAN WHOSE FACE WAS HIDDEN BY HER PRETTY, DRIFTIN' HAIR, WHOSE STRONG ARMS WERE BOUND LIKE IRON AROUND HER."

XUM

CUPID'S MAMMA.

No VENUS—anything but that;
Could Fancy, howsoever flighty,
Transform the mother of this brat
To aught resembling Aphrodite?
No Venus; but the daily sport
Of common cares and wearied feet;
No monarch of a Paphian court
Her court is in the dismal street.

She taught young Love to play the part,
And bend the bow and aim the arrows;
Those arms will scarcely pierce a heart,
Unless it be a little sparrow's.
Alas, the Truthful never wooed
The Beautiful to fashion Cupid;
But, in a sympathetic mood,
Perhaps the Ugly wooed the Stupid.

Is Cupid nervous? Not a bit.
Love seeks no mortal approbation;
Stalls, boxes, galleries and pit
May hiss or cheer the transformation.
Mamma looks anxious and afraid
In parting from our young beginner,
Whose little wages—weekly paid—
Will give them once a week a dinner.

"LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."

By ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

THERE wasn't a finer pair in Sandyneck than Cap'n Bose and his mother. She was one of them tall old ladies, with a stately way of carryin' her head, and her soft eyes either lookin' right up beyond the clouds, or down amongst the little children as was for ever runnin' under her feet, and a reg'lar Dorcas Society in herself. She wore one gown, the color of lavender spikes, of silk that thick it would stand alone, and all Winter a black velvet, soft and black as a squirrel's back; and you'd never see her out of them gowns, come what would.

Their rale name was Von Bose, but the Sandyneckers was close about speakin', and dropped the Von, leavin' the Bose; and so Cap'n Bose was known for miles around, as his father had been afore him.

The old man had left his widder about the prettiest house anywhere near, and his son came in for the ship—a reg'lar three-master, as stanch as oak and iron could make her, and as trim as a young gal when she's prinked out and waitin' at the gate for some one that ain't her grandma.

Cap'n Bose was stout and strong, and tall and broad, and brown as the sun and wind could tan him, with big, laughin' brown eyes and white teeth, and a large straight nose; but, when all's said, it ain't in pen and paper to put a man afore you as he *is;* there's allers somethin' missin'.

Now, it seemed to me Cap'n Bose was uncommon like his own craft—his timbers sound and rale han'sum to look at, and answerin' to every lap, lap of the leastest wave again him, but fightin' a storm as tough as a sea-devil, and spittin' out fire again any sneakin' cuss of a proa that come piratin' around, and cuttin' off with "a bone in his mouth" when the wind was agreeable.

He had his little failures, too, by odd turns of not answerin' to the helm comfortable; but I never knowed the land as growed angels, and it seems an uncommon good thing, too, for it seems as if a human angel would be a critter just good enough to have no faults himself, and not spiritooal enough to cover up them of other people as he couldn't understand.

You see, I'm a bit of a filosofer as well as a boat-mender, and while I'm down on the beach cobblin' them fishin' boats, they combines easy enough.

The Sandyneckers is fishermen, and has been for nigh this two hundred years, and from Father Jacob—ninety-nine his last birthday—down to the leastest brown dot that lays laughin' and crowin' in the yaller sand while the mother mends the net, there's a family likeness between all the Sandyneckers, and they're every one on 'em aunts and cousins and grandpas, in and out amongst each other, except me and Polly, my gran'niece; and the way me and Polly came to settle amongst them was this:

I'd sailed aboard the *Ginevra*, under old man Bose and under Cap'n Bose, for nigh twenty years, and when I'd saved a bit, and got the rhuematics pretty severe, Cap'n Bose recommended me to lay up at Sandyneck; and as me and Polly was alone, except for my cousin, Samanthy Pebbleboy, we moved inter a little brown house, set so close upon the beach that it looked like a merrymaid half the time, half in and half out of the water; and up behind us went a grass-plot like velvet, and a-top of its slope Cap'n Bose's house, white as a shark's tooth, and set round with verandys and balconies and noddin' trees; and when I wasn't boat-cobblin' I was busy about the flower-beds, little Polly trottin' beside me, keepin' me company with her wise baby-chat, and carryin' the plants I was beddin' out, or the pipe and 'baccy I was done usin', in her little check bib, as old-fashioned as you please.

There was a pretty view of Sandyneck, runnin' like a finger of gold inter the blue water, crooked a bit, as if it was beckonin' the tide in; and the fishers' houses, as brown as oak-leaves in Fall, scattered over it; and Madame Bose, when the days were pleasant, used to come down from the verandy with a white shawl over her lavender dress, smellin' of sandal-wood, and chat by the hour with me and Polly—that is, when Cap'n Bose was away v'yagin'; but when he was home, the house was full of company, and we seed very little of her, except that every day little Polly carried in ter her a big basket of flowers, with a bokay for every lady stayin' in the house: and that there brings me right to my bit of a story—indeed, it's such a mere bit of a trifle that it's more like what Cousin Samanthy, who's been rale well raised, calls a nanny goat—which I takes to mean a little nut chock full of meat.

I mind it well the fust I noticed of it.

It was, we'll say, an hour, or, mebbe, two, after a July dawn—and we all know what that means—the sea lit by little catspaws inter ridges like dolphins' backs, shiftin' their colors every minnit, and a path of gold stretchin' right across it, as if the sun was some r'yal bark with a king aboard, and them clouds, all fire and saffron, hangin' close about it, looked uncommon like sails swellin' afore a niceish breeze.

It was a kind of nateral to smell nothin' but sea and roses, for the whole sea and sky seemed to be roses, and the very grass looked pinky, and the big blue hills, so far away behind Sandyneck that they seemed just bits of sky, one blue against another, had wreaths of pink mist rollin' and curlin' round their tops.

Sandyneck curled like a finger of red gold—like a pilot a-beckonin' up the sun, and the fishin'-smacks was like motes away in the sunlight.

The house was quiet; Venetians shet, curtains down; not a stir but me and Polly shakin' the last night's rain off of my pet roses—rose-multifloras—when a lark Madame Bose had been sent from England began to sing from its cage in the jessymine droopin' down the pillar of the verandy. The poor critter seemed to be singin' its heart out, and Polly was listenin', her eyes gettin' bigger and bluer, and her red lip tremblin', as I snipt off any blossoms that showed a blight, and she caught them in her little bib.

"Uncle Jim," says she, at length, "what's the birdie cryin' for?"

"'Tain't cryin', honey," says I; "it's singin'."

"No, it's cryin'," says she, as grave as a captain in a squall; "it's cryin' in its singin'."

"I guess," says I, "it's longin' to soar. Them larks is powerful fond of the sky—fonder nor some Christians."

"When I'm an angel," says Polly, stampin' her dimply foot, "I'll get leave, when my wings is grown strong and big, to come and carry all the cages in the world 'way up inter the sky, and I'll open all the doors and let the birds fly out. Poor, pretty birdies! It's real cruel to lock 'em up!"

"Why, my little dimpled hurricane," says Cap'n Bose's voice, right behind us, "what's the matter? And what are you doing?"

He caught her up on his shoulder, and the roses tumbled from her bib all over his curly beard, an' lay in a heap on his feet.

"You're early up, cap'n," says I. "Polly an' me is gettin' madame's bokays ready—ain't us, Polly?"

Polly nodded, holdin' fast by his thick, brown curls with her little mites of hands, for she an' Cap'n Bose was firm friends.

"Ah! you are, are you?" he said, kinder careless. "What a morning it is! What'll you give me, Polly, if I give you a jolly canter round the lawn? I'm in great spirits this morning."

He *did* think a sight of Polly, surely; but then, I never see'd the ugliest critter as didn't, an' there was somethin' about the child curus. She minded me of a little anchor holdin' the biggest and crankiest of crafts safe in still water. You couldn't be ugly long with that round, rosy face, an' them deep-sea eyes of hers close to yours.

"For an old tar," he says, comin' back with Polly in his arms, after a scamper round the lawn, "you take kindly to flowers, Uncle Jim."

"It's filosofy," says I, cuttin' away at them multifloras. "When an old salt without many friends feels the rheumatics in his bones, and a ginral crumliness settin' in, it's time for him to take to somethin' as'll grow over his grave."

"What an idea to work amongst July roses with!" he said, laughin', an' sittin' down, with Polly by his knee, on one of them pretty green garden-seats, lookin' toward the golden finger beck'nin' in the sun an' the tide. "Come, Jim, don't they speak of anything but graves to you?"

"Wall, cap'n," says I, "I never was much amongst them, for them to say much to me; but I do think, now, if anythin' was to happen Polly there, they'd hev a thousand tongues to talk of her to me—she do so seem one on 'em."

He leant his chin on his brown hand, an' looked clar over Polly's sunbonnet out to sea, as I'd seen him look a thousand times when he'd be lookin' for a ship that he thought might cross the *Ginevra*, an' there was a half-smile in his eyes, an' a cross-line on his brown forehead.

"Sail in sight, sir?" says I, arter a minnit, to humor the idee, as I'd said it a thousand times afore on board the old craft. He started as if a tornado had come about his ears, an' then laughed.

"Not in sight," he said, an' then he put out his honest, strong hand an' took mine; "but, Jim, I'm expectin' her in every puff of wind, and her name's—— Jim, you've been a faithful friend to me, so I'll tell you the name of the craft I'm lookin' for."

"It's the *Rose*," says I. "Blow me, captain! it's what we've been lookin' for this many a year back, since the time when she was a baby, like Polly here, an' ye used to tote her round in your little boat. Why, you was built for each other."

"I hope so," he said, laughin'. "She's here, Jim. And now, Polly, come and pick me a nosegay for a pretty lady. I've a fancy," he said to me, "that those innocent, baby touches of Polly's are like spells."

So Polly an' he walked off, a long an' a short shadow on the grass, in an' out amongst the flower-beds, an' I sot down with a pipe to think it over.

Have him! Of course she'd have him! As Samanthy says, men an' women is made like stockin's an' mits, in pairs; an' it ain't natur's fault if one gets lost to its mate once in a while; but here was the cap'n an' Miss Rose all right an' tight, built for consorts if ever two crafts was, an' no one as I knowed on to say 'em Nay. Why, of course she'd have him.

"An' so," says I, when Polly an' him come back with her bib full of flowers, an' a smallish bunch in his big brown hand, "Miss Rose is here, is she?"

"She came last night," he says, lookin' over the front of the house to see if there was any stir inside.

"And ye only to hum three days," says I, laughin'. "I guess yer ship is in the trade-winds, an'll be in port afore ye know where ye are. But," says I, "of course there be shoals an' travelin' bergs in the shiniest weather. That's filosofy."

"It's not all plain sailin'," says he, sortin' over the flowers in his hands, with a darker look than ever I seed afore on his cheery face. "Ah, Rose, is this you?"

How his face shone out! and there, sure enough, came Miss Rose over the lawn, in her white dress, an' holdin' out her pretty arms to Polly.

"Good-mornin', Cousin Phil," says she; "an' is this my little Polly? I got up early and stole out to pay Uncle Jim's roses a visit, and I run straight into a group of my friends. Uncle Jim, I'm so glad to see you an' my little Polly again."

"Thankee, miss!" says I, while she kissed Polly, kneelin' on the grass to do it. "It never seems to settle in Summer in these here parts until you come. Polly minds ye, ye see, miss."

"Oh! you flattering Uncle Jim!" says she, blushin' up sweet as a pink; "I have to come to Sandyneck for real compliments. They're exotics in the city. Oh! Polly, Polly, what dewy, sweet flowers you have in your apron!"

"Them's for madame's bokays, ain't them, Polly?" says I—Polly bein' a bit shy at first, peepin' at Miss Rose from under her lashes.

"Yes," says Polly, "*him's* got yours," p'intin' her brown finger at Cap'n Bose; "we plucked 'em for the pretty lady."

"And to Polly there's but one lovely lady," says he, offerin' Miss Rose the flowers. "Come, Rose, let's have a stroll over to the Neck before breakfast."

"Me, too," says Polly, catchin' at Miss Rose's white dress as she got up from the grass, for Polly was that made much of, that in her five-year-old mind she thought there was a corner for Polly in every critter's heart.

"An' Polly, too," says Miss Rose, "if those fat, brown legs will carry her so far."

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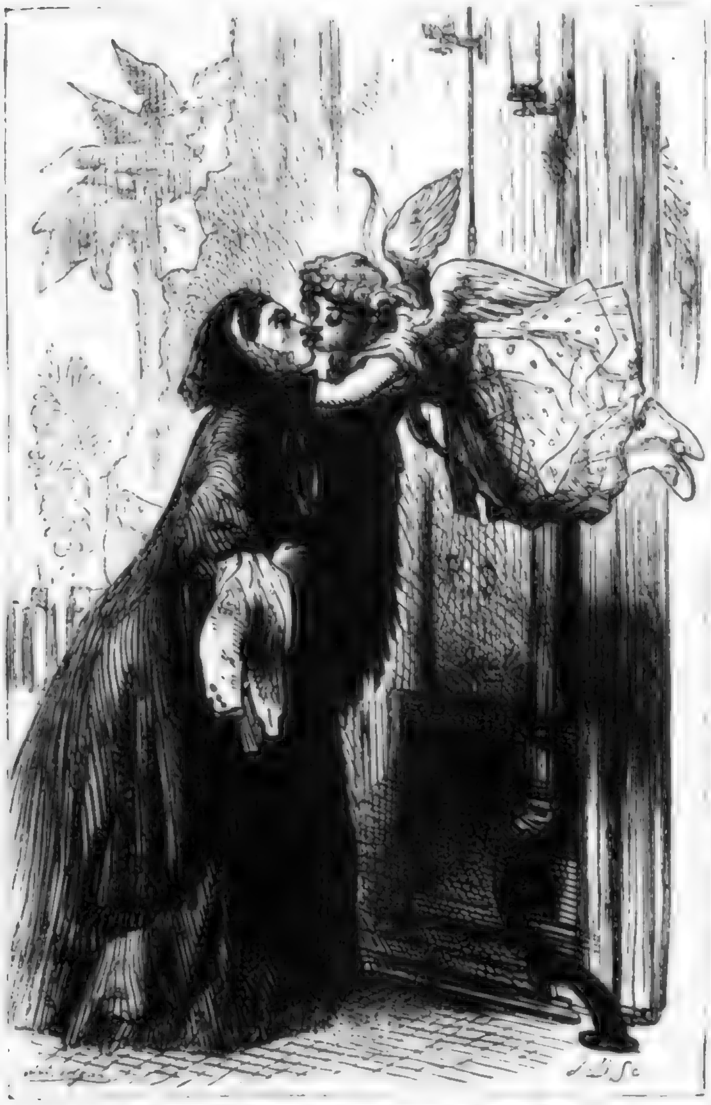


CUPID'S MAMMA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 530.

The three on 'em walked off down the lawn—Miss Rose with her slim white hand through the cap'n's arm, an' Polly holdin' the other, and lettin' a track of flowers fall from her bib on the grass, until they went out of the little wicket-gate leadin' to the sands; an' seein' the smoke curlin' from the chimbly of my merrymaid, I knowed Samanthy had breakfast ready; an', as she ain't nothin' to speak of as a filosofer, especially when it's corn-dodger as is burned, I carried madame's basket inter her mornin'-room, and then went down hum to my breakfast.

It was Tuesday, an' on Sabbath Samanthy allers puts on a clean caliker, starched as stiff as a pine plank, an' starches her natur as well; an' it's not till about Friday that she an' the caliker begins to get a bit slimpsy an' chipper; so I took rale care to rub my boots on the corn mat, an' hang my hat on its own peg, for her gown was cracklin' over the floor in fine style.

"Where's Polly?" says she, settin' the coffee-pot on the table.

"Gone up the Neck with cap'n an' Miss Rose," says I. "See here, Samanthy!" If it *was* only Tuesday, I couldn't help winkin' at her; an' says she:

"Is the influences of the Sabbath so soon dried up, like doo? What are you winkin' for, you old unregenerate?"

To do Samanthy justice, her starch aren't usual made on vinegar; but she did seem kinder bitter this mornin'.

"Blow the doo!" says I. "Come, Samanthy, ain't Miss Rose a prime favor*ite* of your'n?"

"She *was*," says Samanthy, puttin' the sugar uncommon sparin' inter my cup.

"Wall," says I, "what if the cap'n an' Miss Rose is goin' to make a match of it, an' h'ist sail in company?"

"They ain't, though!" says Samanthy, cracklin' her gown uncommon loud, an' drawin' the molasses-jug just beyond my reach.

"Why," says I, seein' that there was somethin' besides starch afloat, "what do you know alonger this affair?"

"There ain't no sailin' in company for them," says she, tossin' her head toward the Neck. "Mrs. Abbey was down last night."

Mrs. Abbey was Miss Rose's maid, an old schoolmate of Samanthy's.

"Wall?" says I, kinder curus.

"Miss Rose is engaged to a New York gentleman," says Samanthy. "*Some* folks doesn't know gold from glitter, no more nor a blind kitten can read an almanac."

"He'll take it severe," says I, thinkin' of the cap'n; "very severe, Samanthy."

"Wall, he's *got* to take it, one way or other!" says Samanthy.

"An' he ain't nothin' of a filosofer," says I, "which makes it wuss."

"You an' yer filosofy!" says Samanthy, rilin' up as if it was Saturday. "Shoo! When a thing's *got* to be, it don't make it no easier to put yer hands in yer pockets an' swagger along, makin' believe yer don't feel the kicks that's urgin' of you on so spry. Filosofy, indeed!"

"That ain't filosofy, Samanthy," says I; "that's swagger."

"It's all one," says she, rattlin' the dishes disputatious-like; "or, whether it is or whether it ain't, clar out, an' let me get the chores done up!"

An' that was jest Samanthy's way of tacklin' an argyment!

When I went out of the door the day had changed, and overhead was what we calls a mackerel sky—a reg'lar flock of little shifty clouds, like scales of red gold blowin' in long ridges over the blue.

"A storm brewin'," thinks I, out loud. "I'll jest step up an' shet down them forcin'-beds, not to hev them plants spiled. It's amazin' how often a fine mornin' brings up a storm!"

"An' filosofy won't set up spiled plants," says Samanthy; an' I started.

* * * * * * *

Madame Von Bose's experience:

When Rose, my dear young cousin, came to me in my morning-room after breakfast, and with warm tears, soft kisses and tender claspings of her young arms about my neck, told me of her engagement to Richard Campian, I

THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS.—SEE PAGE 539.

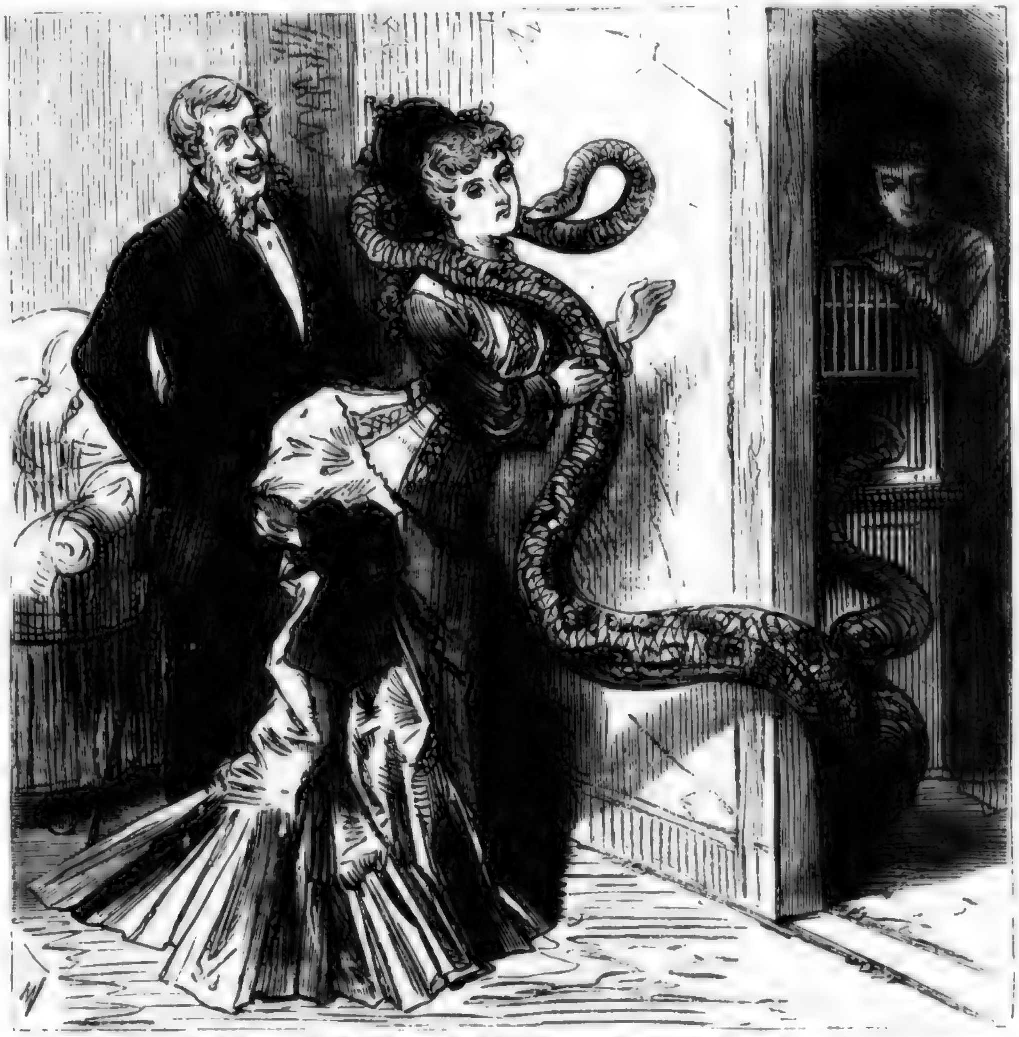
held her quietly to my heart for a moment and blessed her, without letting a drop of the water from my Marah-well of sorrow mar the beauty of her dream; but while I smoothed her bright hair and stroked her pretty hand, my soul was full of the Psalmist's cry, "My son! my son!"

"Does Philip know of this, my child?" I asked, and my voice was steady, and betrayed neither of us.

"I told him this morning," she said, with a sudden, sweet blush. "Philip is so good to me, cousin. He says that he will ask Mr. Campian down here, if you have no objection."

"That is like him!" I said, proudly, for I do not think, with some, that it shames us to take a simple pride in the gifts of God.

In those lands where a man is decorated by the favor of his king, he glories in the distinction, though it is none of his making. And if to be proud of my noble son be a sin, I fear I am a very sinful woman; but then I am also a very thankful woman.



MR. MANN'S "CLEO," THE PET BOA-CONSTRICTOR.—SEE PAGE 539.

"He shall write, after breakfast, and invite Mr. Campian down," I said. "You know, Rose, Richard is an old acquaintance of ours."

I tried to say *friend*, but the word would not come.

I went on arranging my flowers in an old silver wassail-bowl, with a hunting-scene of the time of Walter Tyrrel and Rufus on it, which poor Captain Von Bose had brought me from England, and Rose sat looking at me, twisting the lace of her sleeve, with a grieved expression round her lips for which I could not account.

"Cousin," she said, suddenly, "pray don't let Philip ask Mr. Campian here."

She spoke with such energy that I turned from my flowers to look at her.

"My love, you surprise me!" I said. "Most betrothed people wish each other's society."

"But I have seen Mr. Campian every day this Winter," she said, "and I do wish to spend my last Summer with you alone."

"My dear, you cannot see too much of the man who is to be your husband," I said, decisively, fearing a little that Rose, with all her firm sweetness, might be tainted with the careless spirit of the time. She turned her face away—an innocent, proud young face, with liquid gray eyes, and the soft curves of perfect health and youth, a delightful face, but not a beautiful—and I saw a flush creep down her ear and neck. Then she looked back at me frankly.

"You are right, cousin, as you always are," she said, "and you are very kind."

"Rose, do you love Mr. Campian?" I asked, for this little scene in some way disturbed me about her. "I beg your pardon, my dear, but you have no mother."

She shrank back from leaning against the arm of my chair, a great rocker with an Oriental-dyed afghan, which Mouche, my beauteous Angora, and I generally shared.

"Love! What is love?" she said, looking at me earnestly. "Be my oracle, cousin, and tell me what love is, apart from poetry and novels."

In this way she set my question aside, while unconsciously answering it.

"Happy domestic love is like everyday sunshine," I replied; "it fills one's world, and is the nurse of much that is noble and beautiful. One feels and enjoys it without, perhaps, staying to think much of it."

"Until the darkness closes," she said, with a shiver. "Oh, defend me from love while the grave yawns on the earth! I am too cowardly to love, cousin—at least to encourage the *grande passion*. Your idol may lift his golden head to the skies, but Death strikes at his feet of clay, and in his fall he crushes your life out upon the stones."

"Rose, my dear," I said, gravely, "love ought to be a friend—neither an idol, a master, nor a serf. A friend, too, to help one climb a little nearer heaven. My child, love, to be true, must be no passion, as they call it nowadays, but more or less divine."

"That it may mingle with eternity," she said, gravely. "Love, nowadays, savors of earthly odors—musk, *patchouli* and gross perfumes—and I am borne down with the heavy sweetness. Now I'm quite done talking nonsense, cousin."

"Your marriage, then, with Mr. Campian is quite arranged?"

"Quite. Cupid wears a lawyer's gown in this century,

XUM

and my settlements are drawn up and signed. Mr. Campian has behaved like a prince."

Philip's step sounded in the hall, and Rose started so violently that the chair swung back, and Mouche rose from the afghan, giving his hind-paws the drollest shake of indignation at the disturbing of his nap, and trotted out of the room with the air of Diogenes when Alexander cast his royal shadow between the sun and the philosopher; and Rose followed Mouche, and before my son was well in the room, I saw her running down through the trees to Uncle Jim's cottage—a brown, clumsy old house, washed by the waves, drifted up with golden sand, and tricked out gayly with scarlet runners, always fluttering and tossing in the soft Summer air.

Knowing my son so well, I went on piling the silver wassail-bowl with crimson and white roses, and tall branches of ambrosial syringa, with here and there a dark glittering spray of laurel, only looking up to see that he was dressed for riding, and held a letter in his hand. I really dared not trust myself to look in his face.

"I thought I heard Rose's voice here," he said, coming and standing before me with his back to the light.

"She is just gone out. This is sudden news about her, Philip."

"Yes," he said, steadily, "and this letter is to invite Campian down here—of course, if you have no objection, mother."

"Oh, Philip!" I cried, thrusting away the roses, "I hoped it would have been so different!"

"Well, well, mother," he said, with a rueful smile, "every man has his chance for showing himself akin to the gods, by a display of heroism, and I suppose this is mine. But, oh, mother!" he cried out, bitterly, "it was a fair ship to founder so suddenly!"

That was the first and last lament he made. He was his brave father, every inch of him, and faced his trouble royally.

"I do not like this Mr. Campian," I said, very weakly, salting my poor roses with two tears.

"Nor I, much. He is too cold and self-contained for Rose, I'm afraid," said Philip, putting a rosebud in his buttonhole with a forced precision that was painful. "However, for Rose's sake, we must try and like the fellow. By-the-way, mother, I sha'n't be home till late, so don't wait dinner for me."

He only came home when we were all retiring for the night. There was a bright moon, and when I heard the tramping of his horse's feet, I looked out, and, for the second time in my life, saw how aged and worn a man's face might become in twelve Summer hours. The first time was when our only daughter died, and her father sat the night through by the child's coffin.

But, after that, he made no sign; and in the course of the next week Mr. Campian joined our party.

He came when I was dressing for dinner, and Rose was with me. My window opened out through roses on the lawn, French fashion, and the girl peered out at him between the swinging blossoms.

He was a lordly-looking man, with a chest like a Roman gladiator, perfect Roman features, and cold, magnificent gray eyes. Not tall, and with a swarthy, Italian skin, and black, straight hair, always blown carelessly about his splendid head. Whether his face was merely strong, or merely cruel, or both, it was impossible to say.

Was Rose cold, or shy? She drew back from the window, and deftly went on with her loving task of arranging my laces; but her little pink fingers touched my cheek, and I felt how cold they were.

Four or five of my guests, with Philip, were playing croquet on the lawn, and Mr. Campian walked, in his kingly way, over to them, and leaned against a spreading beech, with his back to the singing sea, and his proud, cold face looking toward us.

He was talking to Vale Dennison—a magnificent brunette, in maize-hued draperies, light as puffs of smoke——and admiring her with cold, critical eyes, smiling at her words, and his smile was like the play of light on a sabre.

"Go to him, Rose," I said; "run to him, my dear, and let him feel that he's welcome here. I'll follow you in a moment."

"Thanks," said Rose, looking out again. "Philip is not leaving him in much doubt as to his welcome. Which brooch shall I give you, cousin?"

The girl's voice sounded bitter, her face—I could see it in the mirror—was hard and white; then, in a second, it was ruddy rose again. What ailed the child?

But, indeed, my principal thought was of my son, and how he would meet Mr. Campian.

He met him like a man and a gentleman, with outstretched hand, and a grave kindliness in his good, noble face.

Vale Dennison—an artful woman, who made the utmost of small chances—had dropped her mallet, and slipped her slender, dusky hand through his arm (she loved Philip and his money equally), and glowed in her yellow draperies like a damask-rose in a golden mist—and the action seemed to separate her and my son from the rest, and link them together, as she meant it should, no doubt—for, indeed, she was a very subtle woman.

"How magnificent Vale looks to-night!" said Rose, who had the eye and soul of an artist.

"Indeed," I said, before the uncharitableness of my words struck me, "she reminds me of Jezebel, my dear, when she painted her face and tired her head, and looked out of the window."

"She and Philip contrast well," said Rose, turning to break off a spray of blossoms from the vine about the window; and then she came before the mirror, and, shaking her lovely hair about her scarlet cheeks, twined the roses in a high coronet over her smooth brow, and went out, crowned and beautified, to greet her lover.

Everything changes, of course, with time, but this new fashion of well-bred coldness, even between husband and wife, does not please me.

Rose's soul had always seemed to me like a bud, promising a gorgeous blossoming under the sun of a pure and true affection; but, instead, its petals seemed to fold closer in Mr. Campian's presence.

Philip drew Vale Dennison, not unwillingly, away from them, and the rest of my guests took the hint, and left Rose and Mr. Campian standing apart under the beach-tree.

"Campian is a queer fellow," said Philip, in his frank, sailorly way, when a week had gone. "I can't make him out."

"He is fond of Rose," I said, thoughtfully. "Look at him now."

There were lights on the piano, and Rose sat at it, playing some sweet and solemn sadness from one of Mozart's Masses, a white, lily-like figure in the circle of light; Mr. Campian, half in the gloom, watching her, his Roman face intent and fixed, his cold eyes for once soft and pensive.

"That is just it," said Philip, who was lounging half in and half out of the moonlit window, where I sat; while beyond, in the full silver glory, Vale Dennison swept to and fro across the sward, a black lace scarf over her head, a crimson rose upon her breast, ostensibly watching the moon, but her black eyes more frequently flashed round at my son's tall figure lounging on the window-seat. "That is just it, mother. Sometimes a doubt of it strikes me forcibly; but then, at times, a man doubts nearly everything."

I, too, had my doubts, but not so much of Mr. Campian. He was one of those secretive and silent men who often possess an awful force of character and passion. It was quite possible that Rose was his life and blood, under the cold and calm exterior; equally possible that she was a thistledown floating unheeded through the chill atmosphere of an existence which knew nor owned Love in any guise.

Rose played prettily, as she did everything, and when Mozart was ended, Mr. Campian leant over her, and praised her rendering of the immortal composer, while I could see her face flush, and her eyes widen and brighten to stars with some emotion not such as should greet a lover's whisper.

Her hands lay idly on the piano for a moment; then she said, suddenly:

"Shall I sing for you, Mr. Campian?"

"If you will be so good. Sing me 'Robin Adair,' if I may have a choice."

She shrugged her shoulders and turned pale; and did her soft eyes wander to Philip's fair head, bathed in the moonlight, or was it a mother's tender fancy?

"Not now, please. That song is too realistic for me to-night; it makes my heart throb. I'll sing you a fancy of my own."

"It is sure to be a graceful one," he said, with all the cold composure which left the man such a riddle to me—only accustomed to my breezy, laughing, frank-hearted Philip.

A pretty Dresden page held a wax-light above Rose's head, and the light streamed over her face as she sang, and over her slim, white hands, on one of which her engagement-ring—a quaintly set ruby—sent out long rays of blood-colored light.

"What is the name of your poesy?" asked Mr. Campian, from a chintz-covered easy-chair which stood near the piano.

My furniture is simple, and I am old-fashioned enough to have huge china jars and great bowls of old silver, full of dried rose-leaves, standing in odd places about my rooms—*pot-pourri*, my mother used to call it—and I never smell the quaint odor without recalling that night. A damp softness in the air had brought the perfume strongly from the dried leaves, and the room was full of it.

Rose played a few bars of an Oriental sound, dreamy, with a vein of fire, like Summer lightning over a purple midnight sea, running through it.

"I call it 'The Song of the Persian Rose,'" she answered, through the throbbing music.

"Captain Von Bose!" called Vale Dennison, determined that Philip, willy-nilly, should be at her side; and, with a shrug of vexation, he got up and joined her on the lawn, just as Rose commenced her song.

I always had a good memory, and the words are as fresh in it yet as though they still rang in my ears; and Mr. Campian's powerful face, turned steadfastly regarding her as she sang, is a sharply lined picture yet upon my mind.

And this was Rose's song:

"Silence thy throbbing song,
Oh, dusky nightingale!
By those high hills along
Laugheth the morning's gale.
Dry from thy pearly cheek
Dew-tears, O jasmine!
Ruddy the morn breaks—
Sunlight and joy be mine!

"Weep not thro' starlit dusk,
White-plumed acacia-tree;
Breathe not about me, musk,
Night is no mate for me.
Flowers that the bright stars woo,
Wide with their kisses light,
See, by the mountains blue
Burneth the morn's light.

"Woo me no more, O Night!
Star-girdled king, away!
Stretch thy dusk wings for flight;
Roses were born for day.
Wouldst hang my crimson heart
Burning on thy chill breast,
As a dead monarch wears
Rubies upon his crest?

"Woo me no more, O Night!
Weeping thro' starlit dusk,
Bending thy crown of light,
Breathing with breath of musk.
Woo not by throbbing note
Of thy dusk nightingale,
Nor by the winds that float
Thro' my low-lying vale.

"Woo me no more, O Night.
Far from my vale depart;
Under thy crispéd light
Pale grows my ruddy heart.
Woo not by dewy tear,
Dripping from jasmine spray;
Red burns my heart at dawn;
Roses were born for day!"

In real life things commonly happen very quietly. The most startling events drop into their places without adjectives or coloring; and the next morning, when I came down to breakfast, it was to find a note by the urn from Mr. Campian, apologizing for his sudden departure to New York on urgent business, and Vale Dennison by the window, with thunderous black eyes, watching Philip and Rose walking under the beeches in the shade and sun of the sweet morning, little Polly—old Uncle Jim's grand-niece—playing about their feet.

Mr. Campian had behaved with a certain cold chivalry toward the woman he found would wed but did not love him. Rose showed me, after breakfast, a note in his square, massive hand, which ran as follows:

"My Dear Miss Levison: I have felt, during the greater part of our engagement, that, at least on your side, ours has not been a satisfactory betrothal. I would proudly have made you my wife, but last night decided me that this could never be. All that is just and honorable forbids me to take advantage of a promise given by you, I now see, under the pressure of friends and circumstances.

"I hope, however, to retain your regard as a friend, and obtain that of the man happy enough to win you.

"Make what explanations you wish concerning the breaking off of our engagement, and rely on my silence and discretion. Believe me, my dear Miss Levison,

"Your faithful friend, Richard Campian."

"Cold, clear and crisp!" cried Rose, laughing. "Evidently he is not heart-broken. I must send him back his ring." Which she did, with a graceful, grateful little note; and the same evening came shyly to me, in the rosy dusk, and showed me a pale sapphire on her slender finger, with "Mizpah" engraved on the stone of truth, and "Philip and Rose" on the golden band; the two names bound together with a true-lover's knot.

* * * * * *

XUM

When Polly's mother, poor creetur, writ us word that she was comin' home from Europe, where she'd been travelin' as lady's-maid in a rich family, to die with us, after a disputation with Samanthy about it, we took the letter up and showed it to Madame Von Bose, and telled her the hull yarn about the poor little bark as had been run down when only, as a man may say, still in the floating-dock, by a villain of a proa a-sailin' under false colors.

Samanthy put on her creakiest gown, an' starched her backbone well for the sail inter madame's port, an' when madame raised her white hands an' cried over the mite of a letter the gal writ to us, an' stroked my little Polly's hair an' kissed her, Samanthy sot straight up, an', says she:

"We don't consider our Mary no object of contemptuousness, Madame Bose, but as good as the next; an' I'm that onregenerate, that if ever I come across the villain as mocked her with a pretended marriage—well, he'll hear Samanthy Pebbleboy's opinion of *some* things rale spry!"

"Miss Samanthy and Uncle Jim," says madame, after hearin' the ins an' outs of the story, as much as we knowed ourselves, with Polly on her knee, playin' with her watch-chain, "you may rest assured that Mary will find a friend in me, an' if she is not as ill as you fear, an' able for it, my daughter, Mrs. Philip, wants a maid—for Abbey, you know, is married—and, between us, we may nurse her back to strength. *You* know what my daughter Rose is, Uncle Jim?"

"She's an angel, ma'am," says I.

"There ain't none on this earth!" says Samanthy, cracklin' her gown; "leastways, since Deacon Potpepper was took, an' he wasn't so much an angel as a rale, fair an' square Christian. My! it's rale grievous to miss them large, pinty check collars of his'n from meetin'; an' ef there was anythin' like an angel about him, it was them collars a-pintin' toward heaven, an' lookin' as ef his head was a-wantin' to get loose an' sail inter heaven. But I do allow Mrs. Philip Von Bose is a fine young woman."

"When do you expect Mary home?" says madame, comin' on the verandy with us, her lavender silk rustlin' like a baby creek, an' her white wool shawl folded about her fine, tall old figure.

"Wall," I says, "'most any time, now. She may sail past to New York to-night, or she may be goin' past this very moment. She'll be in port this week, anyhow, I calculate."

"Let us know when she comes," says madame, openin' a little gold box she always carried in her pocket, full of queer candies, an' holdin' it out for Polly's dimply fingers to go inter.

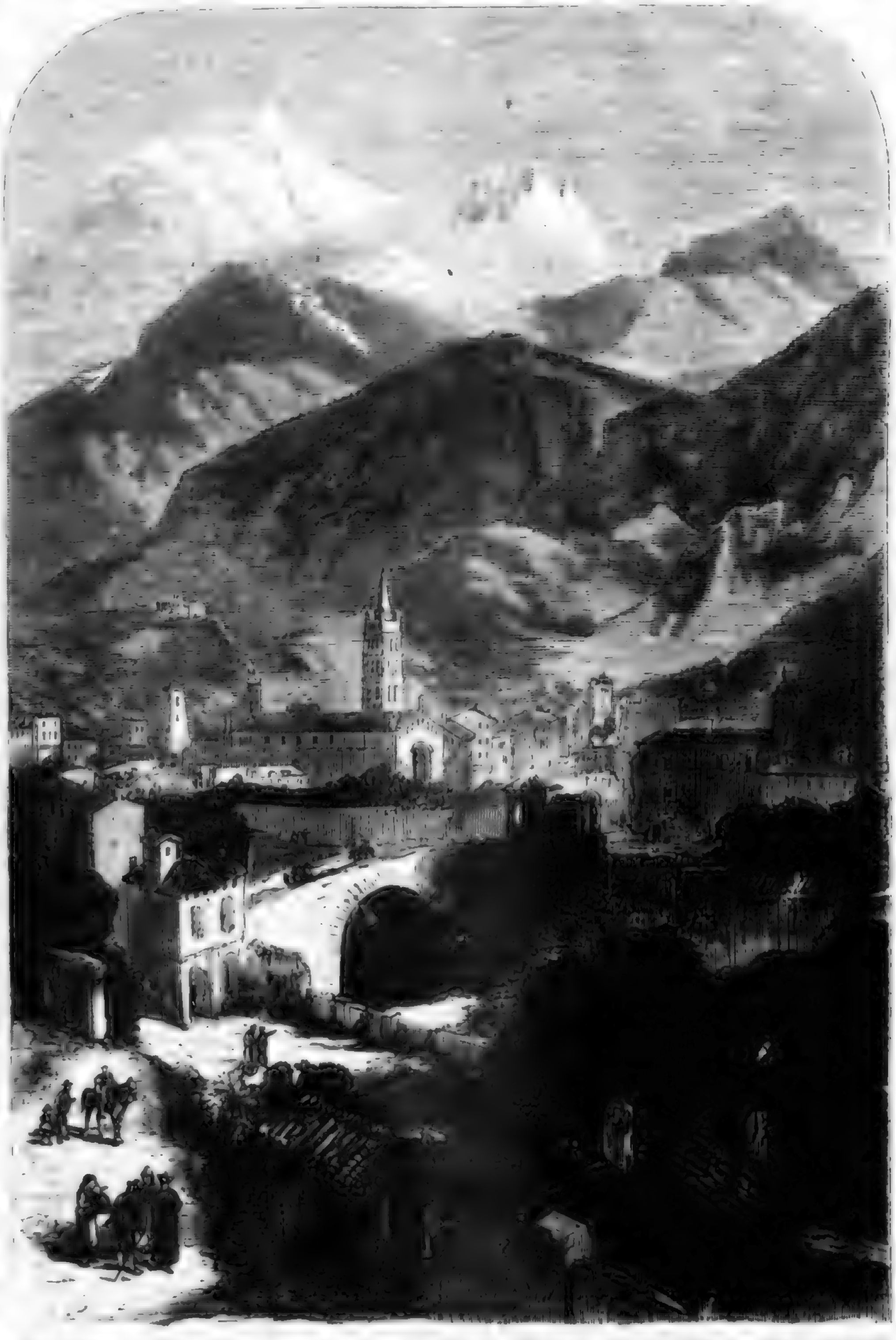
"Wall," I says, lookin' about at the sky an' sea, "I hope she's a good way off the coast, or in New York, by this, for we're goin' to hev some nasty weather, or I'm no sailor."

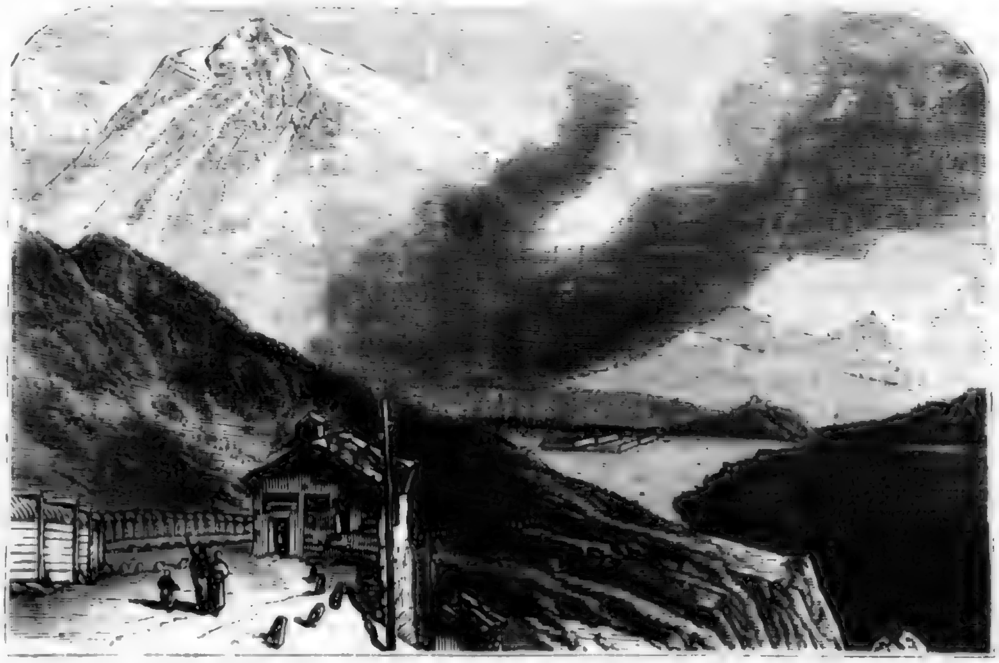
"I thought you was a filosofer!" says Samanthy, scornful.

"They combinates," says I, takin' Polly by the hand. "Good-arternoon, madame."

"Good-by, Jim," says she. "You never saw the man who deceived this poor Mary?"

"Madame," says I, stiffenin' up, notwithstandin' the rheumatics, "ef I had, he wouldn't be flourishin' like a green bay-tree. He'd 'a' been scuttled in deep water."


THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.—THE TOWN OF SUSA, AT THE FOOT OF MONT CÉNIS.—SEE PAGE 542.



SUMMIT OF MONT CÉNIS AND LAKE.

"I thought you was a filosofer," says Samanthy again, tossin' her sunbonnet.

"So I am," says I; "so I am, Samanthy, an' not my worst enemy can say that when I'd licked a craft off the water that I didn't settle down as peaceable as Polly suckin' that 'ere candy."

"That's filosofy," says madame, smilin'.

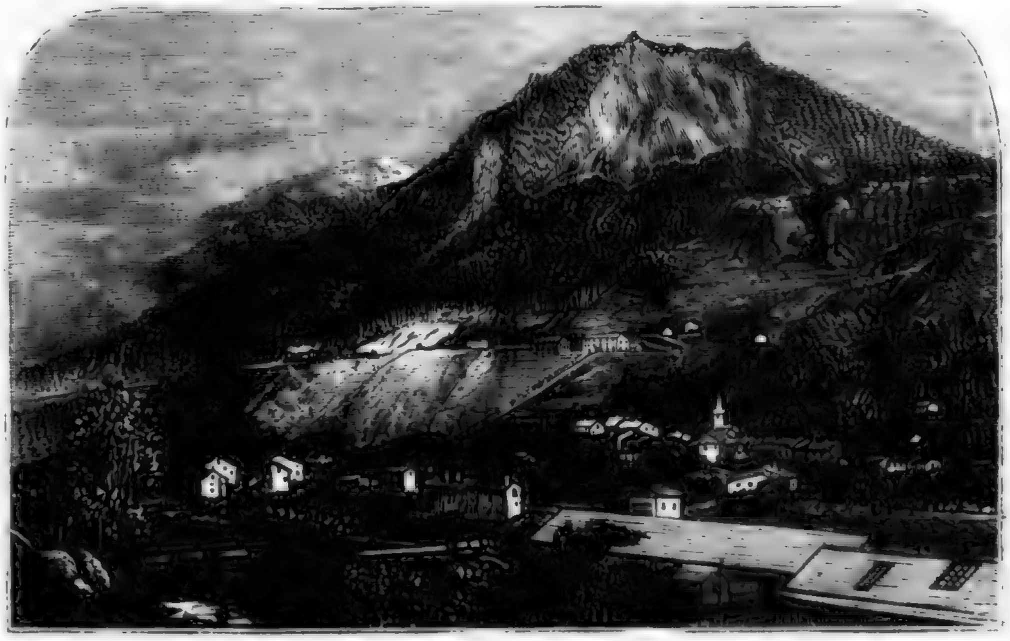
"Yes," says I, "it air. Lick a man or sharkumstance clar out, an' then turn to an' make everythin' tight an' shipshape, an' let the next see yer ready for him."

Wall, there *was* a storm that night, an' no mistake as to what it meant. Me nor Samanthy couldn't sleep for the bellow, bellow of the thunder, an' it raly did seem as if the merry-maid was Noah's Ark, an' the hull world drownded but us three.

THE RAILWAY OVER MONT CÉNIS BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE TUNNEL.

The waves rushed in from the sea, an' more nor one tumbled clar over the chimbly, an' come sweepin' down, nigh drownin' Polly in her little cot, so that I had to take her in my arms an' set down by the stove with her, rockin' her to an' fro to quiet her, while Samanthy sot opposite, holdin' her elbows, an' starin' an' gaspin', an' she an' me thinkin' of the same thing, but not darin' to put a name to it.

"Seems to me," says Samanthy, when the hands of the wooden clock with a model of the *Ginevra* a-top pinted to midnight, "that Satan's let loose to-night."



VIEW OF MONT FREJUS FROM MODANE.

But for one thing, I'd have enjoyed the storm, remindin' me of old times as it did, but poor Mary was on my mind, an' the yellin' of the wind an' roarin' of the sea an' the thunder, for the first time in sixty-six years, give me the shivers; an' scarcely had Samanthy spoken, when Polly, in her little white nightgown, sot straight up on my knee, an', says she, with her eyes wide an' shinin':

"What's that, Uncle Jim ?"

"The wind an' the sea an' the thunder, lammy," says I.

"Not them," says she. "Can't you hear, Uncle Jim ? One !"

She pinted with her mite of a finger, as if she was reck'nin', an' I felt my flesh crawl on my bones, her eyes were so wide an' bright, an' I could hear nothin' but what I said, the storm havin' it all its own way.

It might hev been a minnit, more or less, we sot, Samanthy an' I, starin' at Polly, as still as a little image, on my knee, when up went her finger again.

"Two!" says she; an' with that a wave hit the house an' roared like a disappointed wild beast, makin' a din that left me quite dazed like; but Polly sot straight up, listenin'.

It was only Tuesday, but the starch was gone out of Samanthy's gown an' natur most complete, an' says she:

"Ef that child don't stop lookin' like that, I'll go clean crazy!"

"Three!" says Polly, with the dimply finger up again; an' with that the storm closed in in a style that said, "I've only been frolickin' round up to this. Now listen, ye land-lubbers!"

Polly counted no more, but laid her curly head upon my arm, cuddlin' up close to me, an' fell fast asleep, as easy as any little lamb. There ain't a doubt children is nat'ral filosofers.

By noon, the sea was smilin' an' oily as old Elder Sandsugar, an' Cap'n Bose came to me on the beach.

"Did you hear the news from the Neck?" says he.

"No; what's up there?" says I.

"Come along; we'll see for ourselves," says he. "I haven't heard no particulars. Some signs of a wreck, I believe."

"It was a most unornary storm," says I; "but I didn't hear no sounds of a wreck."

"If there was one, it was up the coast. Don't look so downhearted, Uncle Jim; perhaps your Mary was safe in port long before the storm."

"Thankee, cap'n!" says I, seein' that madame had told him the story.

We reached the Neck in about five minnits, an' the first thing I see was a crowd standin' round somethin' lyin' on the sand—somethin' black an' somethin' gray, an' a long wavin' glitter of gold, an' a spark of somethin' like fire or blood.

"Mornin', cap'n," says the Neckers, drawin' back with sober faces. "Sad, ain't it?"

The cap'n nodded, an' pressed in amongst them, his hat in his hand, an', chuckin' off my tarpaulin, I follered.

Wall, wall, that long wavin' tress of gold had sent my heart to my mouth.

I knelt down beside her, a slim, drenched figure in gray, clasped in the arms of a man whose face was hidden by her pretty, driftin' hair, whose strong arms were wound like iron round her.

I raised her face an' looked at it, an' then laid it back on the sand.

"Mary!" says I, an' the cap'n raised me with his strong arm.

"Bear up, Uncle Jim," he said; an' one of the Neckers stooped, an' lifted her bright hair an' laid it on her bosom.

"They was washed ashore like that," he said, an' Cap'n Bose started with a great cry as the dead man's uncovered face shone up like a white stone from the yellow sand.

"Richard Campian!" he cried. "Uncle Jim, this is terrible!"

We knelt down beside them again, an' then I saw what it was I had taken for a drop of blood or a spark of fire. On the wedding-finger of my little gal's hand there was a ruby ring, an' Cap'n Bose saw it as soon as me.

A great flush went up to his hair an' down his bare brown throat. He pointed to the ring, an' looked at me.

"I can't understand," he said. "That is Campian's ring on poor Mary's finger."

"Sure?" says I, kinder bewildered.

"I have good reason to know it," he said.

"He must ha' made a terrible fight to save her," said a Necker; "but it warn't any use, poor things!"

* * * * * * *

Only some dozen persons survived the memorable wreck of the great ocean steamer, the *Peri*, and one of them was a young clergyman, who gave this remarkable account of the wreck, or, rather, of an incident connected with it:

When it became evident that the vessel must strike in the course of a few moments, the cries of the passengers, of whom most were ladies, became appalling; but through it all the captain retained an inimitable composure.

The engines had long ceased to act, and so frightful was the din of sea and sky, that the minute-gun, after being discharged three times, was abandoned; "for," said the captain, "in any case assistance could not reach us in such an infernal tempest."

At this there was a fearful cry raised for the boats, and, useless as it was, endeavor was made to launch them. As they touched the water, one after another was dashed into a hundred fragments, and, while trying to launch the last the *Peri* struck.

Exactly how it happened, I don't know; but, after such a din as might have attended the clashing together of two whirling worlds, I found myself on the bow of the ship, lifted high in the whirlwinds that scourged the sea, a few half-drowned, bruised, dying creatures struggling feebly to cling to spar and rail, while wind and wave tore at them like gladiators in the amphitheatre of old Rome, while the fates gave the bloody verdict, "*Pollice versa.*"

The nose of the vessel was caught between two clawlike rocks, her stern plunged into a boiling caldron of greenish, phosphorescent surf, her smokestacks just visible between the roll and bound of the army of giant breakers thundering over her, their terrible locks mingling with the very lightnings of the sky; every pale, brilliant flash of which showed, set for a brief second in the seething waters, a face of anguish, a white hand, the fair hair of a woman, the Samson struggles of some strong swimmer, the weird gleam of a jewel in ring or bracelet, and then one broad glare, that showed us we were alone on the storm-lashed wreck—some twelve souls saved alive from amongst four hundred men, women and children.

The man clinging to the rigging at my side was Mr. Campian, a born hero, if ever there was one, whose courage and devotion during the fearful night had won an admiration from me not previously accorded to his cold, brilliant, reticent character. During our brief acquaintance on shipboard, I had made him a study, but had missed the key to the hieroglyphics.

"Saved for this time!" I shouted to him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Cui bono?* The sea will throttle us long before dawn!"

"If the wreck holds together, we may be saved."

"I think not; the timbers are parting already."

They were, with the groanings and shriekings of sentient things.

"Are there any women alive?" I shouted, after a minute's silence.

"Scarcely. Why do you ask?"

As if in answer, at our feet there rose a figure in gray—slim, ghostly—dripping golden hair clinging to arm and bosom, a face like some beauteous thing molded in "thrice-bolted snow."

I had seen her once before, a servant, lady's-maid, I think, attached to a party on board—a shy creature, who had fled before an approaching step like a spirit.

The lightning played so continuously that every detail of the scene was as vivid as fire, even to Campian's ruby ring, and a bow of blue ribbon half torn from the girl's dress.

"Ah!" cried Campian, in a voice that might have brought the still warm dead from the maw of the sea about—"Mary!"

The wind shook her frail, frail form, the sea cruelly lashed her; without storm or shipwreck she could not have lived a fortnight, but at his voice the gates of life opened for a brief space.

She turned on him, smiling, her eyes wide and shining, and slipping again on the deck, cast her arm about his knee.

"I *knew* we should meet again, Dick; but, oh! my soul, why did you deceive me?"

The wreck was trembling and jarring, but the wind had fallen by a breath. He clung to the rail with one iron arm, with the other lifted her to his breast.

"I think I was dead when I heard your voice, and my soul returned to me," she said, her face transfigured by a mournful ecstasy as he looked down on her, his grand Roman face acquiring a certain sublimity from some working of his mind.

"Mary," he said, "was the wrong I did you too great to be forgiven or set right?"

"No. I forgave it long ago," she replied, stealing her feeble arm round his neck. "Oh! Dick, if I had been your own true wife, I'd rather be dying now in your arms than sitting beside a king on his throne; but put me down now—I must die alone, for I'm not your wife."

She had a simple way of speaking that was infinitely moving, and she tried to lift herself from his arms as she spoke; but he clasped her the more closely.

"Then I swear to you, Mary, my only love, that as man and wife we shall meet death together! My child, I was looking the world over for you, to right you."

Her head drooped, her eyes half closed.

"Ah, what happiness!" she said. "This is the beginning of heaven!"

The wind was sinking into long æolian wails, gathering strength for fresh fury; there was no diminution in the bellowing of the sea. The groaning and shuddering of the wreck was frightful.

One by one the survivors were dropping, with one thrilling cry, exhausted, into the sea. On us three heaven seemed to have placed the hollow of its hand for a brief season.

Mr. Campian turned his fine, heroic face to me.

"You are a brave young man, Mr. Godfrey, and I ask at your hands an heroic sacrifice."

"What is it?" I cried back through the din; but, indeed, I partly guessed.

"With the dying for our witnesses, and death our pursuer, will you devote the last moments of your life to making Mary my true wife?"

"Joyfully!" I cried back, and Mary lifted her head, and blessed me with her dying eyes.

Above us towered the sharp, gray rocks; below us shuddered the wreck; about us thundered our ready grave; over us hung a night flooded with fire, voiced with thunder. Time was narrowed to some few precious moments.

I looked on Mary's face; I thought of my own fair young wife, of my sweet sisters, and my voice rose solemn and untremulous through the storm, in the words of the majestic marriage-service.

Mary lay in her husband's arms, his ruby ring transferred to her marriage-finger, when the noise of the storm fell suddenly and awfully.

"And those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

My voice, raised to combat the din, rang out in the sudden pause like a clarion.

"And death shall not divorce us!" said Mr. Campian; and at this supreme moment it came.

A silent mountain of water suddenly rose from the sea, and then, with such thunderings of sky and sea as no man ever heard before, it swept upon us, and I knew no more!

I was picked up, with a few others, clinging to fragments of the wreck, but Richard Campian and his wife Mary were washed ashore the following day, dead, but locked in each other's arms.

My first business was to visit the elder Mr. Campian, and tell him the story of his son's marriage; and, after some time, I found that he had discovered and adopted their child, a sweet little creature, who had been under the care of poor Mary's uncle—a worthy old sailor, in a remote fishing village—since her birth.

It was one of the most curious incidents—this marriage on the wrecked *Peri*—that ever visited my quiet clerical life.

Mr. Campian, senior, died last Summer, leaving me a legacy, which has placed me in very comfortable circumstances; and I and a certain Captain Philip Von Bose are joint guardians to the heiress of his immense wealth—sweet little Polly Campian.

THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS.

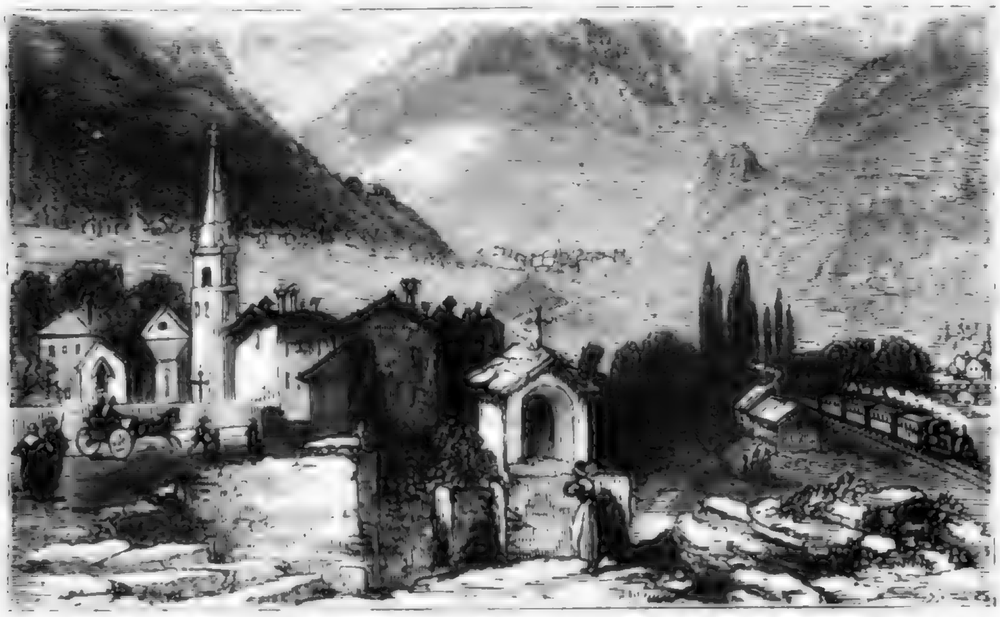
The lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*) is supposed to be the same plant as the "sacred bean" of ancient writers; it is also known as "the rose of the Nile." It is by many associated with the water-lily tribe. Representations of the flower are found sculptured on ancient Egyptian and Hindoo monuments; and for ages the lotus was held sacred in Egypt, as it still is by the Brahmins of India. It was largely cultivated on the waters of the Nile, though now it is rarely to be met with there.

The fleshy stalks and roots supplied a cheap provision for the poor. It seeds, or beans, were ground, and made into cakes; and its flowers adorned the banquets of the rich. The plant is now common in India and China, and has been met with in North Australia and Queensland. Both leaves and flowers float on the surface of the water. The seeds of the plant were inclosed by the Egyptians in balls of clay or mud, mixed with chopped straw, and cast into the Nile; in due season the beautiful petals appeared, to be shortly followed by buds, flowers and seeds. The Egyptian lotus, however, is not as celebrated as another less known tree, to which exaggerated description has assigned a fruit of a most delicious savor, on which the lotus-eaters lived, and to which was ascribed the singular property of taking from strangers who tasted it all desire of returning to their native land.

MR. MANN'S "CLEO," THE PET BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

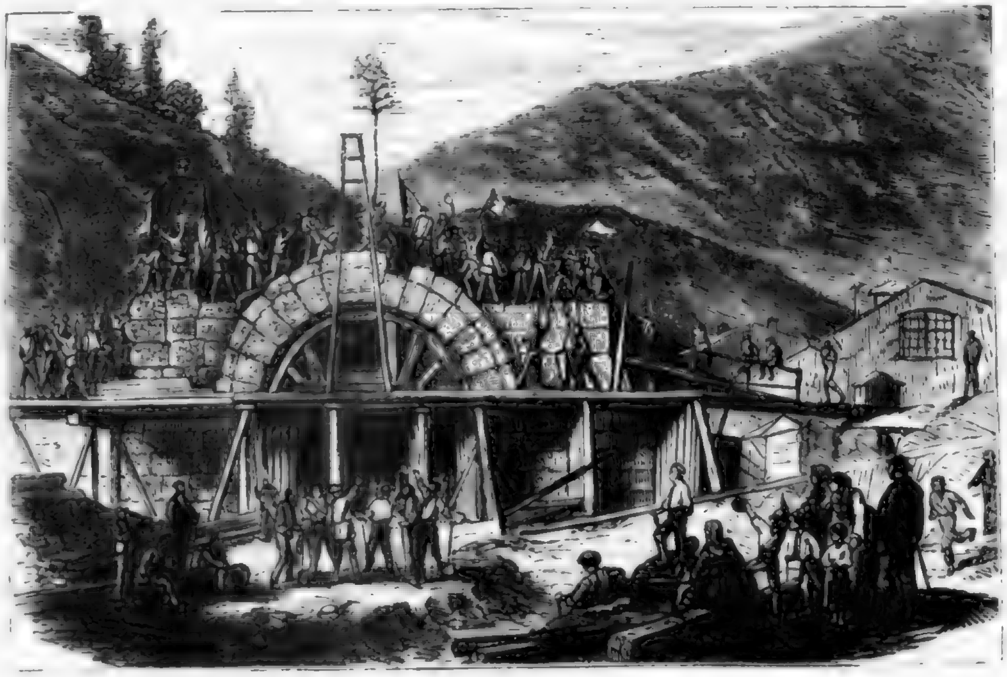
Poor Cleo is dead! A little account of her may amuse your readers, and offend nobody. Cleo—or Cleopatra—was the pet name of a very handsome young Brazilian boa, of the kind called "painted boas," from their brilliant and luminous colors.

XUM



THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.— MODANE, NORTH END OF MONT CÉNIS RAILROAD.— SEE PAGE 512.

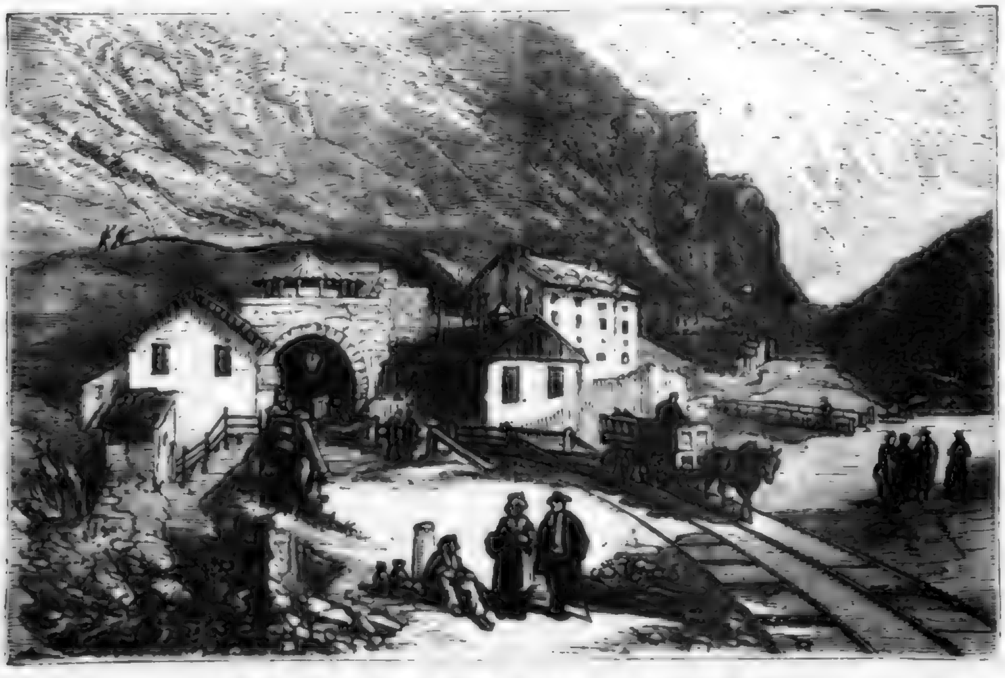
Cleo had bright gray eyes, full of life and movement; the pupils, sometimes mere specks, would dilate when she was particularly happy, or very much amused, so as to fill the eyes, looking like black diamonds. The head was very delicately tinted—I can best describe it as salmon-color, "shot" with silver-gray. These colors were, so to say, the groundwork of the whole skin; but from the neck to the tail there extended a very bold and distinct chain-pattern on the back and sides, of a dark maroon color. The tail was of a more vivid hue than the rest. She would cast her skin about five times in the year, sometimes in fragments; but now and then she would give us a perfect skin, from nose to tail; and these were beautiful, not only from their lace-like appearance, but because they also exhibited a trace of those iridescent colors which made the snake herself so brilliant in sunshine.



COMPLETION OF THE ARCH AT MODANE.

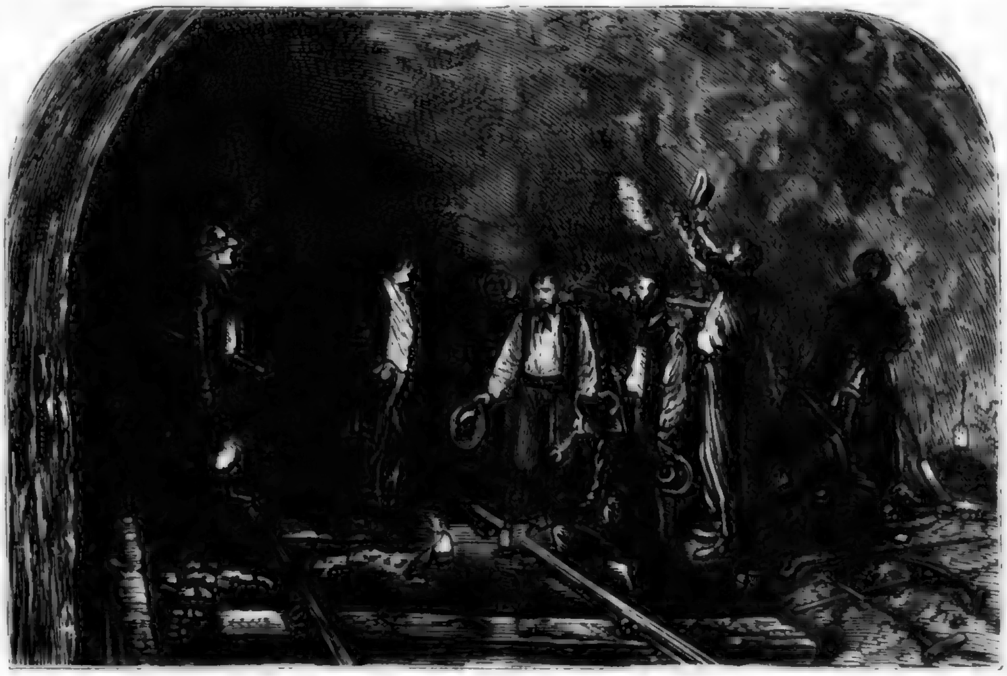
Cleo came into my possession in the Autumn of the year 1870, since which time she has been the constant companion of myself and my wife, excepting only on one occasion, a few months after she came to us, when we were both going into the country, and left her in charge of a friend experienced in the management of snakes.

After an absence of about six weeks, we went together to fetch Cleo home. Our friend reported that she was well, but very quiet, and always disinclined to move. Then he opened her box, and my wife, who was standing a few yards off and out of sight, said, very softly: "Cleo! Cleo!" Before one could have counted six, the snake was round her shoulders, caressing her in the most excited manner, and with every manifestation of delight. When she had sufficiently destroyed the shape of my wife's bonnet, she came to me, and packing herself round me under my coat, looked out defiantly; nor do I think any ordinary force would have removed her.



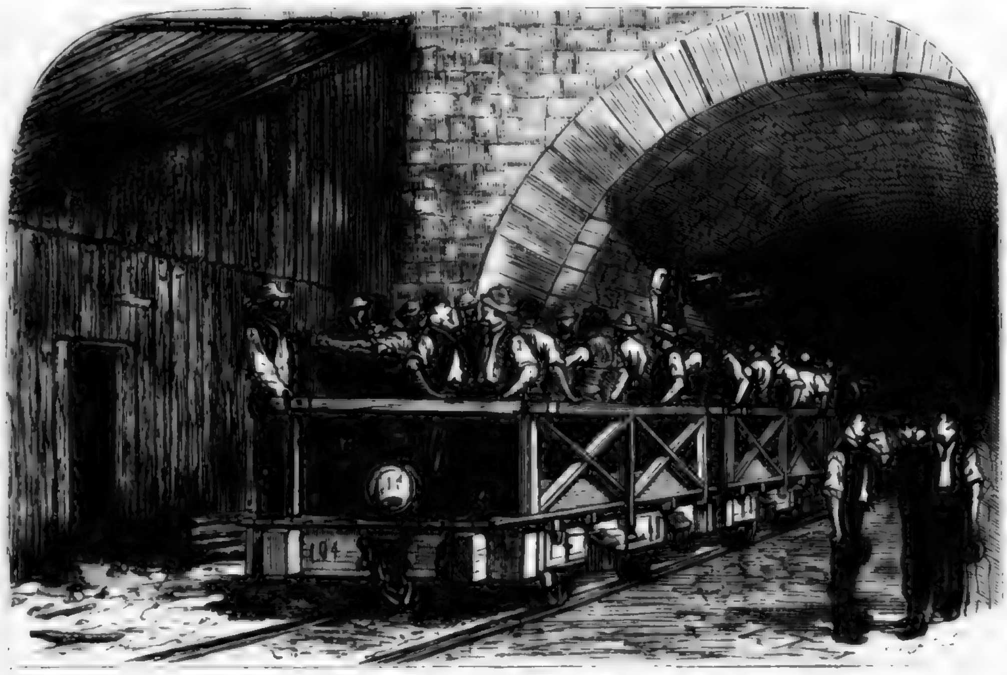
SOUTH END OF MONT CÉNIS RAILWAY, AT BARDONNÈCHE.

Neither then, nor at any



LAYING THE LAST RAIL OF THE MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL, SEPTEMBER, 1871.

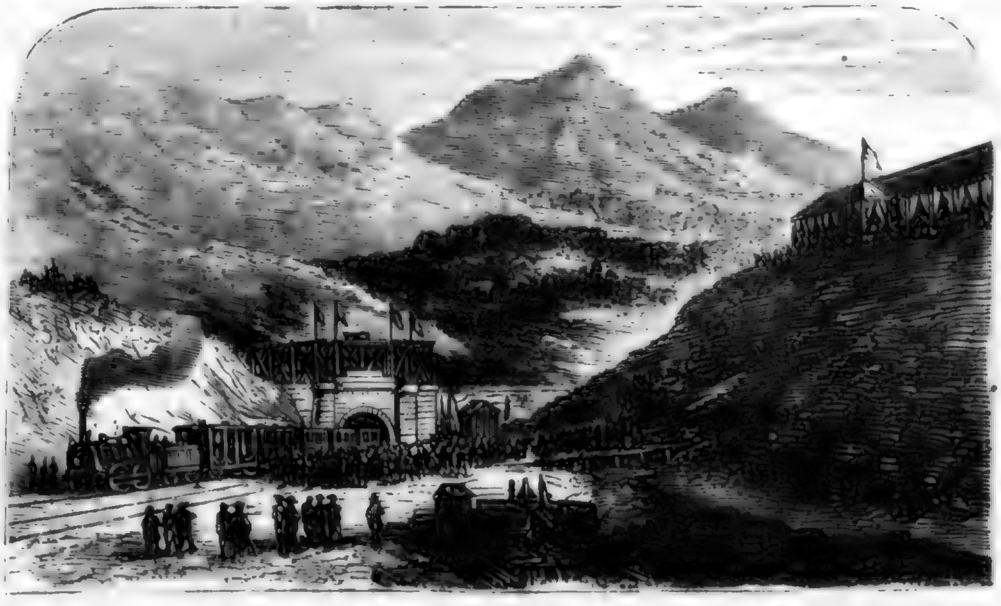
other time, did she exert pressure enough to give one pain, or even inconvenience. It is possible that this power of adjusting her weight may be part of an instinct necessary to avoid accidents among the smaller branches of trees, for Cleo's food consisted entirely of birds; indeed, she would eat nothing but pigeons, and would, on an average, take one of these a week. If it were offered her when she was not hungry, she would take but little notice of it; but if then the two were left together, in a little while they would make friends, and the pigeon's life became safe. For Cleo would ask for food while yet the pigeon was before her, and I have seen her seize eagerly a strange pigeon while the one she had known for a day or two would be either sitting on the snake's back, or picking up its own food close by.



WORKMEN LEAVING THE TUNNEL ON ITS COMPLETION.

Neither pigeons nor any other animal ever showed the least fear of this formidable serpent, and I have tried the experiment with many kinds of creatures. A rabbit or a guinea-pig even would be safe with her, though she were hungry, and they appeared to know it. A little while before her death, she contracted a friendship with a young kitten, who even yet occasionally tries to find her old playmate. Cleo never opened her mouth except to eat. But after swallowing a pigeon, she would turn up the corner of her lips, that we might pick out the feathers which had stuck in her teeth. She always "killed her bird" instantaneously, seizing it by the beak, and breaking its neck by a movement too rapid for my eye to analyze.

She *never* crushed her prey to death, but invariably waited to see that it was motionless before laying her coils upon it. The constricting power was reserved for *mastication*, and was very sufficient for that purpose. Indeed, her first squeeze appeared to be of extraordinary force; afterward the coils remained a little loosened, just holding the



ARRIVAL OF THE INAUGURATION TRAIN AT THE ITALIAN END.

XUM

food still enough for swallowing. The pigeon's skin did not seem to be broken, and I never saw any appearance of blood whatever.

Cleo would neither eat or drink without a little preliminary conversation with one of us and a few caresses. She always came to us to ask either for food, drink, or a walk, and we soon learned to distinguish what she meant.

At first our friends would ask us if we were sure that Cleo knew us from other people; but soon not only was this question left behind, but it became evident that Cleo recognized her friends among our visitors, and would allow these to take her. But nothing could induce her to approach or remain near any person whom she disliked.

We have, in traveling, carried her about with us, both in railway-carriages and hotels, unsuspected by others, and no amount of inconvenience or discomfort appeared to distress her while we were near.

She thoroughly understood the joke of keeping concealed when strangers were present. It was only when we were alone, or with our own family, that she came forth of her own accord to join the conversation.

She never avoided children, but would allow them to take liberties which she would never have borne from any other stranger. When offended in any way, she simply walked off to some inaccessible corner, and waited the departure of the offender.

I do not remember any young child showing the slightest fear when Cleo came to make acquaintance.

The manner of Cleo's death was so much in accordance with her character, that few of her friends will be surprised at what I have to tell.

During last Autumn I was laid up with a very serious illness. At first Cleo seemed to enjoy my being at home all day long, but soon began to understand, principally from my wife's anxiety, that there was something the matter, and she refused food. One night she came to my bed to talk to me as usual, but I was too ill to take any notice of her—indeed, I could neither move nor speak. She tried in vain to make me respond to her caresses, and, after a while, returned to her own bed, refused not only food but water, and died within a day or two.

There was nothing whatever the matter with the snake to account for her death. She has often gone a much longer time without food from simple caprice or laziness; and she had no disease. To any one that knew her it was visible that she was suffering grief, as a dog is sometimes known to do under similar circumstances.

I could tell many a story of Cleo strange enough; but I need only say that I had had many pets of different kinds, and some of them tolerably clever, but I have never seen any animal who could compare with Cleo for affection and quick sense, and good humor. M.

I am indebted for the above account to Mr. Mann, who has been kind enough to give me the body of poor Cleo.

She was seven feet five inches long, and weighed nine pounds. I have made a beautiful cast of her for Mr. Mann; the scales have come out very well. Mr. Searle has painted her to life, copying the markings of her skin exactly. When a blanket or straw is placed around the cast, it would be difficult for a stranger to say if she were alive or dead. The monkeys were dreadfully frightened at the sight of the painted cast.

This is a great compliment to Mr. Searle.

I have also made her into a skeleton, stringing the vertebræ on to thin wire like a long row of beads. There are 266 vertebræ. There are in the lower jaws twenty-four teeth, in the upper forty-nine teeth.

Mr. Mann's power over snakes is very remarkable. There is not another instance on record of a large snake such as Cleo showing real attachment, and not only affection, but a knowledge of individuals. After all, therefore, there may be truth in the "wisdom of the serpent." I congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Mann upon their wonderful success in taming such a big boa as poor Cleo.

Frank Buckland.

CHINESE LOTTERIES.

There is scarcely a town on the Pacific coast in which Chinese lotteries do not exist, either as a local affair, or as one of the agencies of large lotteries of the kind in San Francisco. The tickets are square slips of paper, on which are printed eighty letters, these letters being the last in the Chinese first reader, or "Gin Chee Cho," as it is called. These tickets are for sale at all of the Chinese stores, and can be purchased for any price from ten cents to two dollars, the amount of the prize drawn depending upon the price paid for the ticket. When the ticket is bought the purchaser chooses ten letters on it, by marking them out with a pen, and upon these ten his chances depend. The drawing is conducted as follows: Eighty square slips of paper, each bearing one of the letters upon the tickets, are pasted by one corner upon a large board used for the purpose. After being thus pasted and found to be correct, they are next put into a large pan and thoroughly mixed. From this pan they are transferred to four porcelain bowls, twenty in each bowl. Four slips of paper, marked respectively 1, 2, 3 and 4, are next placed in the bowl, and one drawn out, which indicates the bowl of tickets to be used in the drawing. After determining this, the twenty tickets in the bowl indicated are taken out one by one and repasted upon the large board, a caller announcing each letter as it is drawn, and the clerks recording it. Out of the twenty letters drawn, if the holder of a chance is so fortunate as to have marked off ten upon his ticket, he secures a large prize, ranging from $1,000 to $3,000, and even $10,000, according to the money invested in the ticket. The drawings are made twice a day, and the dealers of the game, if at all fortunate, make a large amount of money from it. The chances are very great in favor of the game, but seldom over three or four spots being won upon a ticket, and over seven is a rarity. Under four spots scored the tickets lose, and over this to as high as eight the prizes are nominal, varying from 25 cents to $50. This species of gambling is very popular among the Chinese, and there is scarcely one but holds tickets for each drawing.

THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.

I.—The Mont Cenis.

It may not be generally known that the great Mont Cénis tunnel is not cut through Mont Cénis itself. It actually passes through Mont Vallon, a smaller mountain, and extends from Modane, Savoy, to Bardonnèche, in the valley of the Dora, Piedmont. Of the hundreds of travelers who annually pass through this wonderful tunnel, very few care to inquire how it was made. But let it be our task to set before our readers—pleasantly, we hope—the almost romantic and altogether wonderful history of this mighty work: the pioneer of the St. Gothard and the Simplon, the father of the Alpine tunnels of Europe.

More than twenty-five years ago, the first suggestion respecting the construction of such a tunnel was made to

XUM

Count Cavour; but even then the idea was no new one in the minds of the sturdy Piedmontese. Yet it is very doubtful whether the enterprise would have finally succeeded, had not a curious combination of circumstances tended to bring it about.

Just previously to the suggestion being made to the Government, three young Piedmontese had gone to England to learn engineering and mechanics. They had been taken through the various workshops, and finally had been enabled to inspect the atmospheric railways, which naturally riveted their attention. For did they not hope to carry a railroad across their mountain boundaries? and what method more fit for the purpose than the traction of a train by atmospheric air? They returned home to apply the invention, if it were possible, to Mont Cénis. Curiously enough, about this very time, an English engineer (Mr. Bartlett) attached to the Victor Emmanuel Railway—a railway since absorbed by the Alta Italia Line—had succeeded in perfecting a machine for perforating rock at great distances underground, by means of steam applied to a number of "perforators." These instruments picked holes in the rock; these holes were filled with blasting charges, and a large portion of the rock was removed in an incredibly short time, and at the saving of much labor.

There was one objection, however, to Mr. Bartlett's ingenious invention—steam could not be used far beneath the surface of the earth, for there was no steady supply of oxygen to create it, and fires were of course impossible.

But the "atmospheric" idea had taken possession of Germain Sommelier and his two student companions. What steam could not do, air might. Steam could not be generated such a distance beneath the surface as they proposed to drive their tunnel, but atmospheric air—condensed air—might be carried through tubes for any distance, far from the busy hum of furnaces, and released to do the duty of steam. A commission was appointed, after the Italian Chamber had been made acquainted with the proposal. The Government consented to construct a portion of the line, and the three Piedmontese gentlemen—Sommelier, Grandis and Grattoni—were appointed as joint directors of the works.

But even now the trouble was only beginning. The boring-machine having been fixed upon, it was necessary to decide in which direction the boring should commence. The first cuttings would be executed in the normal manner, as air and light were sufficiently available. But the shortest and most convenient route must be ascertained, the levels and gradients had to be calculated, and the distances between the opposite openings arranged.

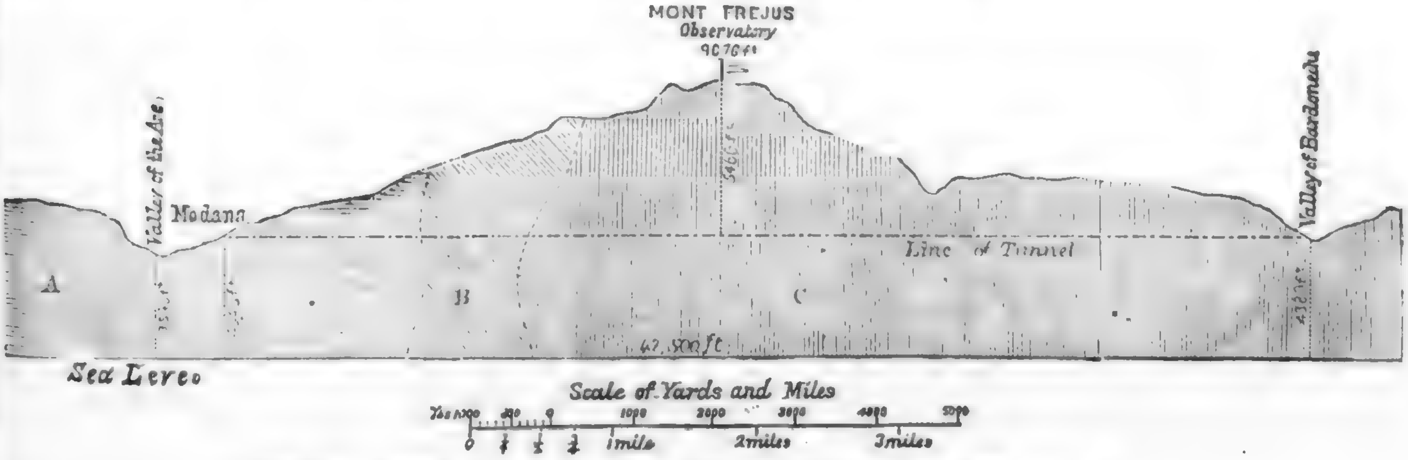
The months of August and September, 1857, were occupied in endeavoring to hit the proposed opening at Modane, from the opposite side of the mountain at Bardonnèche. This was at last managed, notwithstanding the storms and avalanches, and the wild tempests of wind, which swept the instruments away, or the mists which shrouded the observations of the hard-working engineers. The 11,000 feet of mountain had to be bored; the decision arrived at long before by Maus and Sismonda was found to be correct, and the seven miles and three-quarters of tunnel must be cut before the cherished plan could be accomplished.

The first suggestion had been to carry the tunnel through at a uniform gradient, for the difference in the level at Modane and at Bardonnèche is nearly 400 feet; but on reflection it was considered advisable to commence the excavations at both ends simultaneously, and work up to a central point, so that the drainage might be accomplished. The gradient is steeper toward Modane than toward Piedmont, as may be observed from the accompanying outline sketch. The gradient from the French side is 22.2 inches in 1,000, that from the Italian side is 6 inches in 1,000.

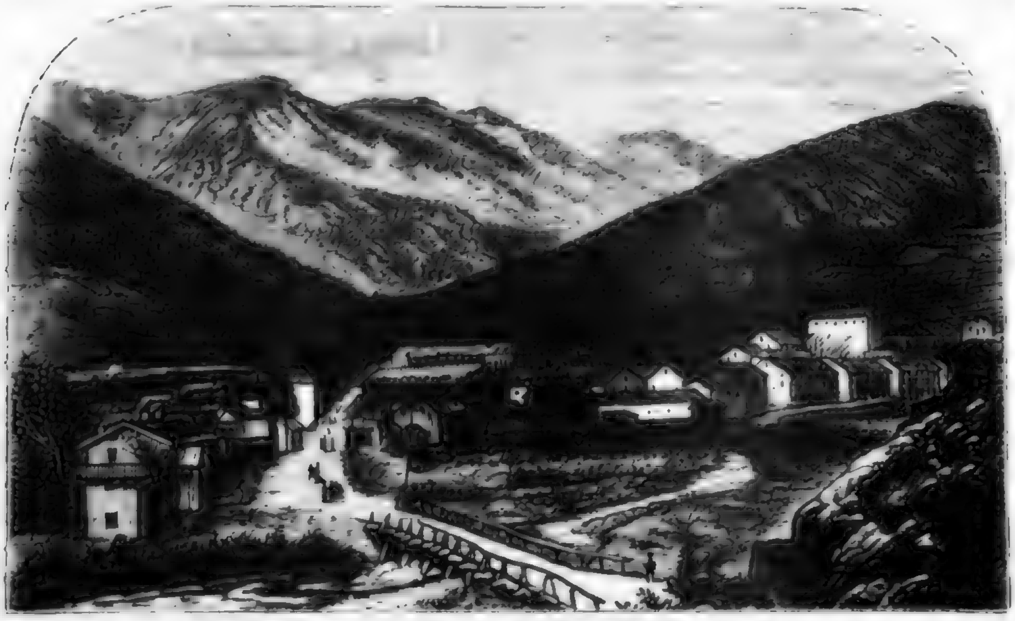
Very soon two good-sized villages sprang into existence near the mouths of the tunnel. Lodgings, workshops, repairing-houses and storehouses were built in rapid succession. Gas was provided, and subsequently, as the work advanced, was carried in tubes further and further into the tunnel. But four weary years were expended, between 1857 and 1861, before the excavations made very great progress. The wonderful "perforators" worked by compressed air were set to work at the beginning of the latter year, and the advance was comparatively rapid.

This really wonderful invention, by which alone the termination of this gigantic enterprise was rendered possible in a reasonable time, deserves description here, because not only is it necessary to understand the method employed, but because one other Alpine tunnel is being excavated by its means, and one description will suffice for all.

The boring machine employed has been illustrated and described in these columns. It is worked by air, which is compressed by water-power. Air, as we know, exercises a certain pressure of rather more than fourteen pounds (14.6) to the square inch. If a quantity of the atmospheric air be compressed to four, five or six times less than its natural bulk, the force it acquires will be in proportion to the compressing power exercised. The air is compressed by water-power, the water being forced into vertical cylinders, and the air is then pushed into a reservoir through a valve. The water then sinks; more air is admitted from outside; the water is again forced up, and so the air is "compressed," and stored in huge tanks ready for use; the expansive force of the imprisoned atmosphere



SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF THE MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL, CONNECTING ITALY WITH SAVOY.



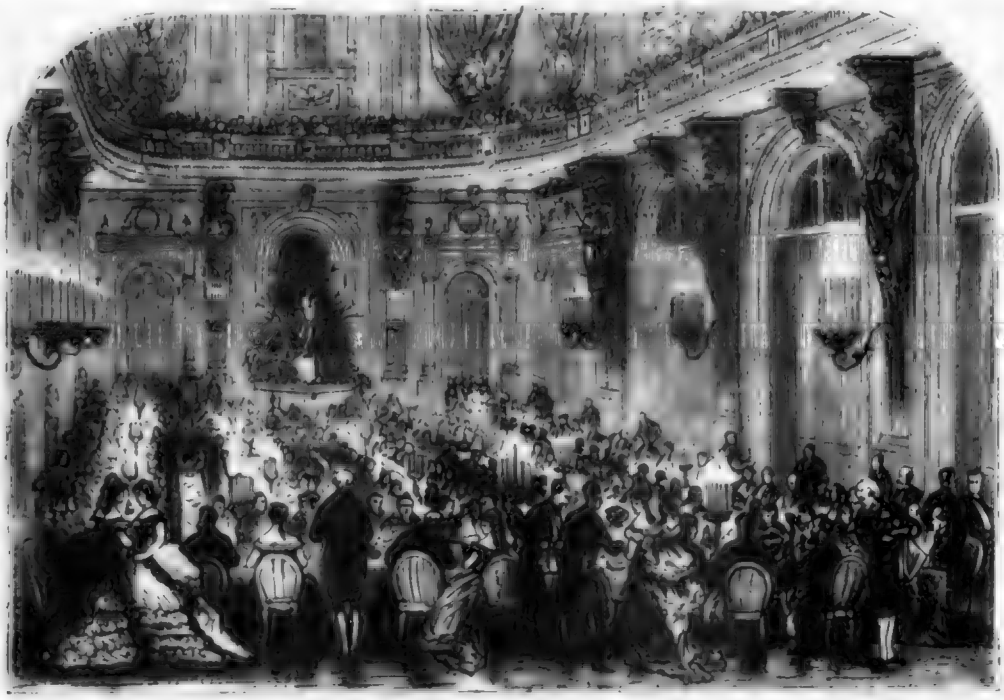
VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF THE BARDONNÈCHE.

being very great—viz., five or six times its normally accepted force, or say eighty pounds to the square inch. When required, this air is admitted to the boring machine through tubes which can be elongated at will, by "lengths" being added as required. The boring machine looks very complicated, and is furnished with machinery, a description of which may be perused in any scientific journal of the early part of 1869. It would encroach too much upon our space to enter into details. The perforating point can be directed in any way; the point darting out against the rock, and with a boring, twisting motion, soon cutting a hole.

COUNTRY PEOPLE AWAITING THE FIRST TRAIN.

There were at one time nine "perforators" at work in the Cénis Tunnel, each working a boring rod, each rod smiting the rock at the rate of 1,800 strokes a minute, and with an estimated force of 200 pounds at each stroke.

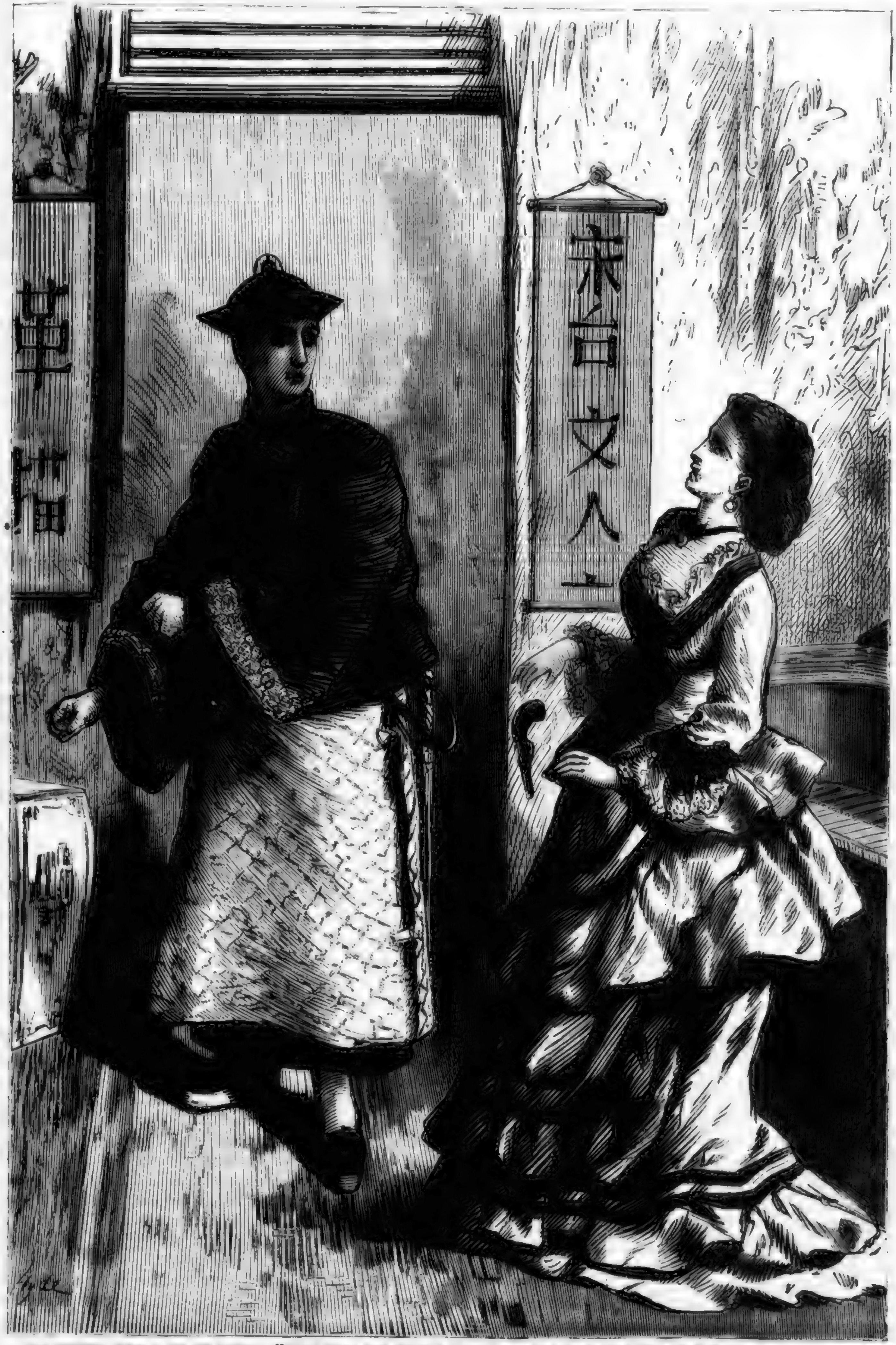
This boring was begun in January, 1861, and by August, when the workmen had become more skillful, the progress was about thirty inches a day. Thirty inches out of all those miles! But the blasting, carrying and boring was not relaxed day or night, and in 1869 no less than 4,000 men were employed on the tunnel. In 1866 half the work had been accomplished, after nearly nine years' hard labor. Two years later great progress had been made, and in December, 1870, the workmen could hear each other blasting, as they advanced from Italy and France respectively.



THE BANQUET AT TURIN ON THE COMPLETION OF THE TUNNEL.

That was a nervous time, as we can imagine. The success of the undertaking then depended upon the result of the calculations as to direction and elevation. As a matter of fact, a slight error of about forty yards occurred in the length estimated, but the direction was correct, and on December 26th, 1870, the navigators cut through the last rocky partition, and the engineers shook hands through the breach.

The Mont Cénis Tunnel was then an accomplished fact; but, unfortunately, two of the



TEN MINUTES WITH A PIRATE CHIEF.—"MARY GAVE ONE QUICK GLANCE. YES, THE BLUE EYES, THE OPEN, HONEST FACE, WERE HER BROTHER'S; BUT HIS HEAD WAS SHAVEN, AND HIS DRESS WAS CHINESE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

three bold Piedmontese to whom the enterprise is due did not live to see the result of their labors. Messrs. Grandis and Sommelier passed away before the great work was accomplished; they were not permitted to witness the triumph of their genius. *Dieu dispose!*

That it is a triumph, no one can doubt. The high mountain road is forty-nine miles long, and necessarily winding. The very ingenious railway carried over Mont Cénis by Mr. Fell ran upon, and alongside, the diligence road, and shortened the time previously occupied to about four and a half hours, or nearly one half. But the completion of the Mont Cénis Tunnel carries an uninterrupted railroad for the distance of about 1,300 miles, from Calais to Brindisi. The Mont Cénis is the longest existing tunnel in Europe, its exact measurement being seven miles and a half and 212 yards. It was opened on the 17th of September, 1871, with great pomp and ceremony.

For the information of our inquiring readers we will add the statement of the composition of the mountain through which the tunnel is pierced. It consists, from the French side, of schist, then quartz, then limestone, then schist again, all the way into Piedmont. The cost was three millions sterling, certainly not an extravagant sum for such a completed work. The transit is comfortably managed, and no inconvenience is felt, as the ventilation is well attended to. Such is a brief account of the great highway through the Alps; and the example thus set has been quickly followed. Tunnels are now in progress through the St. Gothard and Simplon ranges, and another is actually hinted at which is to traverse Mont Blanc, from Chamouni to Courmayeur. Whether this last will ever be accomplished, it is, of course, impossible to say.

TEN MINUTES WITH A PIRATE CHIEF.

ABOUT the balcony of the Governor's House at Hong Kong, the ball being just over, the last guests were lingering, awaiting the arrival of their sedans. Under ordinary circumstances, the unmarried men would have been on their way home, but they were none of them in a hurry to depart on this occasion, as all were anxious for one more word or smile from a charming American girl, the belle of the ball, who, shawled and ready for her chair, was impatiently awaiting the arrival of her bearers.

It is astonishing what a number of slaves a pretty girl can employ, even upon such a trivial matter as looking out for the appearance of her chair-bearers; and Mary Lee understood the art of twisting men around her fingers better than most of her sex.

The balcony commanded a view of the road, yet she had found it necessary to have at least a dozen scouts upon the alert. The tall English military Captain Guffin she perched upon a chair, and commanded "to keep his eyes fixed upon the point where the road turned, and to let her know the moment the men came in sight." Captain Waffles, of H.M.S. *Rocker*, she detailed "to stand upon the railing of the balcony, and to keep a sharp lookout." Captain Jeller, of the U.S.S. *Communipaw*, was laughingly told off "to watch the Britishers"; while the handsome lieutenant, Arthur De Witt, acted as her aide-de-camp, and promulgated her orders with becoming gravity. There were half-a-dozen others, smaller fry, stationed at intervals down the road; and, although somewhat annoyed by the delay, she could not help enjoying the fun of having so many handsome fellows under orders.

Daylight had just broken, and the mists were rolling up the sides of Victoria Peak, curling across Chyloon Flats on the other side of the harbor, and hurrying out of the passes by which Hong Kong is approached, as if they were tired of the *rôle* they had played all night, and were anxious to be well out of the way before Aurora came to dazzle them with her bright presence. Sometimes a heavy patch of fog would linger lazily over a warm hollow, when, finding itself deserted, it would sheer off after the main body of the mist, in the depths of which it would disappear like a sheep into a fold. The vast size of the harbor was beginning to develop, and from the balcony of the Governor's House the view was animated and picturesque.

"Does any one see my bearers?" demanded the young lady, appealing to Lieutenant De Witt individually, but at the same time, in her pretty coquettish way, appearing to address them collectively.

"Aw—well—there's a fellaw coming up the road," drawled Captain Guffin; "but I suppose you want two fellaws?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" exclaimed the mischievous girl.

Captain Jeller, who was an old officer, and who had known Miss Lee from childhood, laughed at this sally; whereupon the English officer became very fierce, and stroked his mustache as if he meant mischief.

"How beautifully fresh the morning air is—don't you think so, Miss Lee?" observed Captain Waffles.

"I should think you found it particularly so up there," laughingly replied the young lady.

And with this sort of badinage she contrived to amuse herself until her bearers arrived, when, by a skillful manœuvre, she secured the arm of the young lieutenant, and bowing gracefully to her admirers, bade them good-morning and retired.

Mary was a pretty girl—there could be no mistake about that. All the men admired her, but she did not "take" with women. Plump, well-shaped, with beautiful little hands and feet, light-brown hair disposed in a most killing fashion, a bright color, lovely gray eyes with long, sweeping lashes, which, when opened, looked like the petals of a passion-flower, and with a very rosebud of a mouth, which could only have been made for kissing—no wonder that the boys fell in love with her, and that old men wished they were boys, when they looked upon her ripe, animated beauty. There was a sort of demure, I-know-you-like-me expression upon her merry face when she was surrounded by the opposite sex; and it is most certain that she never was so happy as when she had half-a-score of what she called "noodles" following in her wake.

Mary had been heart-whole until this time; but De Witt's dark-brown eyes and manly form—to say nothing of his gentle, almost womanly-tender ways—had made a decided impression upon her. It must not be supposed that she had never been what is called in love. Oh, dear, yes!—she had been smitten a thousand times, but the sensation had lasted only a few moments. She was such a sweet, merry, lovable girl, that she took pity upon every handsome boy she met, and liked them all a little; but Arthur De Witt had captured the pretty pirate after a very short chase, and, to use the words of his old friend, Captain Jeller, "Mollie Lee was a gone little goose."

Lieutenant De Witt walked by the side of the lady's chair, and they chatted the usual nothings young folks indulge in when they love each other, but are ashamed to own it. Captain Jeller was a guest at the Government House, and, therefore, had not offered to accompany her; besides, he was a good old fellow, and, seeing how matters stood between the fair girl and his first-lieutenant, did not wish to spoil their love-making.

De Witt was desirous of taking her on board in his boat, but she would not hear of it. He pleaded very hard. "There were pirates in the harbor," and "he was sure that a typhoon was coming on."

Mary laughed at him; said "she would like to be captured by the pirates!" and "would enjoy a typhoon—oh, it would be splendid! You could come out and rescue me, and then——"

At this point she stopped, and De Witt finished the sentence:

"Yes; then you would give me your hand, dear Mary, and I should be the happiest man in the world!"

"Stop, for goodness' sake! Oh, Mr. De Witt, stop! The man is going to propose to me in a sedan! Why, you are perfectly ridiculous!"

All the romance of the situation vanished at once, and by the time they arrived at the wharf they were chatting about croquet—Mary mad with herself because he had subsided, and he annoyed to think she did not care for him, as he had flattered himself she did.

Finding that her father had sent a *sampan* for her, he renewed his pleading to be allowed to convey her on board in his own boat.

"Lieutenant De Witt, I am ashamed of you, thus to try and intimidate one of your countrywomen!"

"But, my dear Miss Lee, A-kin has lately run in and seized several people in broad daylight. I shudder when I think of such a fate being yours."

"Oh," laughingly replied the lady, "they say A-kin is very handsome, and never ill-treats women; though it certainly would not be nice," added she, seeing that her lover looked rather serious, "to have my nose sent in a piece of paper to papa, with a polite note informing him that if he did not send ten thousand dollars, my ears would follow. But no one will trouble themselves about me, dear Arthur," she said, with her eyes half-raised toward his.

This appeal completely finished the young lieutenant, who immediately poured forth his tale of love, and Mary found herself listening to him more seriously than ever she had to any one else before.

"Please, sir, the boat's recall has been flying for some time," said the coxswain, who had, unobserved, approached the lovers. "Shall we go off, sir, or shall we wait for you?"

Bidding the man return to the boat, De Witt urged his suit with increased vehemence.

"Do say you love me, dearest Mary!" he exclaimed.

Lifting her gray eyes toward the speaker's, she laughingly replied:

"Upon my word, Arthur, I am afraid I do love you a little bit."

Once more he begged her to let him see her safe on board her father's ship, but his request was as persistently refused.

"Papa can see me the moment I leave the wharf; besides, dear Arthur, I am not afraid of A-kin, 'or any other man,' and if they do molest me, I can protect myself," she added, producing a toy revolver. "Papa has taught me how to use this in case of need."

Captain Lee was an old China trader, and Mary was his only daughter. There was a rumor that he had had a son, but that they had quarreled, and the young man was supposed to have been lost at sea. Neither Mary nor her father ever spoke of him, and only their most intimate friends knew anything about the matter.

Upon his last visit to New York, he had found his daughter grown to womanhood, and had brought her out to Hong Kong with him. A few days after their arrival he was attacked by the gout, which confined him to the ship; hence it was that Mary had been unaccompanied to the ball. He considered that she was quite able to take care of herself, and not having heard of the pirate's outrages, he sent a native boat, which he used instead of his own gig, to fetch her from the shore.

It was with a heavy heart that De Witt parted with his love. Of course he could not be very demonstrative before the men, so he had to content himself with looking tenderly into her speaking gray eyes, which, instead of answering his mute appeal with a loving, trusting glance, twinkled and danced in such a merry fashion that he was obliged to laugh.

Mary could not be serious if she tried, and even upon such a solemn occasion as the first parting with her lover, merriment was uppermost in her mind. The lieutenant handed her into her boat, and, giving the word "Go" to her boatwomen, she soon disappeared from his sight.

"If you please, sir, the boat's recall is flying," again observed the coxswain; hearing which, De Witt came out of his dream, and entered the boat.

He had an undefined feeling of apprehension that it was not safe for Mary to trust herself in the *sampan*, yet he was afraid to offend by following her.

Both boats had got about half-way across the harbor, when they were overtaken by one of the sudden gusts which, sweeping down Victoria Peak, spend their fury upon the waters of the bay, and often, without giving the slightest warning, raise a tempest in a very few moments.

The man-of-war's boat made for the nearest merchant-ship, and took shelter under its lee until the storm passed, and Mary's *sampan*, which was going in the opposite direction, pulled for a low native craft that had just brought up ahead of them.

Mary had taken shelter beneath the bamboo awning, and little thought that her crew had made fast the *sampan* to a pirate vessel. The boatwomen sought a refuge with her, and were chatting after the manner of these mermaids, when their attention was arrested by the noise of some persons descending the side of the junk, and they found they were in the hands of pirates.

The storm was lashing the water into spray, which swept over the harbor like mist, and drenched everything not under shelter; yet these "sea-devils," finding they had captured a foreign woman, secured the boat by a strong chain, and, hoisting the sails on board the junk, swept out of the harbor, towing the *sampan* astern. The craft bent as she tore through the water, and flew before the gale like a fugitive sea-bird, and, had the *sampan* not been tanked, and as light as a cork, it must have been swamped.

Mary never lost her presence of mind, and the boatwomen, who were nearly frightened out of their senses, gazed upon her in speechless admiration. It was with great difficulty that she managed to keep her seat, and to prevent herself from being tossed through the matted sides by the pitching and rolling of the craft. At length the motion became so terrible that she was compelled to follow the example of the boatwomen, and to stretch herself upon the floor.

The pirates who were in charge were drenched to the skin by the spray thrown up by the junk, yet they sat in

XUM

the bows of the *sampan*, and, in spite of the blinding water, kept their places. The speed of the pirate craft was tremendous, and she dashed through the Cap-sung-moon Pass like a live thing. Now upon the top of a wave, then down as if descending a rapid, current and wind both in her favor. In about an hour the gale abated, when the pirates hoisted more sail. Mary and her boatwomen were wet through, and the latter called on Hai-lung-hwang to save them. Mary uttered a short prayer, but her great anxiety was to keep her pistol dry. Toward noon they arrived off a bay, and after tacking, during which operation they nearly swamped the *sampan*, they ran into harbor, and the motion of the boat became more bearable.

Having anchored, the captain of the junk ordered the boat alongside, and getting into it, directed the men in charge to pull toward a large junk which lay at the upper end of the bay. Upon reaching the craft they were commanded to go on board, and Mary had to climb the side in the same manner as the boatwomen.

When she reached the deck she saw she was surrounded by a murderous-looking crowd of pirates—all devouring her with horrible, eager looks. The hot blood mounted to her cheeks, and she determined to sell her life as dearly as possible, but to await the worst.

CANOVA'S FIRST WORK OF ART.—SEE PAGE 550.

"How cool the white devil is!" murmured several of the wretches. "She will be a good mate for our leader A-kin."

A servant came forward and beckoned her to follow him, upon which the pirates made way, and she walked aft and entered the cabin, where the man motioned her to be seated. He then retired, closing and locking the door, and taking up his station outside.

The cabin was magnificently furnished; costly silk hangings covered the walls, while cabinets, articles of *vertu* and books were literally piled upon each other. In one corner stood a piano, and several Chinese musical instruments were scattered about the place.

Mary was in that state when people do things which appear to be totally at variance with their feelings. Instead of falling upon her knees and praying to heaven for help, she approached the piano, opened a music-book which lay upon it, and was about to play, when her attention was arrested by some writing on the top of the page before her—

"CHARLES R. LEE,
From his loving sister Mollie."

She could scarcely believe her eyes. It was her lost brother's book. Turning over the pages, fresh proofs of the truth became apparent. A piece of music given to her brother upon his fifteenth birthday, and a pencil-note in the poor boy's handwriting, all told too plainly that he had fallen into the hands of pirates, and the wretch who commanded the junk was probably his murderer.

For some moments Mary remained buried in deep thought, but at last she roused herself, and, raising her hands to heaven, vowed that she would avenge her brother's murder before she died.

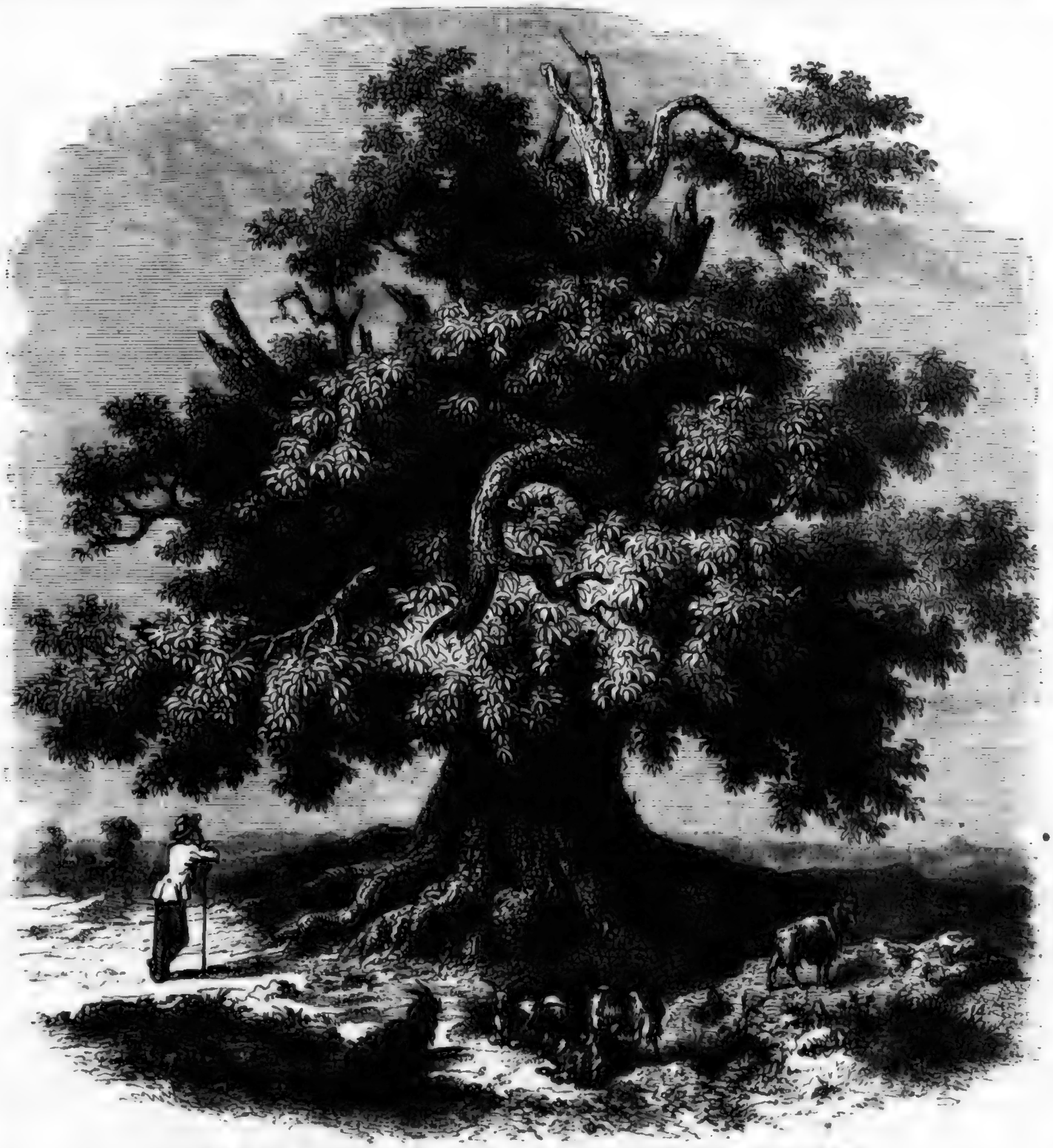
"Oh, Charles! dear boy! Why did you quarrel with papa? Poor Charles! you were very fond of your sister Mollie, and we little thought we should ever come to this. But I will avenge you before I die, my darling."

As she uttered these words, the door slowly opened, and A-kin stood before her. When he first glanced at her, an indifferent look was upon his face, but it instantly turned to one of mingled horror and distress.

Advancing toward her, he stretched out his hands, as if about to embrace her, seeing which, in the desperate fear of the moment, she drew forth her revolver and fired at him. The ball grazed his cheek, but he heeded it not, for with a cry of anguish he exclaimed:

"Oh, Mollie, darling! Sister! Is that you?"

Mary gave one quick glance; yes, the blue eyes, the open honest face, were her brother's; but his head was shaven, and his dress was Chinese. Yes, it was her brother, and with a low wail she fell forward into his arms. In a few moments she recovered her senses, when she learned that her brother's ship had been captured by pirates, and that he had been adopted by the notorious A-kin, who, when he died, had bequeathed his command to Charles. He told Mary that he had not been a pirate from choice, and he would now willingly leave the life if he could do so without injuring his father's good name. Mary saw in a moment how it could be done, and communicated her



NUTS AND NUT-BEARING TREES.— FIG. *A.*— THE ESAU CHESTNUT-TREE.—SEE PAGE 551.

design to her brother. A-kin, or Charles Lee, as we must now style him, called his men aft, and told them that he had a rich prize, and would obtain a heavy ransom for her if he restored her uninjured. A rowboat was got ready, and in ten minutes from her finding that he was her brother they were clear of the pirate junk, and rowing out of the bay.

The boat was manned by prisoners taken the day before, and the pirates readily agreed to this, none of them being willing to risk losing their heads if any other plan could be contrived by their leader. Charles promised to return in a hired boat, which they knew he could easily do if he paid well for it.

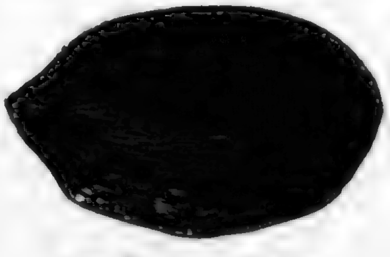


FIG. *B.*—THE PECAN-NUT.

He left all his effects behind but the precious music-book and a disguise, thus making his crew believe that he would return if he was not captured. Upon getting out of sight of the junks, Charles dressed himself in European clothes, and with a wig the natural color of his hair, he, in a few moments, was completely metamorphosed into an American.

Upon rounding the point they saw the United States ship *Communipaw* steaming along the land, and very soon perceived that she was altering her course to pick them up. A rowboat had no business out in the open pass, and the officers on board the man-of-war quickly discovered that it contained a foreign man and woman.

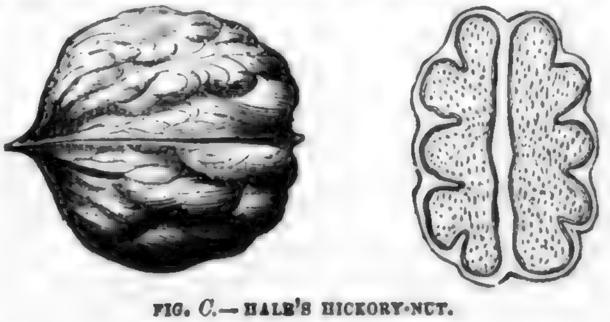


FIG. *C.*— HALE'S HICKORY-NUT.

The *Communipaw* steamed at full speed until she reached them, and Lieutenant De Witt descended the side, and made his dear girl fast to the chair, in which she was hoisted on board. Charlie followed her, but the Chinese, finding that they could retain the boat, returned to the land.

The meeting of the lovers may be better imagined than described. Arthur was in charge of the ship, and they had the captain's cabin all to themselves. If he didn't smother her with kisses, her brother did; and, as that was not very likely, it is probable that it was De Witt who "availed himself of the opportunity."

Of course there was a council of war, and I am afraid Mary told a very large fib. Charles said that "he had been seized by the pirates," but he did not state when, and that "he had been held captive until they had seized his sister, when they had planned their escape together." In the hurry of the moment, no one questioned him, and he retired below during the preliminary operations against his late associates.

After spending a delightful half-hour with his dear girl, the lieutenant was brought to his senses by the chief-engineer, who came to inquire if the commanding officer intended to go into the bay after the pirates, or to return to Hong Kong. De Witt determined to destroy the pirate junks, and, in spite of the pleading of Mary, who was afraid that he would take some prisoners who might criminate her brother, the lieutenant gave orders to prepare for action.

They steamed into the bay, and literally demolished the pirate junks. Not a soul escaped; and, as the last junk blew up, Mary, who was on deck watching the affair through her lover's field-glass, turned to her brother, and exclaimed: "That is the last of A-kin!"

The meeting between Captain Lee and his son was a most touching one. The old man had long ago given up his boy as lost, and he welcomed him as one from the grave.

He never knew the truth, as, for many reasons, Mary deemed it best to keep that a secret for some years, and did not even divulge it to her husband.

Lieutenant De Witt was promoted, and ordered home. Naturally enough, he elected to go in the same ship as Mary, as the old captain thought it best for them to be married at once. The ceremony took place on board the U. S. S. *Communipaw*, and a score of Mollie's old lovers were made miserable that day.

Mrs. De Witt has settled down into a charming wife, and when she goes into society is always surrounded by a crowd of worshipers, upon which occasions there still lingers about her witch-like face the old I-know-you-like-me expression. She tells De Witt that she "does not like so much attention"; but he only laughs, and replies: "You know, Mollie dear, that you do like it; and why not enjoy yourself?"

Charles gave up the sea, and resides with his sister. The old captain "has gone the way of all flesh," and there is now no necessity for secrecy about Charles. During all the time the latter was a pirate, he never committed a murder, and, by his firmness and bravery, prevented his people from perpetrating many fearful outrages.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mary always plays one of the pieces of music from the book they took from the junk, and, with a touch of her old manner, will playfully address him as A-kin. A look of recollection passes between brother and sister upon these occasions, and her eyes are moistened when she remembers how she once passed "Ten Minutes with a Pirate Chief."

CANOVA'S FIRST WORK OF ART.

Toward the end of the last century, and in a mud cabin in an Alpine valley of the Venetian territory, a little child was playing and drawing with a rough pencil. No kindly woman was looking after the child, who, young as he was, had known trouble. For he had run away from home, where a new father ruled in the place of the dead and real father, and he had come to live with his grandfather, his father's father—and this old man was a poor, untaught, but very intelligent, stonecutter.

At nine years of age the little fellow was set to cut stone, though, in all honor to the old stonecutter, it must be said that he taught the child what little art he knew; and so the child continued stonecutting till he was twelve, up to which time, and from a very early age, this little artist had always been very fond of making things out of clay.

Now, the stone-mason was one day employed at the palace of some great nobleman—the little boy was with him—and they both witnessed a grand misfortune: one of the finest dishes of elaborate confectionery, prepared with great labor and time for the nobleman's grand dinner, was spoilt.

The nobleman himself arrived in the kitchen in the very thick of the consternation, and it was in the midst of the silence which followed the terrible appearance of the great man that a little, thin voice was heard to say:

"If they would only let me try—ah, me! ah, me!—if they would only let me try!"

The cook, and the grandfather, and many others, hushed the little boy—but not so the duke. The child was called before him, and presented himself, beautiful, with a countenance full of intelligence and good-humor.

A few words, a laugh or so, and the young audacity has permission to replace the destroyed confectionery.

Possibly the duke forgets all about the business till the dessert arrives, and then, behold, the guests are delighted with something. And this something is a beautifully modeled lion in white paste; and upon the artist being called for, behold! a little boy, with a countenance full of intelligence and good-humor, steps forward.

How small a trifle makes or unmakes us! Had the confectionery not been spoilt, the little boy might have worked as a stone-mason for years—certainly not for life, for genius *will* make itself known.

The nobleman, of the great family named Falieri, then gave the hand of patronage to the poor little stonecutter, and in a few years what a change had taken place in the fortunes of that little lad! By twenty he was a rising sculptor—by thirty one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living sculptors.

Then great honors fell upon him. He became even the friend of the great Napoleon—to whose honor be it said that he befriended all literary and artistic men—sitting at the Emperor's table, and chatting with him as with an equal.

And at last he was made a marquis.

And through all these years of success he never ceased to work hard; he always proved that genius is not lazy; that a great man must work hard if he would work well; and that those who talk of working, and never work, are precisely no genius at all.

He was most generous. He spent large sums in encouraging young artists and all art. In a word, this Canova lived and died a good, honest, hard-working man.

A cheerful face is as good for a patient as healthy weather.

NUTS AND NUT-BEARING TREES.

By A. S. Fuller.

In America, the edible nuts are appreciated less than in almost any other country. This is probably due to the abundance and cheapness of other and more substantial kinds of food, which makes the use of nuts, by either rich or poor, a matter of taste, and in no way a necessity. In the Old World, however, it is quite different—not only now, but it always has been since the earliest times of which history furnishes us any account; and the poor are frequently compelled to look to the wild and cultivated nut-trees and shrubs as almost their only source of a supply of food. In ancient times, according to Strabo, Rome was supplied with pork fattened mainly upon the mast in the forests of Gaul; in fact, the ancient Romans, like the ancient Britons, looked upon the nut-bearing trees of the forest as the most valuable of all. And well they might, for they were frequently the principal source from which the people derived their food. In parts of Southern Europe, especially in the mountains of Spain, the peasants make a kind of cake from acorn-meal, which is said to be quite nutritious; and roasted acorns, as a dessert, are among the delicacies mentioned by some of the earliest writers on natural history. In Great Britain, the old Saxon kings were ever mindful of the value of the nut-crops; and we find that King Ina, near the close of the seventh century, issued an order regulating the fattening of swine with mast by his subjects; and a century later, Elphelmus reserved the "pawnage," or pasturage, of two hundred hogs, as a part of his lady's dowry.

Mast, or the wild nuts, which consisted principally of beechnuts and acorns, continued to be highly valued throughout Great Britain down to modern times; and Edward the Confessor, in 1050, gives a certain quantity as one of his donations. In the time of William the Conqueror, the woods of England were surveyed and valued in proportion to the number of swine that could be fattened on their acorns; the oak being then valued for its fruit, not, as in later times, for its timber. The severity of famines has often been increased in consequence of a failure of the nut crop. At the time of the great famine in England in 1116, it is recorded that among crops failing that year, mast was also very scarce; and there was nothing with which to fatten the hogs, and this brought great distress to the people.

The early settlers of America did not overlook the wild nut-trees, and the acorns were mentioned among the good things to be found here in great abundance; and the pioneers in all the wooded regions of the United States have not been unmindful of, or slow to utilize, the wild nuts, not only for their own individual use, but for their animals.

But with the increase of our population and extended cultivation of the land, the wild nuts of our forests have gradually become of less economic value to the husbandman, but none the less important for domestic use, although only a few of the best kinds are selected for this purpose.

Formerly, the children had a monopoly of the nut-cracking and nut-eating pastime, or at most it was confined to the farmer's household; but latterly the residents of our cities have added nuts to their list of after-dinner delicacies, and we may therefore confidently expect an increased demand for the best kinds, and that more attention will be paid to their cultivation in the future than in the past. The farmers, and landowners generally, may find that the planting of a few or many nut-bearing trees will prove to be as good an investment in this country as it has in various parts of the Old World.

Our indigenous species of nut-bearing trees are quite numerous, and, while only a comparatively small portion yield fruit worthy of any special attention, there is still quite enough to make up a respectable list.

The common beechnut is one of the most delicate, and, perhaps, best flavored, of all; but it is so small and difficult to obtain that it is seldom gathered in sufficient quantities for home use, and for this reason is rarely seen in our markets.

The black-walnut is the very opposite of the beechnut, it being one of the largest, most abundant, and at the same time rankest flavored; consequently it is not in demand for the table. Next to the black-walnut, and belonging to the same genus, we have the butternut, a large, oblong nut, with a very rough shell, containing a large rich kernel of excellent flavor, but rather too oily for delicate stomachs, or to be eaten very freely, even by persons blessed with a good digestion. The tree is a free and vigorous grower, and commences to bear when quite young, thriving best in moist, rich soils, especially along the borders of streams in the Northern States, and in rich woods in the Southern.

Next to the last, in a botanical order, come the hickories—trees not only of great value for their timber, but at least two of the species produce nuts of the highest order of excellence. The pecan-nut, so common throughout the Southern States, was formerly known as the "olive-shaped hickory-nut," as its botanical name (*Carya olivæformis*) indicates. The trees do not grow as large as some of the Northern hickories, but commence bearing when of small size. The most northern limit of the pecan is Illinois, where it is found along the rivers and in the low grounds of the southern part of the State. The nuts are so well known in our markets that no description is called for here; but it may not be generally known that there are some wild varieties quite distinct from the general form; one of these is shown in Fig. *B*. This variety is found in Louisiana, and is of an extra large size and irregular in shape, and quite distinct from those usually seen in our markets. All the fruit on the tree is similar in form and size, and, while it may not be any better than smaller ones from other trees, the occurrence of such natural varieties is interesting, as they show, or indicate, what may be the results of attempts to improve the pecan by cultivation. The kernel or meat of the pecan-nut is the sweetest and most delicious of all the hickories; it has an inner husk inclosing the kernel that is intensely bitter, but it is easily removed when the nuts are thoroughly dry.

The common thin-shelled hickory-nut, or white-walnut, is the only other species worthy of any special note. It is perhaps the best-known and most popular of all our native edible species. It is widely distributed, but more abundant in the Eastern and Middle States than to the South or West. The nuts of this species of hickory are quite variable, there being hundreds of really distinct wild sorts, some more than double the size of others, and the shape and thickness of the shell is also quite variable; still, they can all be readily recognized as belonging to one and the same species, and no person familiar with the white-walnut would ever be at a loss to distinguish the nuts from the mocker-nut, bitter-nut, or other closely allied but inferior species.

One of the most remarkable varieties of the white-walnut with which I am acquainted is the Hale hickory-nut, discovered a number of years ago in a field near Ridgewood, Bergen County, N. J. The tree is perhaps more than a half-century old, and although growing near several others

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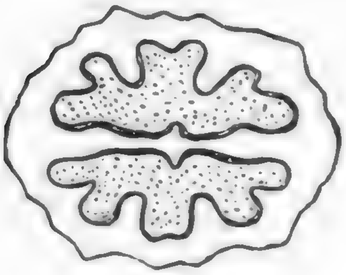


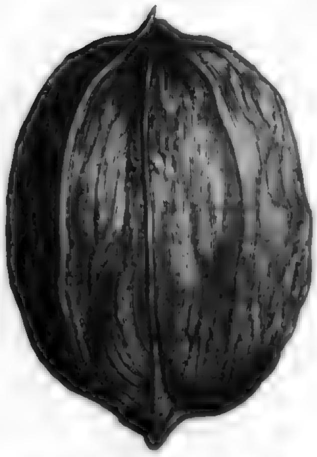


FIG. *D.*—KANSAS MOCKER-NUT.

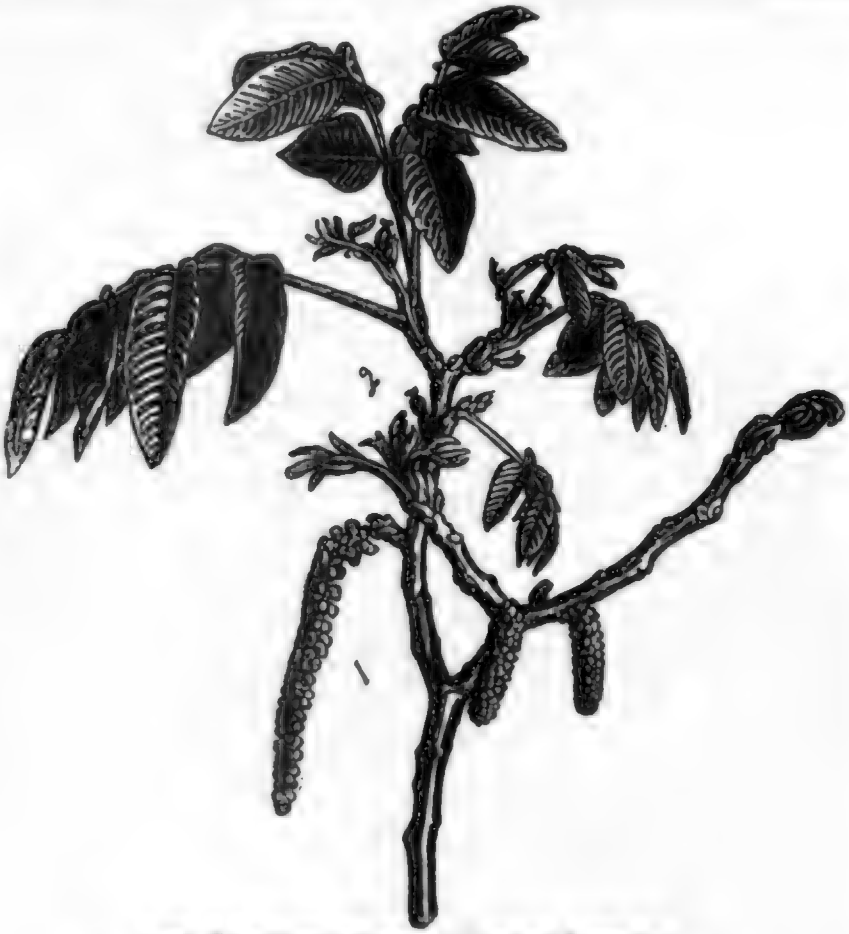


FIG. *E.*—WALNUT BLOSSOMS. 1, MALE; 2, FEMALE.

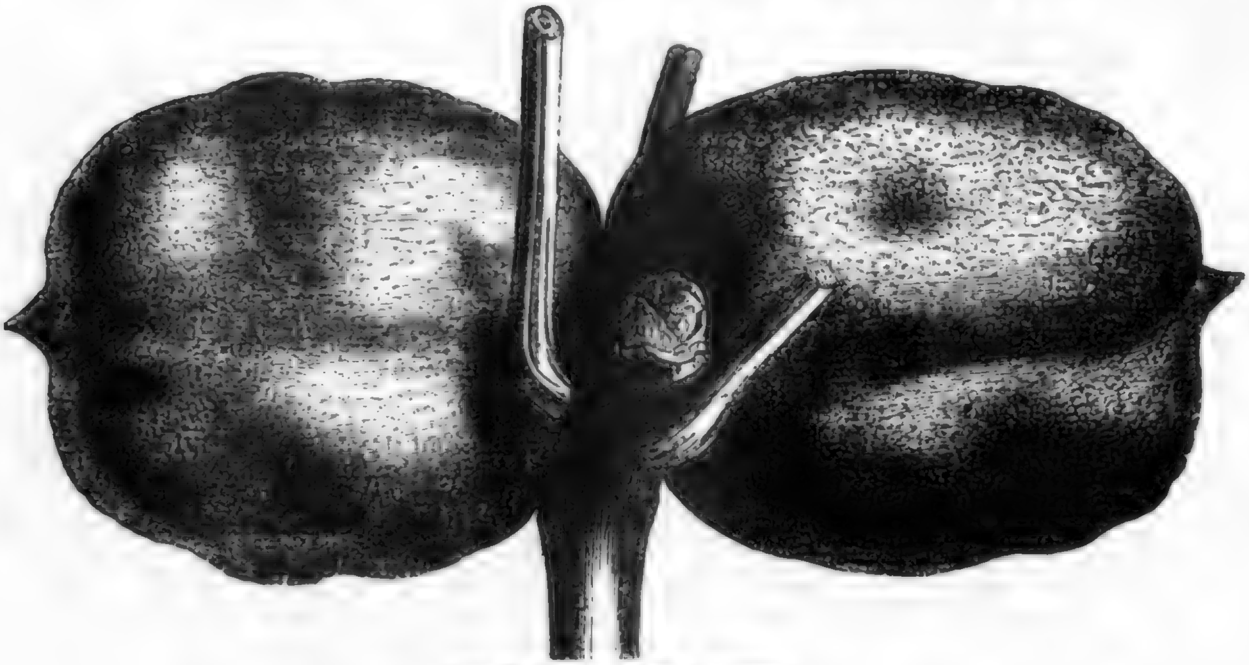


FIG. *F.*—JUGLANS REGIA GIBBOSA.

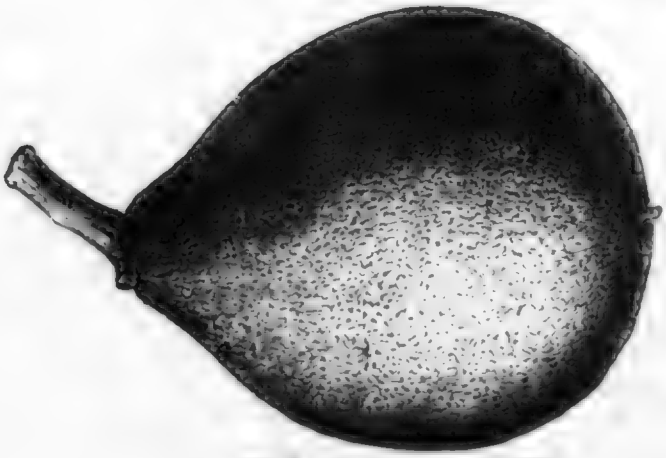


FIG *G.*—PEAR-SHAPED WALNUT.

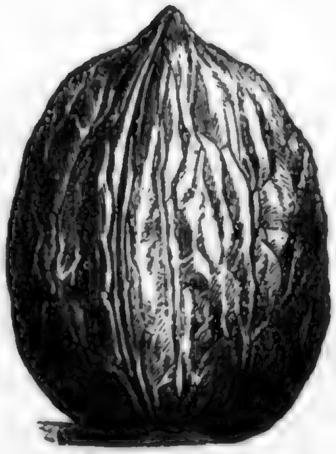


FIG *I.*—ENGLISH WALNUT.

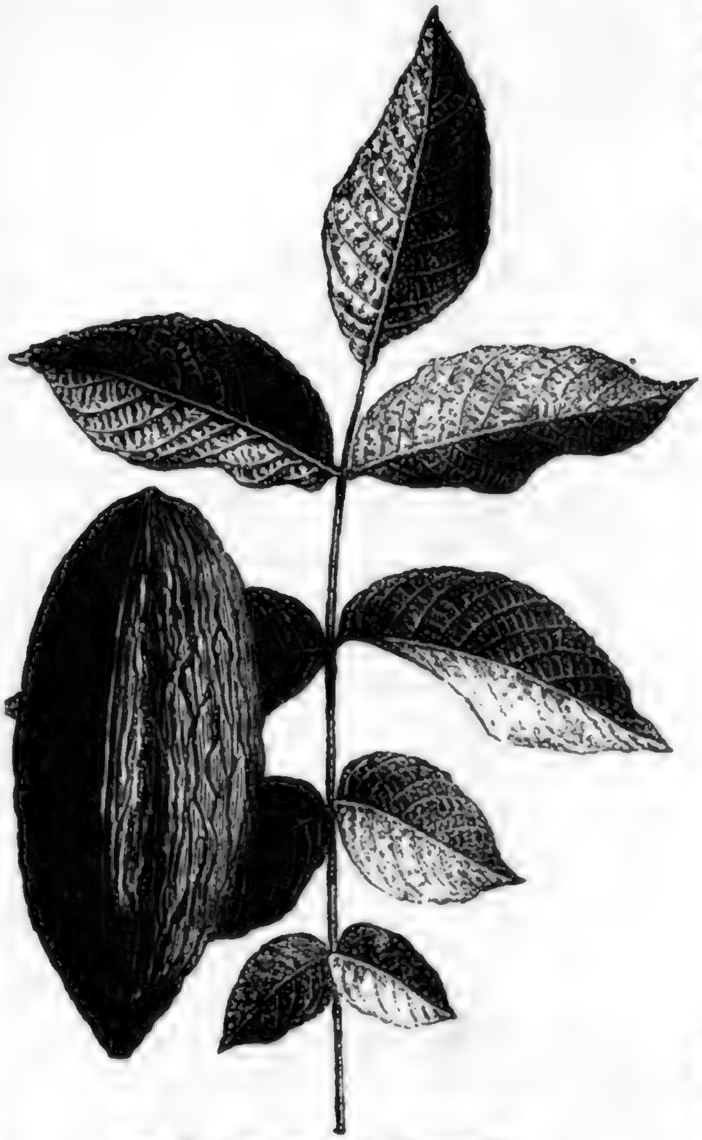


FIG. *H.*—JUGLANS REGIA BARTHEREANA.

of the shell-bark species, its nuts are quite distinct. The shell is very thin, and instead of the regular corrugations running from base to point, as is usual in varieties of this species, the entire surface appears to be broken up into small wavy depressions, very similar to the shell of the English walnut. One of these nuts, natural size, with cross section showing the relative thickness of the shell and kernel, is shown in Fig. *C.*

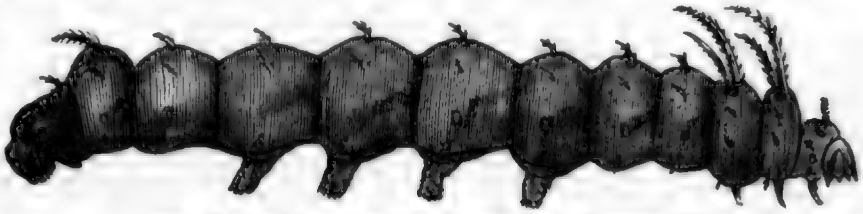


FIG. *K.*—THE REGAL WALNUT-MOTH—THE CATERPILLAR.

Occasionally we find in our markets very large hickory-nuts coming from the West, but they are usually very thick-shelled, and the kernel quite small in proportion to the size of the nut, as shown in Fig. *D.*, made from a specimen received from Kansas. The nuts do not belong to the same species as the white-walnut, but to the Western shellbark, or the mokernut, both of which produce large but inferior fruit. Unfortunately for those who might wish to cultivate such varieties as the Hale, our gardeners have not as yet discovered any practical method of propagating the hickory by either budding or grafting, as is done with almost all other kinds of nut-bearing trees. Seedlings from these choice sorts are so liable to vary, that there can be no dependence upon them for producing fruit like the parent tree.

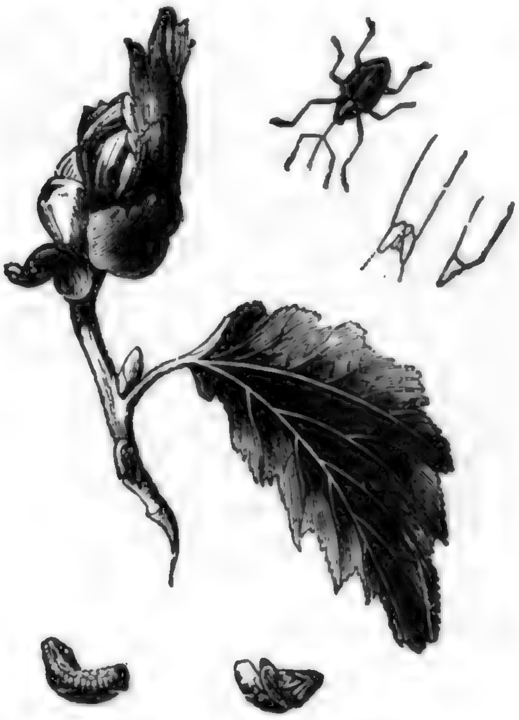


FIG. *M.*—HAZEL-NUT AND WEEVIL.

Of the chestnut we have three species native of the United States: the common chestnut of the Eastern States, the small chinquapin of the South, and the golden-leaved of California. The first is the most abundant and valuable, not only for its timber, but also for its fruit, which is gathered and sent to our city markets in immense quantities during the latter part of Summer and

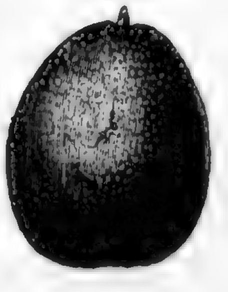


FIG. *J.*—OLIVE-SHAPED WALNUT.

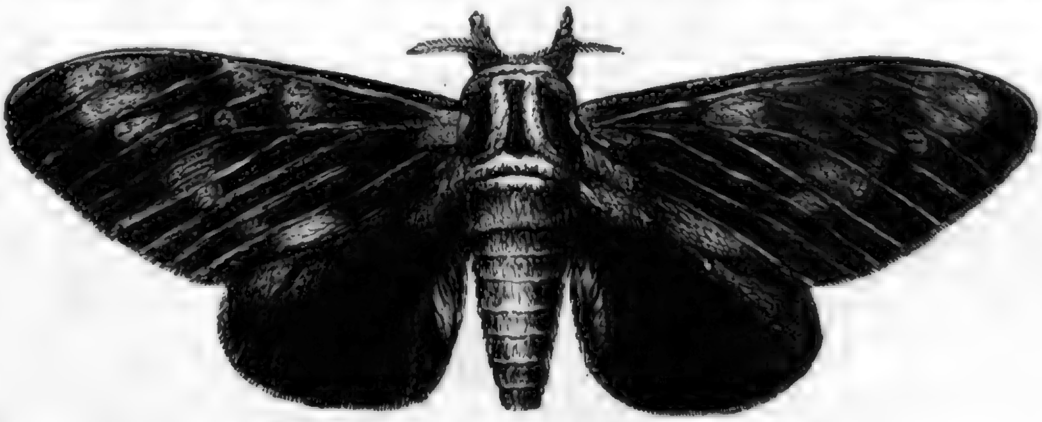


FIG. *L.*—THE REGAL WALNUT-MOTH (CERATOCAMPA REGALIS).

Autumn. The nuts, however, are so delicate and difficult to keep in good condition, that their stay in market is of rather short duration. In this respect our American chestnut is quite different from the larger and inferior Spanish or French chestnuts, as these may be kept sound for several months, as shown by the large quantities that are annually imported and sold in the streets of all our larger cities. The European chestnut and its varieties succeed moderately well in most of our Northern States, and almost everywhere in the Middle and Southern; still, very little attention has been given to their cultivation in this country, although there is no good reason why they should be neglected.

The habit of growth of the European chestnut is quite similar to that of the American under like conditions, but in Europe the trees are usually seen growing along the roadsides, or in the open fields, where they are not crowded, the branches having room to spread out regularly, while the stems are short and often gnarled, and of immense size, as shown in Fig. *A*, which represents the great Esau chestnut-tree.

The Southern chestnut, or chinquapin, as it is usually called, is a very small oval nut, only one in a burr, while our Northern species usually has two or three in each. The trees will thrive as far north as New York, but they are seldom planted, except to help to make up a variety in some park or pleasure-ground.

The common American chestnut is quite variable in its wild state, and almost any number of natural varieties could be obtained if desired. Our nurserymen have not as yet paid much attention to such things, but the time will probably soon come when some of the largest and best of our native chestnuts will be propagated, and the trees offered for sale, as has long been practiced in Europe with the foreign sorts.

It is not at all difficult to propagate the chestnut by the usual methods of budding and grafting, and the stocks cost really nothing beyond the digging and planting, or but a trifle when raised from the nuts in a nursery. All the foreign varieties grow readily when worked on our native species, and by some persons it is thought they are made more hardy through the influence of the native stocks.

There are probably very few persons who have only seen the common English walnut, or Madeira nut, that is imported and sold in our markets, who have any idea of the great number of varieties that are now known and cultivated in European countries. Only the older and more common sorts are ever imported, except when specially ordered and for particular purposes. But as the cultivation of this nut has of late attracted considerable attention in California, and will doubtless soon be taken up in some of the Eastern States, it may be well to look over the list of choice sorts, and see what we have to choose from.

The so-called European walnut is in fact of Asiatic origin, and belongs to the same genus of trees as our native butternut and black-walnut, and all are classed by botanists under the one generic name of *Juglans*, from Jovis-glans, the nut of Jupiter. The flowers are of two kinds, as shown in Fig. *E*; the male or staminate are produced in long, pendent catkins (1), and the female or pistillate (2) are very minute, terminated with a four-toothed calyx, four minute little green petals and two club-shaped stigmas. The latter are situated on the top of what eventually becomes the nut, while the former, or staminate flowers, drop off soon after fulfilling their mission in Spring. Every nut on a tree must commence its growth from one of the small pistillate flowers, and from this point go on to maturity, whatever be its form or size. There are some varieties, like the one known as the "small-fruited walnut," that are no larger than a good-sized marrowfat pea; while others, like the great gibbous walnut, are two inches in diameter, and fully three in length, as shown in Fig. *F*. This is, perhaps, the largest variety known, and more valuable on account of its great size than anything else, although the kernel is large and of excellent quality.

The pear-shaped walnut is another quite remarkable variety, on account of its rather unique form, as shown in Fig. *G*. The shell is quite thick and the kernel small, and while it will probably never become popular for the table, it will be sought by those who desire to make up a good collection of the different varieties of walnuts.

Leaving the larger and thick-shelled sorts that are cultivated more for curiosities than intrinsic value, we next come to the beautiful and excellent *Barthèreana*, so named after its originator, M. Barthère of Toulouse. One of these nuts, natural size, and a leaflet, is shown in Fig. *H*. This variety, as described by its originator, has a very thin shell, and a large kernel of most excellent flavor. The trees are also said to be very prolific, and commence bearing when quite young.

Another new variety, known as the Franquette (Fig. *I*), comes nearer the form of the imported walnuts usually seen in our markets, but it has a somewhat longer point and is rather larger.

A variety known in France as the Paris walnut is about the same size of the Franquette, but the sharp point is wanting. The Mayette, St. Jean and Chamberte are also common French varieties similar to the above, but a trifle smaller.

As we have our olive-shaped hickory-nut in the pecan, so the French have their olive-shaped walnut (Fig. *J*), which is known in the nurserymen's catalogues under the same specific name, *i.e.*, *olivæformis*.

The varieties named above and the accompanying illustrations will give the reader a very good idea of the influence of long cultivation and domestication of this wild Asiatic nut-bearing tree. But the end is not yet, for new and distinct sorts are continually being discovered among the thousands of seedlings that are annually raised, and this will probably continue as long as the walnut is cultivated.

It may seem strange that after so long acquaintance with this nut there should be any question in regard to its success in the United States; but from the frequent reference to it in our agricultural journals it is quite evident that a large majority of our farmers and landowners, who, of all others, should be interested in such matters, are entirely ignorant of the fact that English walnuts have ever been raised in this country. But there are not only single specimens scattered about in private gardens, but rows of English walnut-trees within a few miles of New York City, that have borne fruit almost uninterruptedly for the past twenty or thirty years. This fact alone settles all question in regard to their adaptation to our soil and climate, and while it is not claimed that all the European varieties will thrive equally well, or that the trees are as hardy as our native butternut and black-walnut, still they may be planted with perfect safety in almost any locality south of the latitude of New York City, and some varieties even north of this line.

There are many thousands of acres of land on Long Island and in New Jersey now lying waste that might be planted with English walnuts, with every assurance that the investment would prove to be a good one, because these nuts will probably always be in demand, and there is no good reason why our markets should not be fully supplied with the home-grown article. Why not plant nut-bearing trees along our highways, and for shade in country villages, instead of common shade-trees, that produce nothing of use to any one—not even for the birds. If the streets of Garden City were bordered with some kind of useful, nut-bearing trees, they would not only afford as grateful shade as elms, maples, and similar kinds, but in a few years become a source of revenue to their owners, whoever they might happen to be at the time. There are hundreds of other towns and villages all over the country that might well take this subject of nut-growing into careful consideration.

The walnuts probably have less insect enemies than most other kinds of trees, but they have one that is so remarkable for its size and beauty in its perfect or winged form, and ferocious ugliness in the larvæ or caterpillar state, that it is well worth noting here. This insect, however, is never very abundant, consequently it seldom does any considerable injury to the tree upon which it feeds; but an occasional specimen can usually be found wherever there are either walnut or hickory-trees growing.

The caterpillar (Fig. *K*), when fully grown, measures from four to six inches in length, and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. It is of a green color, transversely banded across each ring with pale blue. The head and legs are orange-colored, and the ten long, horn-like spines on the fore part of the body are also orange-colored, but tipped with black. Notwithstanding the great size and formidable appearance of these caterpillars, they are perfectly harmless, and may be handled, by persons having the courage to take hold of them, with perfect impunity. They can neither sting nor bite, but their ferocious appearance will make most persons avoid them.

When these caterpillars have finished feeding, they descend to the ground, and crawl away under the fallen leaves or among the grass and weeds, and there descend a short distance into the ground, where they change into a chrysalis without spinning a cocoon. The chrysalis remains in the ground over Winter, and the next Spring comes forth as the regal walnut-moth (Fig. *L*); and a grand insect it is, in this stage, and one that few persons would "have the heart to kill," however much they might have feared or wished to see the caterpillar destroyed.

This rare and beautiful moth has wings of a delicate olive color, adorned with yellow spots, and veined with broad red lines; the upper sides of the body and legs are bright orange-red; and a most royal insect it is, in every respect, and one that every collector of butterflies and moths is pleased to obtain, and in as great a number as possible.

We have in the United States two very distinct wild species of the filbert, both of which give us a few natural varieties. No attempts, however, worthy of note have ever been made to improve these native nuts, and we are now no further advanced in the way of improved or cultivated filberts than when America was first discovered by Europeans. That our native filberts are susceptible of improvement there can be no doubt; and, while all admit the possibility, there seems to be no one to take hold of the work and carry it on to a successful termination. For a century or more our nurserymen and others have been importing the best European varieties and planting them more or less extensively in different parts of the country, but it is doubtful if there is at this time a really healthy bearing orchard of filberts in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. The foreign sorts appear to grow thriftily and promise well until the plants reach a bearing age, then a kind of fungoid disease attacks the main stems and branches, the bark turns black, dries up, and the wood underneath dies, and after a year or two the whole top is dead. The roots in the meantime throw up strong and vigorous suckers, which soon come into bearing, only to perish by the same disease.

This has been the fate of all the filbert plantations that have come under my observation during the past twenty or thirty years. There may be localities where the European filbert will succeed perfectly in this country; if so, they are unknown to the writer.

There is no difficulty in making our wild hazelnuts succeed under cultivation, and they are comparatively free from insect enemies; but sometimes the nuts are infested by what is known as the nut-weevil, Fig. *M*. This little beetle has a long snout, on which is situated its two flail-shaped antennæ, or feelers, as shown. With this snout the female punctures the young green nuts, and into the hole made drops an egg. This egg soon hatches, and the young grub eats its way to the centre of the nut and there remains until the following Summer, then again emerging as a weevil. The grub, as it feeds on the kernel of the nut, grows until of the size shown in the lower left hand figure; it then eats outward, until near the outside of the shell, then retires to the centre of the nut and changes into a pupa, as shown in the lower right hand figure. It remains in this stage for a few weeks, or until the new crop of nuts is well advanced in Summer, then bursts its pupa-skin, breaks through the thin crust of the shell, leaving a round hole in the nut, as shown, and proceeds on its mission of propagating its species. All the foreign, as well as native, species of filberts are infested more or less by different kinds of nut-weevils.

In addition to the various kinds of nuts named in the foregoing list, there are many that come to our markets from the tropics and other parts of the world.

A group of these, and some that are not nuts at all, like the peanut, are shown in Fig. *N*.

SIMON KENTON, THE PIONEER.

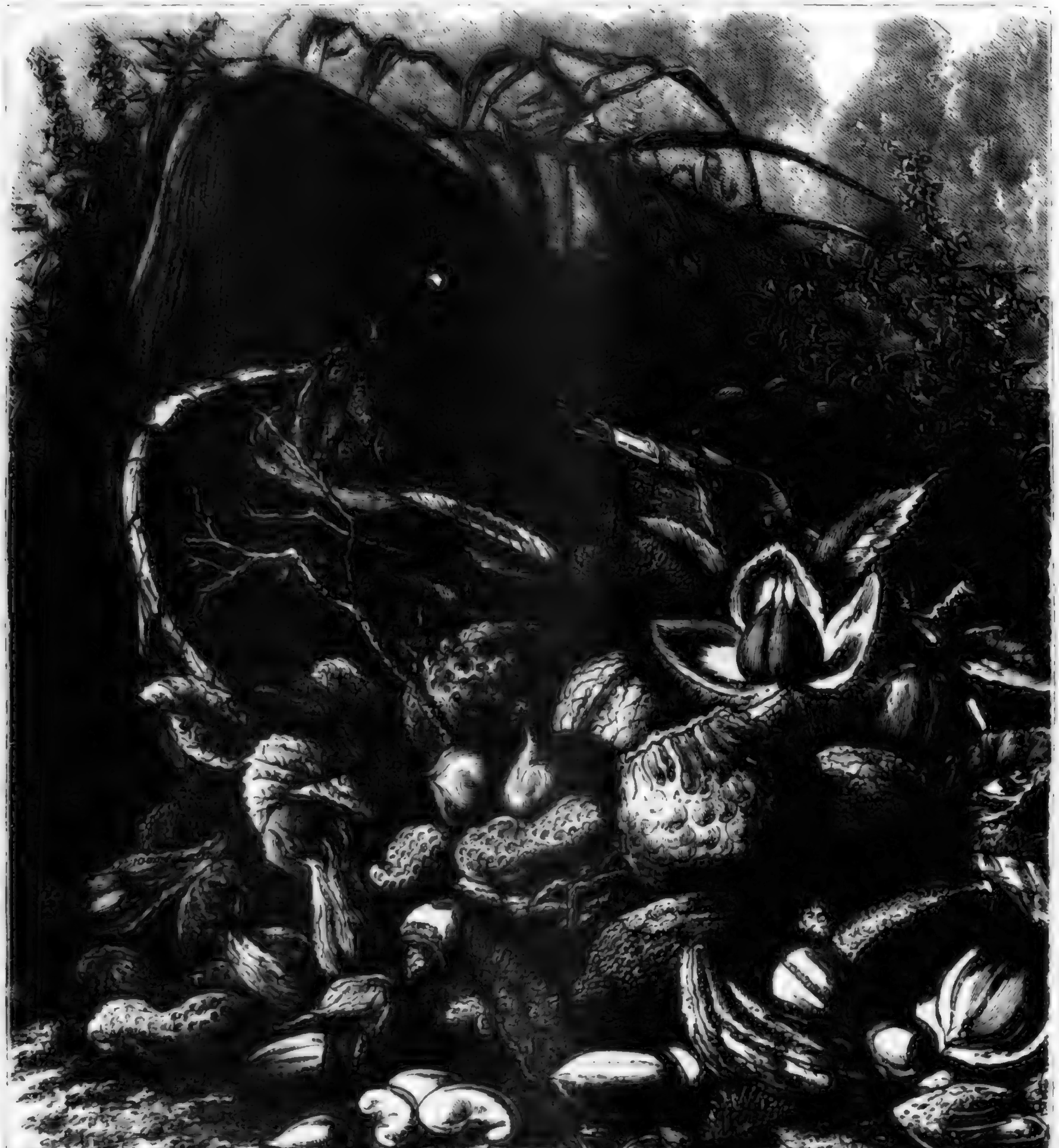
A LITTLE less famous, perhaps, but equal in every respect to Daniel Boone, was the extraordinary man whose name heads this sketch. Entering Kentucky a few years before the Declaration of Independence, these two men became so identified with the history of the Great West that their fame is inseparable from it.

Kenton was a striking example of cool, deliberate bravery, united with a tender, sympathizing heart. In times of danger and conflict, his whole soul was enlisted in the struggle. He fought for victory, thoughtless of consequences, and when the contest was finished, and his feelings had resumed their normal condition, he could sit down and weep over the misery he had helped to produce. During a large portion of his life, solitude, danger and want were his attendants, and necessity had so familiarized him with privations that he could endure abstinence from food, and subsist on as small a quantity of it, without injury to health or strength, as the savages themselves.

The first trustworthy intelligence we have of him after emigrating to the West is, that he was engaged in the terrific battle fought at the mouth of the Big Kanawha, between the Indians and the troops of Lord Dunmore, while he was Governor of the Province of Virginia, in which

XUM

Kenton was particularly distinguished by his bravery. The next information is, that in 1775 he was in the district of Kentucky, commencing a station, near the site of the present town of Washington. It was scarcely finished when it was attacked and destroyed by Indians, and there seems to have been no effort to reoccupy until 1784, after the treaty of peace with Great Britain. In that year he rebuilt the blockhouse and cabins, and proceeded to raise a crop; and, though frequently disturbed by the Indians, he continued to occupy and improve it till he removed his family to Ohio, somewhere near the beginning of the present century.


NUTS AND NUT-BEARING TREES.—FIG. V.—THE NUTS OF OUR MARKETS.—SEE PAGE 551.

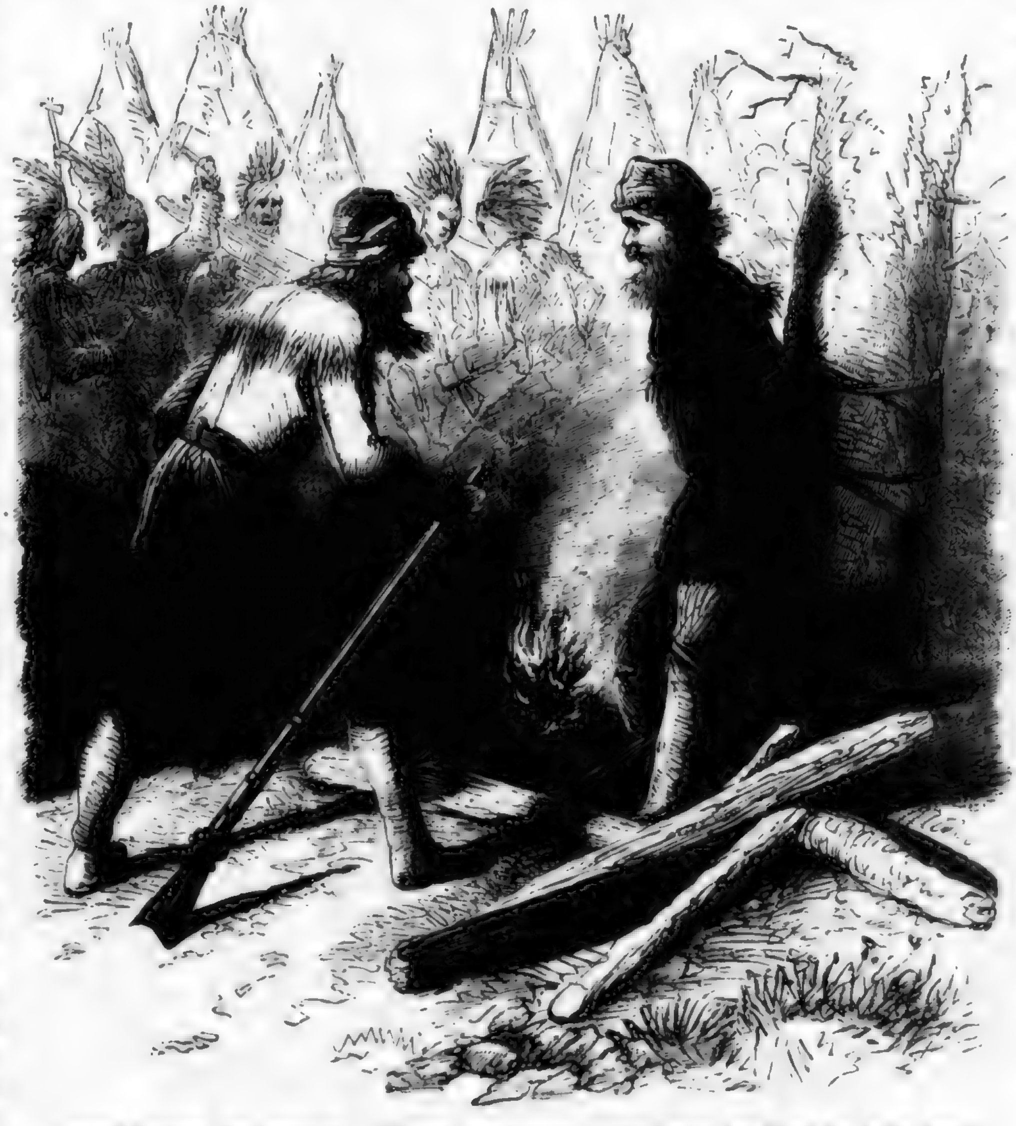
Simon Kenton was always considered one of the boldest and most reliable defenders of the Western country, from its earliest settlement.

In all the battles and expeditions he bore a conspicuous part. He was taken prisoner several times, and carried away among the Indians, but in every case he managed to effect his escape and return again to his house.

On one of these occasions, a characteristic plan was adopted to destroy his life. He was lashed to a horse without saddle or bridle, which was turned loose to follow the party to the Miami villages. He was carried in this manner for several days, and when the destination was reached, it was found that some of his limbs were broken. He was taken in hand by the squaws, carefully nursed, when the ranger bid them good-by, and safely escaped to his family.

Some time after this, when on an expedition against the Wabash villages, he was again captured and taken to one of the remote Indian towns, where a council was held to decide on his fate. Instead of burning him at the stake, it was finally determined that he should run the gantlet. This, to almost any person, was equivalent to death. The Indians were placed in two rows about six feet apart, each of them armed with a whip or club. The prisoner was compelled to run the entire distance between the two lines, each savage striking him a blow the moment he came within reach. If he fell in the race, he was violently put to death, but if he succeeded in getting through without falling, and afterward recovered from his wounds, he was spared.

Kenton passed through this appalling ordeal without once falling, but was so beaten and exhausted that he dropped to the ground the moment he reached the goal.



SIMON KENTON, THE PIONEER.—"GIRTY, THEREFORE, PEERED INTO HIS FACE, TO MAKE SURE THERE WAS NO MISTAKE."—SEE PAGE 555.

As before, he was indebted to the sympathy of the squaws, who took charge of him, dressed his wounds, and nursed him until fully well. He was fairly recovered, when he once more made his escape to his friends.

During all the frontier wars, up to the celebrated Treaty of Greenville, in 1794, Simon Kenton was one of the most useful men in the service of the settlers. It really seems as if Providence had raised him up for this special work, and watched over him through all his perilous vicissitudes.

On one occasion, when a captive among the Indians, he fell into the possession of the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, whose heart was never known to be actuated by any sentiments of pity. At the council which was held, it was decided that Kenton should have no more opportunities of escape; he had already given them the slip so often, that they had come to believe that the only way to insure his punishment was to put him to death at once.

Little time was, therefore, lost. He was bound to the stake, and the fagots heaped around him. While the preparations were being completed, Girty came up, and, as was his custom with prisoners, began taunting him. His ferocity toward his race was truly fiendish, and he took special delight in tormenting this helpless captive.

Kenton did not return the railing, but was meek and resigned in the presence of death, he having relinquished all hopes of life. Finally Girty asked him where he was born; this being answered, he asked with considerable anxiety for his name. All this time, Kenton knew Girty, although the renegade failed to recognize him. Kenton gave the name by which he had been known a number of years before, when the two had been intimate friends. Girty, therefore, peered into his face, to make sure there was no mistake. There could be none; and, dashing the fagots aside, he instantly cut the bonds that bound the ranger, and set him free.

This proceeding created great excitement among the Indians, and they were by no means willing to give up the contemplated sport. Girty explained that the two had been bosom friends years before; that Kenton had always treated him with the greatest kindness; that he had never before asked for the life of any prisoner, and never expected to do so again. He, therefore, felt that he had a right to demand the deliverance of this person into his hands.

There was still some disposition to refuse to gratify the renegade: but he had great influence among the Indians, and he was resolved not to yield his point. He finally succeeded, and, taking charge of Kenton, he accompanied him to a point where he was safe from the Indians, and then bade him good-by.

Kenton, for many years, was a personal co-worker with Boone, and in many ways did these veteran pioneers serve each other. It is said that they once reached the opposite banks of the Ohio at the same moment. Their skill in woodcraft enabled each to detect the presence of a stranger at the point where he wished to cross. Whether a friend or an enemy, a white man or an Indian, neither knew. It was early in the morning, and they commenced reconnoitring and manœuvring to detect the identity of each other. This was continued until nightfall, before the two pioneers discovered that they were friends.

Upon another occasion, during an attack upon Boonesborough, Boone, who, with Kenton and several others,

XUM

was fighting outside the fort, became wounded and unable to help himself. There being imminent danger of his being captured or tomahawked, Kenton caught him up, threw him over his shoulder, and dashed into the blockhouse with him, carrying him unharmed through a storm of bullets.

At the commencement of the war of 1812, Kenton was residing with his family near Urbana, Ohio. He was covered from head to foot with scars, won in the defense of his country, and was an old man who was exempt from service. Hostilities, however, had scarcely begun, when he repaired to the American camp, and volunteered his services. His personal bravery was proverbial; his marvelous skill and tact in the mode of Indian warfare were known throughout the West; and as the frontier at that time abounded with Indians, most of whom had joined the British standard, the services of such an experienced Indian-fighter as Simon Kenton were fully appreciated by General Harrison and Governor Meigs, each of whom had known him personally for many years. His offer was most gladly accepted, and the command of a regiment conferred upon him.

While a portion of the western division of the army was stationed at Urbana, a mutinous plan was formed by some of the militia to attack an encampment of friendly Indians, who had been threatened by the hostile tribes, and were invited to remove, with their families, inside our frontier settlements as a place of safety, under an assurance that they would be protected.

Kenton, it is scarcely necessary to say, remonstrated against the movement, as being not only mutinous, but in the highest degree treacherous and cowardly. He vindicated the Indian character against the false charges which were alleged in justification of the outrage they were about to perpetrate, and warned them against the infamy they would receive by destroying a defenseless band of men women and children, who had been induced to place themselves in their power by a solemn promise of protection.

He appealed to their humanity, their honor, and their duty as soldiers. He contrasted his knowledge of the character of those unfortunate people with their ignorance of it. He told them he had endured suffering and torture at their hands again and again, but that it was in time of war, when they were defending their wives and children, and when he was seeking to destroy and exterminate them; and that, under those circumstances, he had no right to complain, and never did complain. "But," said he, "in time of peace they have always been kind, faithful friends, and generous, trustworthy men."

Having exhausted the means of persuasion without effect, and finding them still resolved on executing their purpose, he took a rifle, and called on them to proceed to the execution of their fiendish purpose, declaring, with great firmness, that he would accompany them to the encampment, and shoot down the first man who attempted to molest them. His life, he said, was drawing to a close, and what remained of it was not worth much; but, much or little, he had resolved that if they entered the camp, it should be done by passing over his corpse.

Knowing full well that the old veteran would fulfill his promise, their hearts failed them. Not one ventured to take the lead. Their purpose was abandoned, and the threatened Indians saved.

Kenton belonged to that class of men whose courage never falters in battle, and who, in the walks of private life, are always mild, amiable and unassuming—qualities which are the almost inseparable attendants of true bravery.

During Kenton's residence in the wilderness the land-warrants issued by the Commonwealth of Virginia were easily obtained. After the holders were permitted to locate them west of the mountains, he found no difficulty in possessing himself of as many of them as he desired; and, having traversed the forests in every direction, his topographical knowledge enabled him to select for location the best and most valuable tracts in the country. Some of these being illegally entered, he afterward lost them by process of law, but he retained enough to make him independent for life.

Unfortunately, Kenton was illiterate, and altogether too confiding. He judged others to be as honest as himself, and did not awaken from that delusion until he was defrauded and robbed of every foot of his estate. This was chiefly done by one of his relatives, whom he had long cherished and sustained, and to whom he had confided the management of his affairs. At an advanced age he was reduced from affluence to abject poverty, and left dependent on the charity of a son-in-law, who was himself poor, and depended on the labor of his hands for his daily bread. He was, nevertheless, cheerful and happy; and although he and his offspring were in poverty, and the children of his relative, who had deceived and plundered him, were living in affluence on the spoils of his fortune, he remarked to his friends that he would not exchange situations with them for the wealth of the world.

"I am," said he, "blessed with health; I have a quiet conscience; I can sleep calmly, and am contented."

Kenton had been converted a number of years before, and was a truly pious and devout man. He had a remarkably sweet voice, and in his old age there were few "sweeter singers in Israel" than he.

Governor Vance of Ohio was a warm personal friend of the unfortunate but highly meritorious pioneer, and had succeeded in getting a Bill through the House of Representatives, granting him a pension, at two successive sessions.

When Governor Vance and Judge Burnet met in Washington in 1828, they determined to make another effort in his behalf. Governor Vance undertook to renew the application in the House, and get a Bill passed at as early a period in the session as possible; and Judge Burnet agreed to give it a zealous support in the Senate.

Vance redeemed his pledge, and carried the Bill through the House. It came to the Senate late in the session, and was referred to the appropriate committee. Judge Burnet advocated it before the committee at their room, and was so fortunate as to satisfy them that it was just, and to induce them to report it back, with their opinion that it ought to pass.

When it came on the calendar, there was such a long list of orders standing before it and having preference, that there was no hope of getting it taken up during the session, unless those preceding it were postponed by the Senate.

Judge Burnet made a motion for that purpose, which succeeded. The Bill was taken up as in committee of the whole, and it was insisted that the case did not come within the provisions of any of the pension laws, as the statute-book and the strict constructionists opposed it on that ground. They contended that it would form a dangerous precedent if it should be passed. Their opposition, however, was overcome by a full exhibition of the services and sufferings of the applicant.

It was shown that his life had been a succession of exposure and privation in defending the frontier settlements, from the desperate battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774, to the last victory of Harrison, on the Thames, forty years later.

The friends of the measure concluded that if Kenton's case should become a precedent, it could not be a dangerous one, because it was *sui generis* and without a parallel.

The Bill passed by a large majority, and as it referred back to the date of the first application, and directed the pension to be paid from that time, it gave him an ample support for the remainder of his life.

GUIANA LEGENDS AND MYTHS.

The Rev. W. H. Brett, chaplain to the Bishop of Guiana, and a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, has collected and edited a number of legends and myths of the aboriginal Indians of British Guiana, and published them in a small volume. Mr. Brett's object, he tells the reader, has been to preserve the more serious traditions—religious, mythological and historical—of the four aboriginal races who live nearest the shores of Guiana. A metrical form has been adopted, as agreeable to the native style in former days when their national traditions were recited with peculiar intonation—chanted rather than told. The head-men, it is stated, mostly sorcerers, who guarded and from time to time recited them, have, in the vicinity of the mission stations, nearly all passed away.

Many time-honored legends of the more serious sort have expired with them, as the old state of things has yielded to the spread of Christianity. The eleven woodcut illustrations of the legends—real works of art—add greatly to the interest of the volume.

Like all such traditions of savage people, the stories have for their burden trouble and sorrow—war, jealousy and murder; and yet there is in not a few of them infinite pathos, showing, as Longfellow says:

> "That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not;"

but also that "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Of the more profound legends, it would be difficult to give any idea by quotation; but one of the "fanciful legends" will serve to indicate in part the nature of the book

THE SORCERER'S DAUGHTER.

The chief of our sorcerers stood by the water,
No mightier wizard existed than he;
And he looked with compassion upon his fair daughter
As love-sick and sad as a maiden can be.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "he has no one to cheer him,
That lonely young hunter—so brave and so free!
Make me *like to his dog*, that I may venture near him;
I die for his love—while he looks not on me."

"Take this skin," he said sadly, "and draw o'er thy shoulders,
A dog in the eyes of thy loved one to be;
Its wonderful magic deceives all beholders.
Be rid of thy madness—then come back to me!"

* * * * * * * *

Then the young man, beloved of the sorcerer's daughter,
Would start with *four* dogs through the forest to roam,
But would come back with *three*—for the struggle and slaughter
One never would join in, but always ran home.

With the sweet eventide to his cottage returning,
He found the place swept up as clean as could be;
Cassava bread baked, and the fire brightly burning;
And said, "Some good neighbor has done it for me."

When they all had denied it, he said, "'Tis some spirit
Who, seeing me lonely, thus strives to be kind."
Then he saw gazing at him that dog void of merit,
Whose look was so strange that it puzzled his mind.

The next day, as he the swift game was pursuing,
He counted his dogs, and he found there but three:
Then he said, "Till I find what your comrade is doing,
I leave you here tied to the trunk of the tree!"

Then, silent and swift, to his cottage returning,
He found a small crevice—peeped through the thatch wall,
And saw, baking bread on the fire brightly burning,
The lovely young damsel, whose hand had done all.

With exercise flushed, all her features were glowing,
Her form bending lithe in its fine symmetry,
As she listened to hear distant barking, not knowing
That he whom she loved all her movements could see.

And there hung the charmed skin, the whole secret revealing;
He sprang in and seized it, with heart light and free;
"No longer," said he, "this fair maiden concealing,
This magical charm shall have power over me!"

And into the flames he then thrust it—and rather,
That she strove to take it, her beauty to hide.
Then she wept. But he said, "Now return to thy father;
I follow, to claim thee—my beautiful bride!"

The Greek and Roman epicures of old are reported to have offered a large reward for the invention of a new dish. After centuries of gastronomy, especially after the torture of culinary ingenuity we have had in the civilized world for the last two hundred years, it would scarcely be thought that we should hit upon a novel delicacy in the capital of the New World. But we seem to have done so, the new thing being a familiar article in a new form—nothing less than a broiled lobster. The lobster has been eaten from time immemorial—it is believed to have been the *karabos* of the Greeks and the *locusta* of the Romans—and always, so far as known, to have been boiled. Only within a few months has it occurred to some of the French cooks of New York—half-a-dozen *chefs* of different clubs and restaurants claim to have been the originators of the dish—to broil the favorite shell-fish, which is now regularly placed upon a gridiron, and, served piping hot, is greatly relished by all gourmands. The process of preparation is very simple. The fish is cut through the body, divided into equal parts, while alive (this seems cruel, though it is not more cruel than boiling), the claws cracked on the edge, and put over the coals until the shell turns red. Then it is placed on the table, buttered, sprinkled with red pepper and eaten.

It seems almost incredible that Europe is now paying to North Italy 10,000,000 of francs annually for its eggs. The firm of Francesco Cirio, in Turin, in one single year, has dispatched 1,388 wagon-loads of eggs across the frontier to Germany, Holland, Belgium, France and England. Each wagon is reputed to contain about 130,000 eggs. No less than 1,371 of these egg-wagons, during the past twelve months, have passed the transit station Peri for England and Belgium. Each egg is valued by the firm of Cirio at 5 1-10 cents; the total annual cost of their packing is reckoned at 400,000 lire or francs, and the expense of transit at 900,000 lire. Before the year 1875 the firm never employed, in the best seasons, more than 200 wagons, while they are now obliged to use nearly 1,400. The industrious hens of Northern Italy are at present laying an average of 500,000 eggs every day, solely to supply the international traffic carried on by Signor Cirio, while other firms are employing 918 egg-wagons in the same traffic.

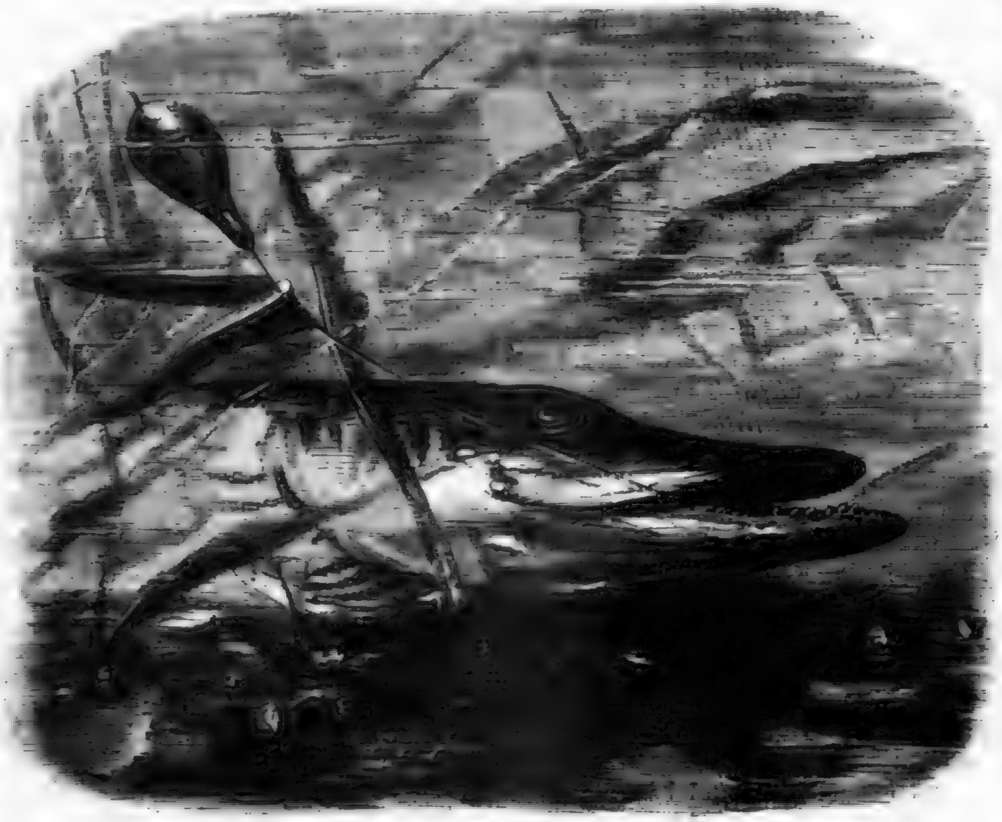
XUM

THE PIKE.

The fierce and voracious pike has well earned its titles of "fresh-water shark" and "river pirate," for, though perhaps not any more destructive to animal life than the roach, gudgeon and other harmless fish, the prey which it devours is of larger size, and its means of destruction are so conspicuous and powerful, that its name has long been a by-word for pitiless rapacity.

The pike is the master of the waters in which it resides, destroying without mercy every other fish that happens to come near its residence, none seeming able to escape, except the perch, whose array of sharp spines daunts even the voracious pike from attempting its capture. As if to show that the pike really desires to eat the perch, and is only withheld from doing so by a wholesome dread of its weapons, there is no better bait for a pike than a young perch from which the dorsal fin has been removed. It will even feed upon its own kind, and a young pike, or jack, as it is then called, of three or four inches in length, has little chance of life if it should come across one of its larger kindred.

At the beginning of Spring, the pike leaves the larger rivers, and ascends the creeks and narrow ditches in order to deposit its spawn. In England many fine fish are captured at that time of the year by penning them in with a couple of nets, which are gradually approached toward each other until the fish is inclosed between them.



THE PIKE.

After hatching, the growth of the young jack is extremely rapid, and, according to Bloch, it will attain a length of ten inches in the first year of its life. If well fed, the growth of this fish continues at a tolerably uniform rate of about four pounds per year, and this increase will be maintained for six or seven successive years.

The voracity of the pike is too well known to need much comment. A tiny jack of five inches in length has been known to capture and try to eat a gudgeon of its own size, and to swim about, quite unconcernedly, with the tail of its victim protruding from its mouth. Had it been suffered to live, it would probably have finished the gudgeon in course of time, as the head was found to have been partially digested.

Three water-rats have been found in the stomach of one pike, accompanied by the remains of a bird too far decomposed to be recognizable, but supposed to be the remnants of a duck.

An opinion was once prevalent, and still exists in some places, that the pike would not eat the goldfish, being scared by the burnished glitter of their scales. This idea, however, is incorrect, as the pike has been seen to devour goldfish in spite of their brilliant armor. So universal is the appetite of this fish, that it has even been known to seize the paste bait which had been used for other and less voracious inhabitants of the waters.

When the pike attains a tolerable size, it takes possession of some particular spot in the bank, usually a kind of hole or cave which is sheltered by overhanging soil or roots, and affords a lair where it can lurk in readiness to pounce upon its passing prey.

It is rather remarkable that these fish seem to be well acquainted with the most "eligible residences," and that if a large pike is taken from a hole, another is sure to take possession in a very short space of time.

The pike seems to have no limit to its size, for it is a very long-lived fish, and seems always to increase in dimensions, provided it be well supplied with food. A fish of ten or twelve pounds in weight is considered to be a fine specimen, though there have been examples where the pike has attained more than five times the latter weight. These huge fishes of sixty or seventy pounds are, however, of little value for the table.

The color of the pike is olive-brown on the back, taking a lighter hue on the sides, and being variegated with green and yellow. The abdomen is silvery white.

Where Ivory Comes From.—Ivory has been an important article of commerce for many centuries. It was imported by Solomon from Tarshish about 992 B.C. It is said that to furnish the ivory which is imported into England alone, 50,000 elephants have to be killed every year. The best ivory comes from Zanzibar, and is the product of the African elephant; it is opaque, soft, easy to work, and free from cracks and other defects. That from Ambriz, the Gaboon River and south of the Equator, is called "silver gray"; it remains white and never becomes yellow, as is the case with the Asiatic ivory, and is, therefore, the most valuable of any ivory in the market. The tusks from Siam are translucent, and, being soft-grained, are preferred for oramental work.

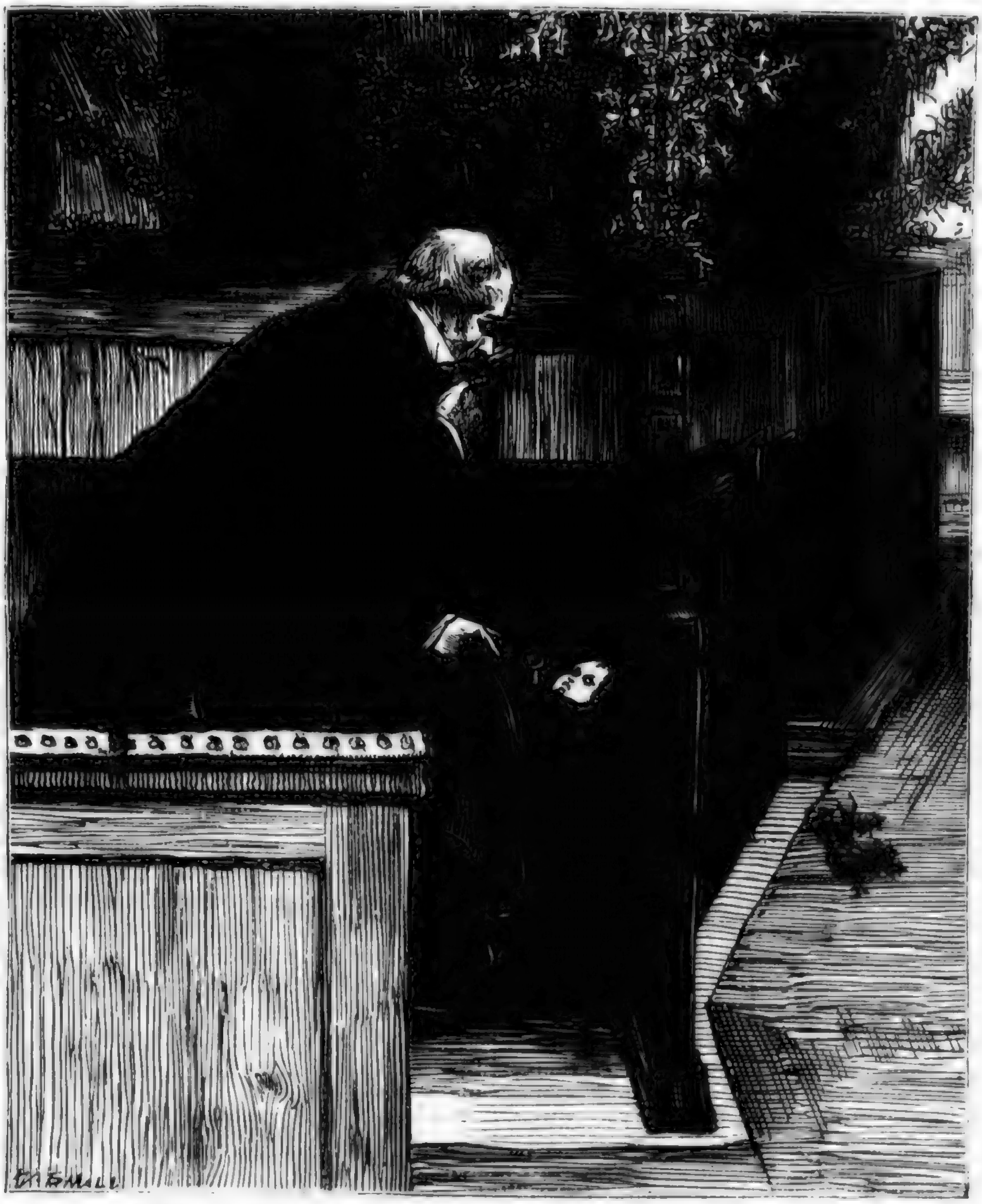
Knowledge, when in the possession of only a few, has always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

XUM

WHAT A BABY'S HAND UNLOCKED.

By Thomas Archer.

People who know London, and like to wander up and down the quaint old streets, soon learn to leave the broad and more modern thoroughfares, and to plunge into the silence and seclusion of the queer by-ways which lie away from the great roaring sea of traffic, like the caves and shallows that skirt some great ocean bay.



WHAT A BABY'S HAND UNLOCKED.—"ANOTHER MOMENT HE WAS BENDING OVER A BUNDLE SEEMINGLY COMPOSED OF A COARSE BLUE CLOAK, BUT FROM WHICH THERE PRESENTLY CAME OUT A BABY HAND."

Amongst these retired spots, none are more suggestive than the old churchyards, all blurred and dim with London smoke, but yet in which a few trees yearly put forth green leaves of little promise, and a choir of sooty sparrows chirp around the queer old steeples, or perch impudently upon the leaden ornaments which adorn the sacred porch. Of the dozen or so of such places, none are more suggestive than the church and yard of St. Simon Swynherde, which, lying in the circumbendibus of a lane named after the same saint, form as it were a sort of outlying island, upon whose quiet shores the incautious wayfarer, being sometimes lost or cast away, can hear the humming surges of the great sea as they boom in the thoroughfares beyond.

There is no alteration in this place from year to year, except such differences as are brought about by the change of seasons; no civic improvement troubles its sedate gloom—no adventurous speculator regards it as a promising site for building blocks of offices—no railway company casts an evil eye upon its seclusion.

To get away from the place, however, and come to our story (it shows what a queer, dreamy, out-of-the-way, lost, forlorn, silent, incompetent old neighborhood it is, when only to begin to talk about it involves utter forgetfulness of the business that took you there)—to get away from the place to the people—the dimmest, darkest and dirtiest of all the houses round the yard was that of Richard Dryce and Co., factors and general merchants. It was never known who was the Co., for Richard Dryce managed his own business, and lived in the house, in one of the back rooms of which, overlooking a square, paved courtyard, he had been born; for the business belonged to his father before him, and he himself had married into the business

XUM

of another factor and general merchant. His wife had died some twenty years before the period of this story —died in giving birth to a boy, who was sometimes mistaken for the Co., but who at present occupied no better position than that of a superior clerk, with the questionable advantage of living with his father in the dull old house, where he had to go through the warehouse, amidst innumerable bales and crates and packages, to reach the staircase which conducted him to the gloomy rooms, the old-fashioned furniture of which suited his father, but was sorely against his own taste.

How he should have come to have any opinion of his own is perhaps a mystery, for he resembled his mother, who was a simple creature, easily influenced, and with all her tastes apparently molded on the pattern set before her by her husband. Still, however it may have been, though he was born in the gloomy house, and was subject to the same influences, the younger Dryce—whose name was Robert—never took kindly to the dull routine to which his father's habits doomed him. He was too dutiful and too mild in disposition—in fact, too unlike his own father —to offer any direct opposition to it, or to complain very often of its exactions; but he felt that at twenty he was kept with too tight a hand, and that there were worlds beyond St. Simon Swynherde which might be harmlessly explored.

Richard Dryce was not a bad man; but he had been himself devoted from early life to one condition of things, which were in some strange way in accordance with his natural constitution, or with which he had become identified till they grew into a necessary part of his existence. He was a self-contained man—an undemonstrative man, whose mind was attuned to respectable solitude, and who, without being a misanthrope, regarded his fellow-creatures through a ground-glass medium, which made them seem shadowy and unapproachable.

A few business acquaintances he had, with whom he would sometimes take his chop and glass of old port at a city tavern of an evening; he would even, on rare occasions, go the length of smoking a cigar in company with one or two of his less distant companions; but his laugh was like the harsh echo of a disused violin, and he seldom or never invited anybody to see him at home. One of the people whom he disliked most said that he was "a button-up man," and Richard Dryce could never forgive him —the description was so true.

One of his most intimate friends, an alderman, of congenial temperament, who had greatly distinguished himself by quarreling and exchanging vituperative epithets with another alderman on the magisterial bench, seriously advised him to become a candidate for civic honors; but he strenuously refused, although he ultimately permitted his son Robert to achieve something like independence by becoming a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Twidlers, whose hall stood within the precincts of St. Simon Swynherde.

It was only on the occasion of one of their dinners that Robert was allowed to be out after ten o'clock; but that restriction did not prevent his spending the larger number of his evenings between eight o'clock and ten at the Twidlers' Hall, which moldy old structure, with its great, cold, lonely banqueting-hall and awkward polygonal anterooms decorated with portraits of deceased dignitaries, held an attraction, not to be found elsewhere, in the person of pretty Agnes Raincliffe, the only daughter of the company's beadle.

For six months they had been under the sweet illusion that disinterested affection must eventually win for itself a way to union; but old Mr. Raincliffe had spoken seriously to them, and altogether forbade their further meeting until Robert had spoken to his father. He went home that very night, and, nerved to a sort of desperation, *did* speak to his father, ending with too usual declarations that his choice was unalterable. Perhaps it was; but, whether or not, Richard Dryce went the very way to make it so when he laughed that discordant laugh, and, with a taunt against his son's weakness of purpose and his dependent position, told him to dismiss such a scheming little hussy from his thoughts, for he was to marry when he had permission, which would never be granted to such a match as the beadle wanted to bring about.

Robert left his father's presence without a word; but in a week from that date he had followed Agnes down into the country, whither she had been sent out of the way. When he returned he wrote a letter to his father, to say that they were married.

It is easy to guess what followed. When he called for an answer to his communication, he received a brief note, saying that he was discarded from that hour, need never trouble himself to enter the doors of the old house again, and that henceforth he must look to his own exertions for the means of living.

This letter was sent by the hand of a sort of managing clerk, one Jaggers, who was at the same time commissioned to tell Robert that he could, if he chose, obtain a situation in a house at Liverpool, where his father's interest was sufficient to secure him a clerkship at a very moderate salary.

Now, it so happened that Jaggers had always appeared to be the best friend young Robert ever had: he had sympathized with him on the subject of his father's harshness; had applauded his noble sentiments when he had imparted the secret of his engagement to Agnes; had wished that *he* was master of the establishment in St. Simon's Yard, that justice might be done to disinterested virtue; and had generally assumed the part of guide, philosopher and friend, tempered by humble deference, to the young man. It was arranged between them, therefore, that after a time, during which Robert should accept the situation at Liverpool, a more successful appeal might be made to Dryce, Senior, and that a letter addressed to him should be sent, under cover of Jaggers, who would lay it on his table. Then Robert and his young wife went away, leaving this good-natured fellow to watch their interests.

A year passed, and the letter had been written, but remained unanswered; indeed, according to Jaggers's showing, Richard Dryce was more inveterate than ever, and was unapproachable on the subject of his undutiful son, in pleading whose cause he (Jaggers) had nearly obtained his own dismissal.

The house in which Robert was a clerk went to pieces in the commercial crisis, and he was thrown out of employment. Again he wrote to his father, saying that he had an appointment offered him in Australia, and only wanted the money to pay his passage. He received no reply, but some people who knew him in Liverpool made up the sum, and his wife came to London to live with her father (who was superannuated in favor of a new beadle), and to wait for his return, or for the remittance that was to come by the first mail, that she might join him there.

Their first child, a girl, had been a poor, sickly little creature, and was dead; but Agnes was likely again to become a mother, and waited anxiously for the money which would enable her to prepare for such an event. Anxiously as she waited, it never came, and Jaggers, to whom it was to have been directed, advanced her a sovereign, as he said, "out of his small means," and then lost sight of her, for she and her father had moved into fresh lodgings, where the managing clerk could scarcely trouble himself to go, unless he had good news to take with him. Indeed, he had so much to occupy his attention, that some months had elapsed since he had seen Agnes; once only he had written a short reply to a note imploring him to say whether any remittance had arrived; but how could he spare time to attend to such matters, when Mr. Dryce was every week taking a less active part in the business, and the Christmas quarter was stealing on, with the balance-sheet not even thought of in the press of country orders?

Mr. Richard Dryce was still hale and active; but those who knew him best thought that he was breaking. His voice was less harsh, his hair had turned from iron-gray to white. Once or twice old acquaintances ventured to ask after his son, but he shook his head, and said he knew nothing of him; he had written to his last address, but had received no reply.

So Christmas came—Christmas Eve, that is; and the old man looked so solitary, that one or two tried to rally him, and even asked him to spend the next day with them, to which he responded by his old harsh laugh, and putting on his worsted gloves, trudged home through the snow.

On Christmas morning he awoke early—almost before the daylight had penetrated the dull rooms where he lived—and had a sudden fancy to walk into the church. It was already daylight in the streets, but the interior of St. Simon Swynherde was dim with mist and with the obscurity of the windows. Some attempt had been made at decoration even here, however, and branches of holly and evergreens were placed about the pillars and against the organ, where his own name had been painted in gilt letters since the time that he had been churchwarden and helped to restore it. Even as he looked up at it, the notes of the Christmas hymn came trembling into the chill morning air, for the organist had come there to play before the early service.

To most people there might have been nothing in the place or its associations to evoke much gentle feeling; but, as the tones of the organ swelled and the music grew louder, old Richard Dryce sat down in the corner of his own pew, and leaned his head upon the bookboard, with his hands clasped before his face. Not till the warm tears had trickled from between his fingers did he raise his head, and then it was to look round him to the cushion at the other end of the pew, for from some place near him he thought he had heard a sound that was out of all harmony with the organ, but not altogether apart from the associations of the Christmas hymn—the wailing of a child. Another moment he was bending over a bundle seemingly composed of a coarse blue cloak, but from which there presently came out a baby hand, and—the covering once pulled aside—a little, round, rosy face, in which a pair of large blue eyes were wide awake in utter astonishment.

Who can tell what had been the thoughts busy in old Dryce's mind? Was it prayer? Was it that yearning which finds no words of entreaty, but yet ardently and dumbly implores—all vaguely—that the crooked paths of former error may be made straight at last—that the rough places of a mistaken course may become divinely plain? He could not tell; and yet in some way he accepted this child as a visible answer to a petition that he had meant to frame.

When the organist and the sextoness came down presently, and with indignant virtue advised the removal of the child to the workhouse, he regarded their suggestion as little less than impious, and expressed his determination of taking the little one home with him.

His old housekeeper and the younger servants were not a little surprised, perhaps they were even scandalized, to see the merchant come home with such a Christmas offering; but Mr. Dryce was master in his own house, and the little guest was fed. Then Dr. Banks was sent for, and he declared that it would be necessary to provide a nurse; while, as luck would have it, he had that very morning (Christmas morning) been sent for to see a casual applicant for relief at the Union—a woman who had just lost a child. Temporarily she might do well enough, and Dr. Banks wanted to get home to dinner; so away went the housekeeper in a cab with a letter from the doctor, and in two hours came back, bringing with her a pale, pretty young woman, whose name was Jane Harris, and who—her husband having gone abroad and left her with a child which she had just lost—was reduced to apply at the workhouse. She was so timid, and had at first such a scared look, that Mr. Dryce had much trouble to induce her to stay; but it was quite wonderful the way in which the child took to her, and so a room was got ready for them both, and she was comfortably settled, almost, as the housekeeper said, "as if she was a lady, though for the matter of that, Dr. Banks knew more about her than he said, and things looked very queer." At any rate, Dr. Banks said the next day, after he had had a little conversation with the new nurse, that she was thoroughly trustworthy, and that he himself had known her father, who once held a very respectable position in the city, but was now dead.

So Mrs. Harris became an inmate at the dim old house, and her charge throve under her care.

When the boy at last grew able to crawl about, and even to walk from chair to chair, he seemed to have so grown to the old man's heart that Dryce became subject to a kind of transformation. His laugh grew more mellow, as though the violin had been laid near the fire and played upon gently; a dozen old and forgotten picture-books were disinterred from some box, and toys strewed the floor of the dingy sitting room.

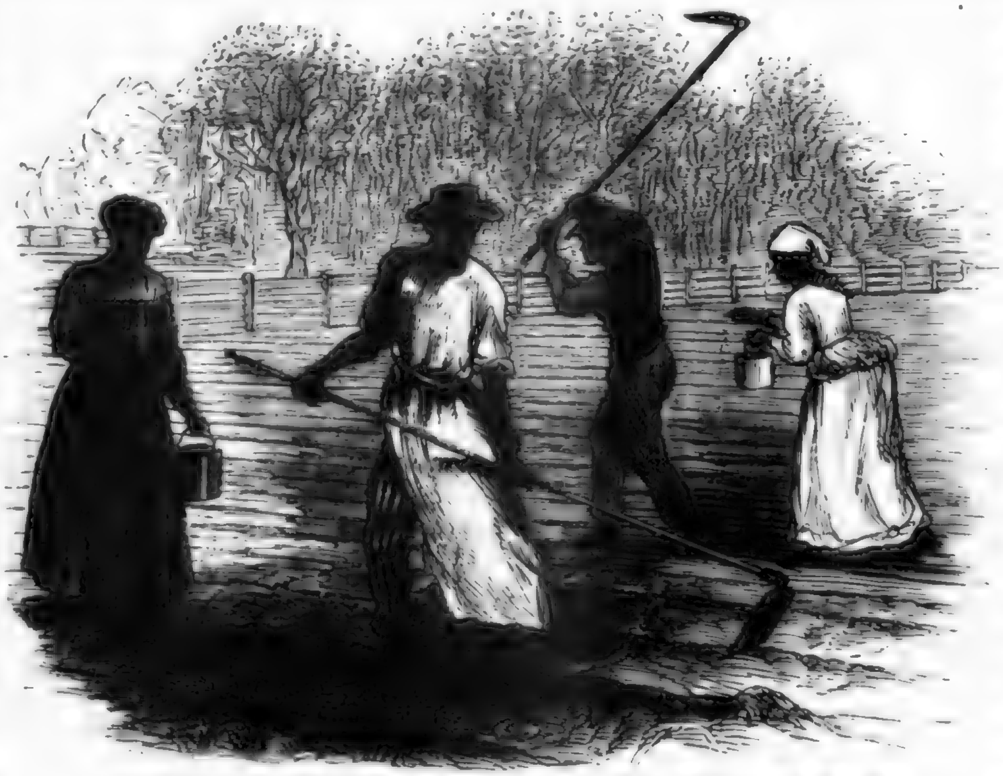
At about this time Mrs. Harris was, for a week or more, strangely agitated by a letter which was brought to her one morning, and came, as she said, from her husband, who had been for some time in Australia. Upon her recovery, Mr. Dryce inquired a little into her husband's circumstances, and hearing that he was endeavoring to establish an agency in Sydney, wrote a letter requesting him to make some inquiries about a house to which Dryce & Co. had made large consignments, but whose promised remittance had not duly arrived.

He soon had enough to occupy him, however, for Christmas was coming round again; and, with something like a resumption of the old vigor in his business habits, he had called for the books, for he had had some serious losses lately, and began to think it necessary to give some personal attention to the current accounts. Still, every day he had his little pet in the room to play about his knees, and, indeed, refused to part with him even when nurse Harris came to put him to bed, often making her stay and take some wine, or consulting her as to some future provision for her little charge.

It was on another Christmas Eve that he sat talking to her in this way, but still with a rather absent manner, for his heavy ledgers and cash-books lay beside him on the table. She would have taken the child away, but Mr. Dryce told her to let him remain, and at the same time asked her to step down into the counting-house, and if Mr. Jaggers had not left for the night, to ask him to come

XUM

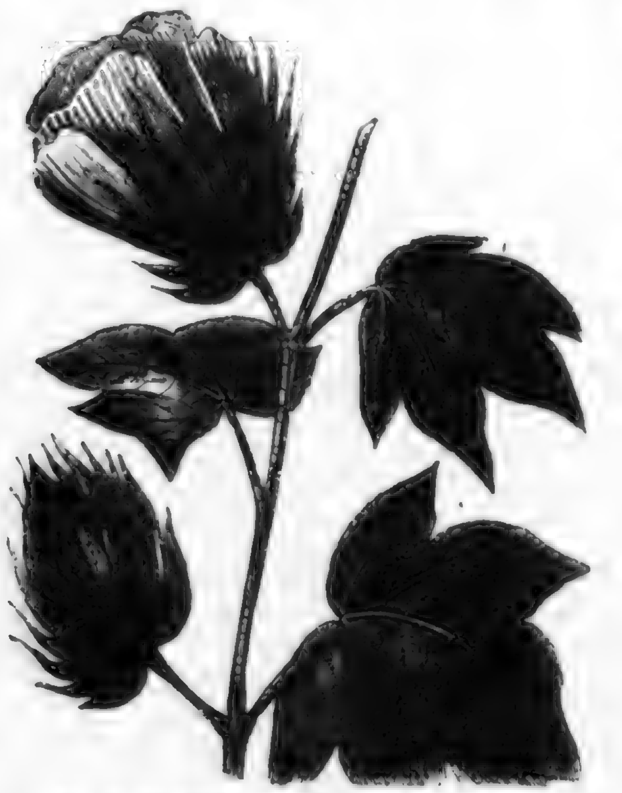
up. Now, Mr. Jaggers had so seldom been invited to come up-stairs, that, although he of course knew of the adoption of the little foundling, he had never seen the nurse; but that was scarcely any reason for her stopping on her way down-stairs, and pressing her hand to her side with a sudden spasm of fear.



COTTON, IN THE COAST AND UPLAND FIELDS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—SOWING SEED. SEE PAGE 567.

She got down at last, however, and opening the two doors which led to the passage, at the end of which was the private counting-house, stood there in the shadow and looked in.

Mr. Jaggers was busy at his desk tearing up papers, some of which already blazed upon the hearth. The desk itself was open, and by the light of the shaded lamp she could see that it contained a heavily-bound box, in which hung a bunch of keys. As she delivered Mr. Dryce's message, still in the shadow of the door, he looked up with a scared face, and, dropping the lid of the desk with a loud slam, peered into the darkness.



SEA ISLAND BLOOM—YELLOW, WITH PURPLE SPOT.

Mrs. Harris repeated her message, and returned swiftly up the stairs, nor stopped even to go in for the child, but shut herself in her own room. Somehow or other, Mr. Jaggers felt a cold perspiration break out all over him; and yet he need scarcely have been cold, for he already had his great-coat on, and there was a decent fire in the grate burning behind a guard. Still, he shivered, and after taking the lamp and once more looking into the entry, gave a deep sigh of relief, and in a half-absent manner locked both box and desk, and carefully placed the keys in a breast-pocket. Leaving the lamp still burning, he went up-stairs, and found Mr. Dryce alone, sitting at the table with the books open before him. He looked up.

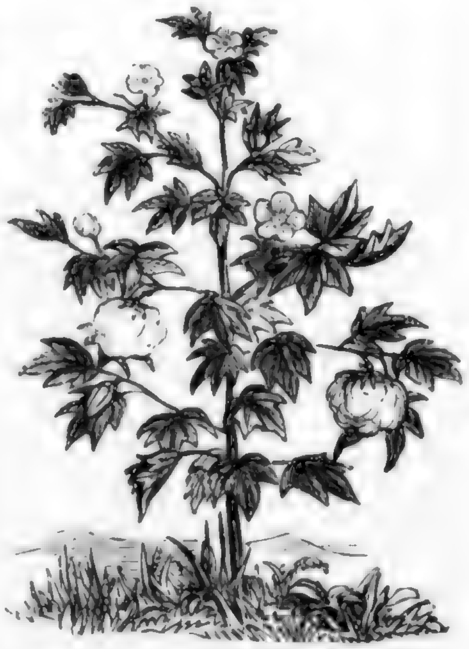
"Take a seat, Jaggers," he said; "I shall want you for an hour or more, for there are several things here that require explanation."

Mr. Jaggers turned pale, but he took off his coat and laid it, along with his hat, on the great horse-hair sofa at the other end of the room. Then both he and his employer plunged into figures, till the chimes of a distant clock sounded nine.

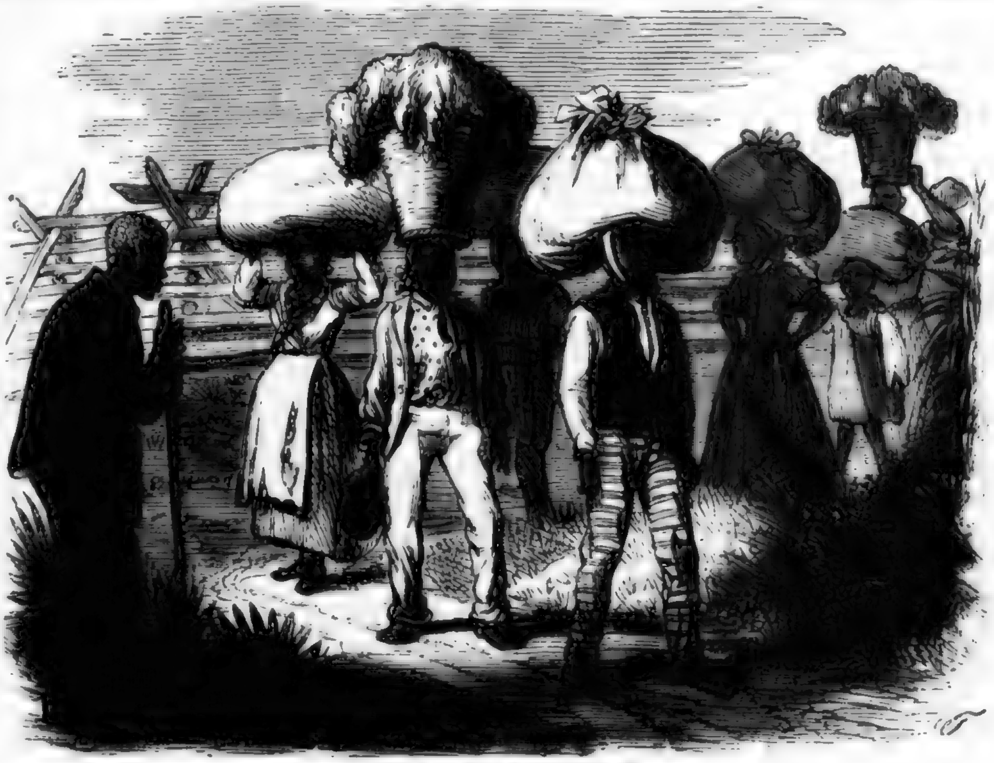
"We must finish this the day after Christmas Day," said Mr. Dryce; "I won't keep you longer."

Mr. Jaggers put on his coat and his hat, and bade his employer good-night. He had no sooner left the room than Mrs. Harris came in to fetch the little one, for, as she said, "it was already past his bedtime." Richard Dryce fell into his chair, and was as near having a fit as ever he had been in his life.

"Good gracious! Mrs. Harris—you don't mean to say you haven't got the boy! He's not here; run and see whether he has gone into



SHORT STAPLE PLANT, WHITE BLOSSOMS.



AFTER A DAY'S "PICKING."

Betsy's room; she runs away with him sometimes."

"Mamma!" said a sleepy little voice under the sofa, and Mr. Dryce and the nurse were both on their knees in a moment.

"The precious! Why, if he hasn't been asleep all the time," said Mr. Dryce, kissing the warm, rosy cheek. "Take him off to bed directly, and bring him down to breakfast in the morning."

Mrs. Harris only just escaped meeting Jaggers on the stairs, up which he was coming, followed by Betsy with a flaring tallow candle, and looking carefully on every stair.

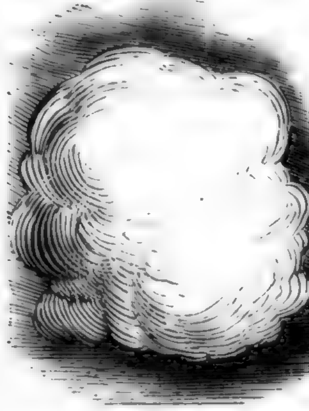
"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with a scared look, as he opened the room door; "but have you seen my keys anywhere? I must have dropped them somewhere in the room, I think."

"No," replied Mr Dryce, "I've seen nothing—most extraordinary!" he said to himself, thinking of the child and forgetting Jaggers.

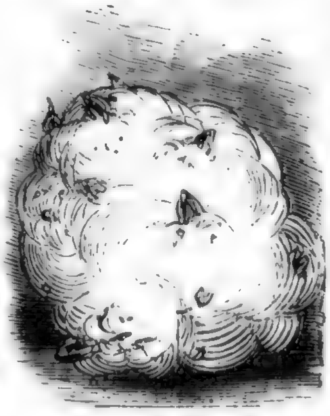
"It is, sir, very extraordinary," said the clerk, groping on the floor. "I know I had them when I came up here, and I can't open my desk, where I keep my money."

"Oh, never mind, Jaggers," said Mr. Dryce, sleepily. "Here are a couple of sovereigns. If we find the keys you can have them on Boxing Day. Come, good-night! I'll come down and bolt the office door after you."

Jaggers entreated his employer not to take so much trouble, and delayed so long that the old gentleman began to grow a little impatient. At last he got rid of him by giving Jaggers permission to come early next morning, when if his employer's keys were not discovered, Jaggers might pick the lock.



GINNED COTTON.



UNGINNED COTTON.

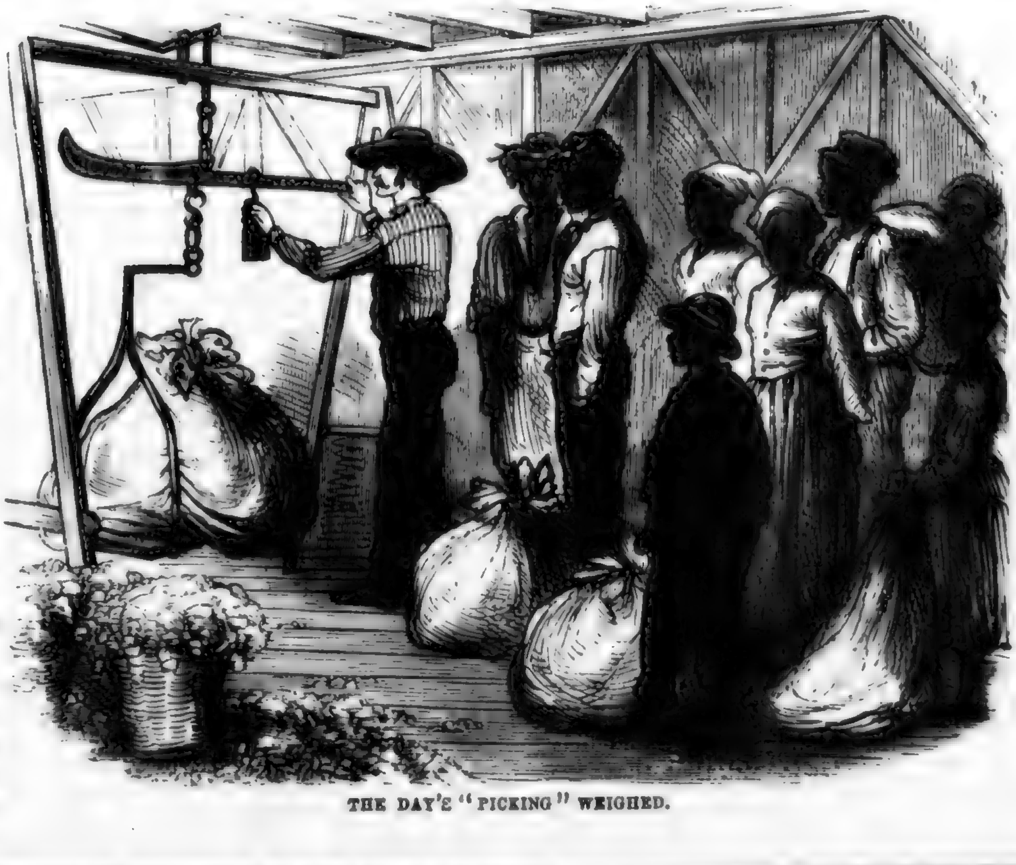
Mr. Dryce was in a brown study, sitting looking at the fire, and sipping a glass of hot negus, when Mrs. Harris knocked at the door.

"Excuse me, sir, but have you missed your keys?"

"Hang the keys!" said Mr. Dryce, absently. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Harris; sit down a moment. I was thinking what I could buy our little fellow for a Christmas present."

"But these keys, sir: I took them out of the bosom of baby's frock when I undressed him. How he got them I can't tell."

Mr. Dryce took the keys in his hand, and looked at them mechanically; then started, and singling out one



THE DAY'S "PICKING" WEIGHED.

particular key, held it nearer the light, at the same time comparing it with one of a bunch which he took from his own pocket. He had turned stern and pale.

"I want you to come down-stairs with me, Mrs. Harris," he said; "these are the keys Mr. Jaggers has lost, and I'm afraid I shall want a policeman."

First the door of the great iron safe let into the wall. Mr. Dryce knew that it was a cunningly made lock, and thought that no key but his would open it. It opened easily with Jaggers's key, however; and from the lower drawer was missing property, in those days often kept in such places—bills, gold and notes—to the value of £4,500.

With feverish haste the old man unlocked the desk and the brass-bound box within it. The latter contained all the missing property, evidently placed there for immediate removal. In the desk were found bills, letters and correspondence, a glance at which disclosed a long system of fraud and peculation. Above all, amongst the loose papers were the letters that Robert sent to his father, and those which had been written by himself in repentance of the harsh parting which he had brought about with his lost son.

While they were both looking with mute astonishment at these evidences of Jaggers's villainy, there came a low knocking at the door, and two men entered, one of them a broad, brown-bearded man, in a half-seafaring dress; the other a policeman.

"A clerk of yours, named Jaggers," said the latter; "I want to know whether he has robbed you, or if you have reason to suspect him? This party has given him in custody on another charge."

There was a loud scream, and Mrs. Harris fell into the arms of the stranger, who had taken her aside to whisper to her.

"She is my wife," said he to Mr. Dryce. "I am the person to whom you wrote, and I have brought the remittance with me from Australia."

They all went up-stairs together, except the policeman, whose question was answered by a recital of the events of the night, and the present of a sovereign.

"Bring down the boy, and let me look at his dear little face," said old Dryce, when they were sitting round the fire.

The child was brought down, still asleep.

"God bless him!" said the bearded stranger. "He's not like either of us, Aggy."

"Like either of you!" said Mr. Dryce. "How should he be like your husband, Mrs. Harris?"

"Don't you know me, sir?" said the stranger, taking Mr. Dryce's hand. "My name is Robert Dryce, and this is my child, whose mother left it to the mercy of heaven, and found that it had reached its natural home. Forgive us, sir, for our child's sake."

Old Dryce was a shrewd man, but it took an hour to make him understand it all; events had come about so strangely.

"Well," said Robert, at last, "I'm glad you were in time to save the money."

"Hang the money!" ejaculated the old man; "at least, too much of it," he added, correcting himself. "This baby's hand has unlocked more treasures for me than all the Bank of England could count on a Summer's day."

WHERE ENGLAND FOUND HER VEGETABLES.

When Queen Catherine on one occasion expressed a wish for a salad, it is said that there were no materials in England of which to make it. According to Northwick, this was in 1509. If so, it must have been within a few months of the royal marriage; and the young King, to gratify the wish of his bride, forthwith sent over to Holland for gardeners to come and cultivate what was requisite for the purpose.

The native stock, as in the case of fruits, appears to have been remarkably scanty, and, such as they were, have been for the most part altogether superseded by foreign importations. There is, for instance, a native species of cabbage still found here and there in England growing wild; but of the 187 distinct samples mentioned in the *Royal Horticultural Society's Journal* for last July, as having been under culture and examination at Chiswick, probably no one would own to any relationship with the scrubby little indigenous cabbage, or colewort.

There is a species of carrot, again, indigenous to England, and it would seem, indeed, to almost every other country where a light soil is found. In its wild state, however, it is scarcely edible, being strong and unpleasant in flavor, and dry and tough in substance. It has been said that the seed of the wild carrot, sown for two or three years in rich as well as light soil, will yield excellent roots. Those who have tried the experiment, however, emphatically deny the truth of this, and it is probable that all the present varieties came from abroad. Some have maintained that the cultivated carrot came originally from Flanders, and that it was first grown at Sandwich, in Kent, in the time of Elizabeth. Gerard calls the plant the Candia carrot, and seems to assume that the best sort came from Candia.

Very much the same history may be given of the parsnip. This also is indigenous, but in its wild state is worthless, and the present edible sorts are from "over the sea."

Nobody knows precisely where the potato came from originally. It has been found apparently indigenous in many parts of the world. Mr. Darwin, for instance, found it wild in the Chonos Archipelago. Sir W. J. Hooker says that it is common at Valparaiso, where it grows abundantly on the sandy hills near the sea. In Peru and other parts of South America it appears to be at home, and it is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Darwin should have noted it both in the humid forests of the Chonos Archipelago and among the central Chilian mountains, where sometimes rain does not fall for six months at a stretch. It is to the colonists whom Sir Walter Raleigh sent out, in Elizabeth's reign, that England is indebted for potatoes. Herriot, who went out with these colonists, and who wrote an account of his travels, makes what may, perhaps, be regarded as the earliest mention of this vegetable. Under the heading of "roots," he mentions what he calls the "openawk." "These roots," he says, "are round—some large as walnuts, others much larger; they grow on damp soils, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes; they are good food either boiled or roasted."

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Phillips says that this root was planted, as a curious exotic, in the gardens of the nobility, but it was long ere it came into general use. Many held them to be poisonous, and, it would seem, not altogether unreasonably so, either. The potato is closely related to the deadly nightshade and the mandrake, and from its stems and leaves may be extracted a very powerful narcotic.

In Burgundy the adoption of the potato as food was for a time forbidden by law, being deemed "a poisonous and mischievous root." In England prejudice against it was for a long time very strong, more especially among the poor. It's use was believed to occasion dysentery and leprosy.

COTTON,

IN THE COAST AND UPLAND FIELDS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY JENNIE HASKELL.

MORE than 1,300 years ago, it is recorded as a singular fact that an emperor, who rejoiced in the name of Ou-ti, wore, upon the occasion of his accession to the throne of China, a *cotton* robe! And after old Ou-ti and his rare and royal robe had moldered in the dust for many years, the cotton-plant still bloomed along the straight paths of quaint old Chinese gardens, and long-eyed lovers, in their amorous lays, linked with their praises of their mistresses fond celebrations of the cotton-flower.

In India, even now, about the temple walls are seen luxuriant dark-green leaves, sheltering purple blossoms, which no unconsecrated hand may gather; for when the sacred pods are ripe, the Brahmans spin their contents into that tripartite thread which is the emblem of their Trinity.

But it is not of the cotton Ou-ti wore, nor of those sacred purple blossoms, that we have a tale to tell; but of that cotton which, about a century ago, began to whiten the coasts and uplands of the sunny Southern States—of that cotton which is quoted in the daily papers—which is packed and marked and shipped here day by day. Possibly these operations may not suggest such mystical images to the mind as of old Ou-ti on his throne, or the great Brahmans spinning holy thread; still, ere the cotton has been crushed by black machinery, while it unfolds its pale and golden blossoms, and sets free its snowy burden under tender skies, one may imagine a glamour about it yet, though not so fanciful as that the Chinese poets wove.

The cotton of the Southern States is of two kinds—the Barbadensian, generally known as the "Sea Island," or long-staple, which whitens our coasts and the low-lying islands that skirt them; and the "hirsute," or short-staple, growing in the middle and upper country. The latter has a green seed, more or less covered with a distinct clothing of hairs, and bears large pods of white cotton, with short staple and coarse fibre.

The cotton-planter saves his seed with the utmost solicitude, selecting from the finest and most prolific plants in his field (often from a single plant only, of fine fibre and large pod), seeds which he sows in his garden, and on which he lavishes the tenderest care. The pods of these, when ripe, he opens, and compares the staple with well-known standard varieties, and weighs it before and after removing the seed.

The preparations for planting upland cotton begin in February. Land is laid off into rows from three to four feet apart (according to its quality), then ridged up by throwing two furrows of a turning-plow together. A trench is then made in the ridge thus formed by a small shovel-plow, and in this the seed is sown. The sowers are followed by a man and a mule, with a "board" which lightly covers the seed with earth.

It is now the month of April, and the planting continues till about the middle of May, according to the locality and convenience of the planter.

When the cotton is up and growing well, cultivation begins by throwing earth to it with a "cotton sweep"; and the space between the rows is plowed up and thoroughly pulverized, and the "sweeping" repeated. As soon as the plants have strengthened sufficiently, they are cut out "to a stand" by a small hoe, so that the space between them shall measure from eight to eighteen inches (according to the quality of the land, and opinions of planters). The hoe performs a double duty, for it cuts out also the fine grass which has sprung up about the young plants.

Plowing and hoeing now continue as rapidly as possible—considering that ten days, at least, must elapse between each operation—until the cotton shades the land sufficiently to protect itself against the growth of grass, and until the plow injures the plant by breaking branches.

The cotton is now said to be "laid by," and during the warm days of June unfolds its white or faintly primrose-tinted blossoms, which are soon followed by the bolls.

Thus it continues to bear and bloom till frost, unless injured by too much rain, or the ravages of insects. Now the hard and somewhat triangular pods begin to burst, and through the dark-green rind one sees small peeps of snow.

The fields are filled with busy laborers, who, with deft fingers, draw from the bolls their precious contents, and bear, at close of day, their gathered burdens to be weighed.

After weighing, the cotton is spread out to be dried and sunned, then it is "ginned," that is, the soft white lint is separated from the seeds, to which it closely adheres. This is done by means of a machine called the "saw gin," invented in 1792 by Eli Whitney, and used, with but slight modifications, ever since. This machine consists of a series of saws, turning between the interstices of an iron bed upon which the cotton is laid. As these saws revolve the lint becomes entangled in them, and is drawn through the interstices, and swept off by a revolving cylindrical brush, while the seeds, being prevented by their size from passing, fall out at the bottom of the receiver.

The "cleaned," or "ginned," cotton is now "packed" or "pressed," chiefly by hydraulic power, into bales, and is ready for market.

After the ginning process, there remains of the bulk, as gathered from the tree, one-third of clean cotton fit for manufacturing purposes, and two-thirds of seed.

This seed (at least, all not saved for sowing), goes to the cotton-seed-oil factories, to be pressed for oil, which is converted into cake for feeding stock, or into a material for making paper, and is also used by the sugar-planters as a fertilizer. Before being expressed the seed is linted and hulled, the lint being sold to the white-paper factories, and the hulls used for fuel and fertilizers. Nor does the utility of this wonderful plant cease here. Even the stalks are of value, being used for thatch and baskets, and containing a fibre which may be converted into gunny and other cloths, said to be equal to those manufactured from jute. This fibre is also used for the commoner sorts of paper.

The beautiful long-staple or black-seeded cotton, which has, on our islands and coasts, attained, of late, a wonderful degree of perfection, is an entirely different plant from that described above. It grows to a considerable height, and during the Summer days uncloses yellow blossoms, and bears pods of creamy cotton, whose fibre is long and silky and of great strength. The present varieties planted are the result of long years of patient care and selection on the part of the Sea Island planter, and even distant Egypt is indebted to our little State for seed, as the long staple of that country degenerates with great rapidity. It is essential that the planter should be ever on the watch to make new selections year by year, for the staple shows a constant tendency to produce a fibre less fine and long.

This "art" of selection has, in the last few years, been brought to an almost exact science, and the results are astonishing. No longer does the planter watch with a depressing feeling of fatality for the caterpillar and cotton-bearing years, of which superstition predicted the

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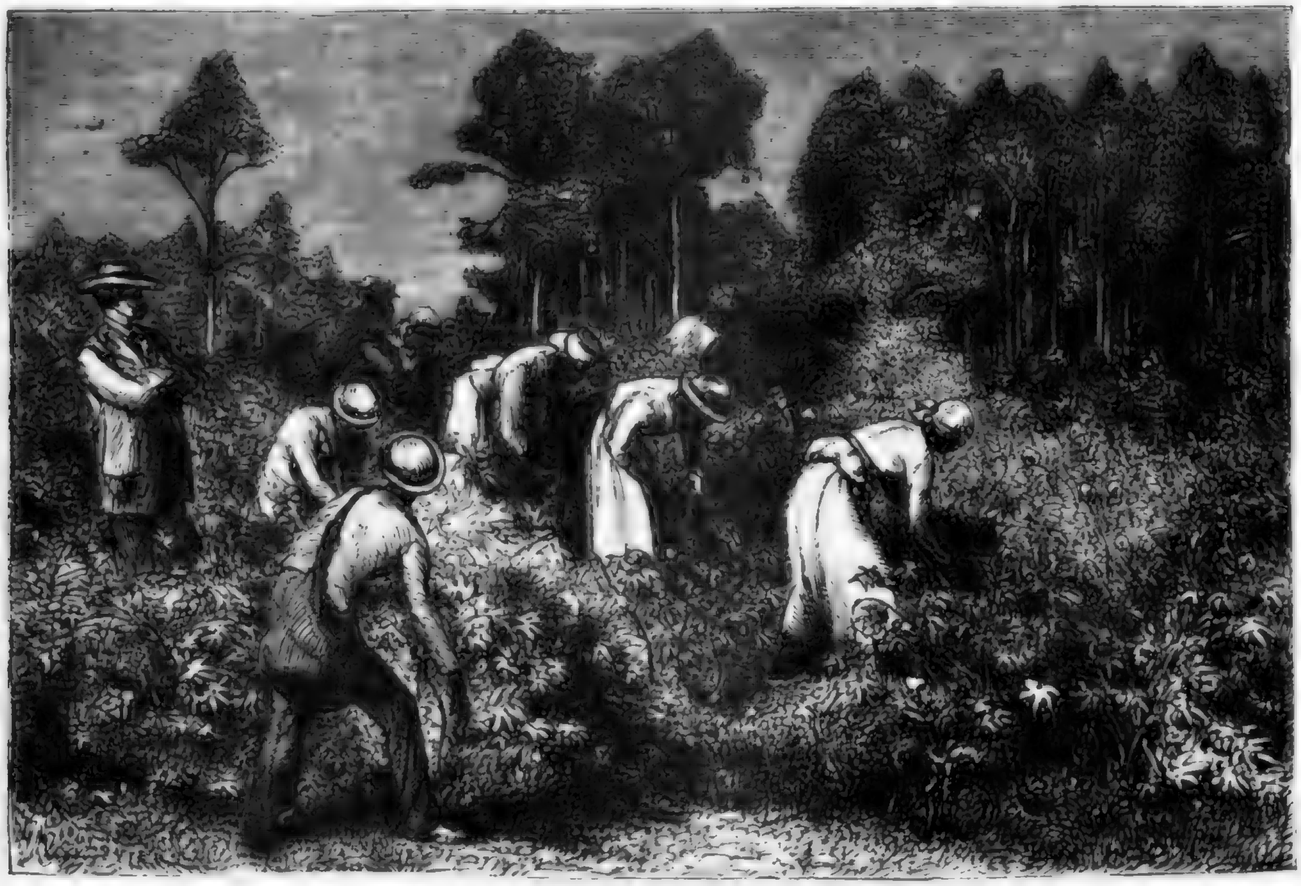
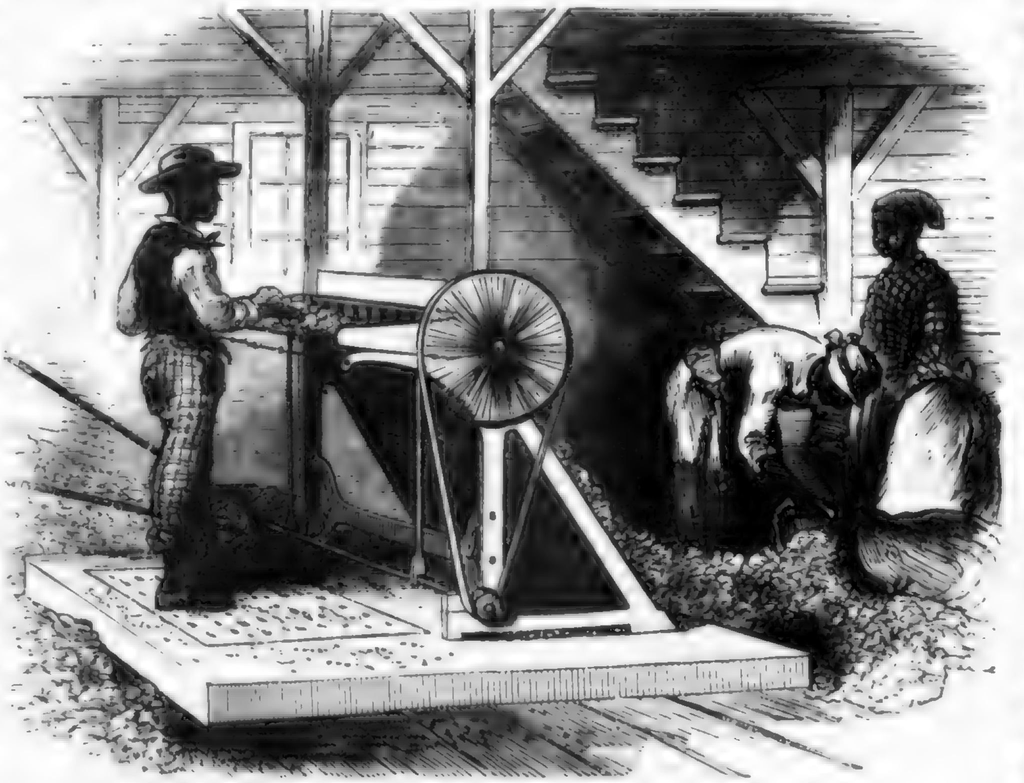


PICKING COTTON IN THE COAST.

return, each seven or fourteen seasons. Master of the situation, he applies to the one the fatal "Paris green," and to the other the dearly-bought experience of many weary years, with a success he scarcely dares anticipate. For instance, the former average yield of 100 pounds of lint cotton per acre, has been, by persistent effort and clearer insight, raised to a certainty of 200, a probability of 300, and a possibility of 400 pounds and over. Indeed, an experiment lately tried on one of the islands on our coast has resulted in the astonishing yield of 2,140 pounds of seed-cotton, which ginned out 566 pounds of lint—nearly two bales—the largest quantity of Sea Island cotton ever raised upon one acre of land.

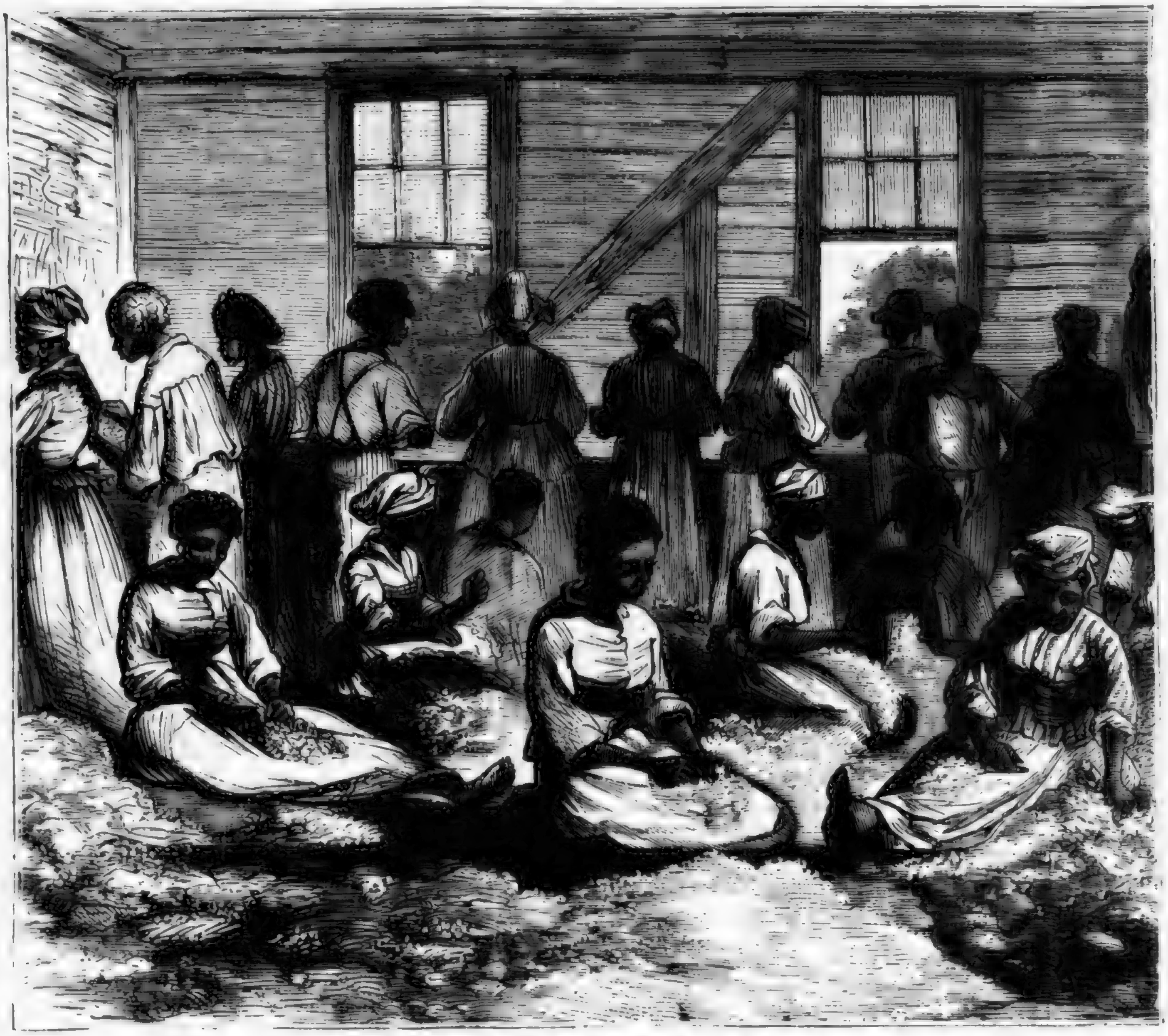
It is worth a journey across our fair little harbor to where, yonder, there lies along the horizon that line of soft dark-green, only to inspect a Sea Island cotton-field. That line is one of our islands; in fact—once a little kingdom in itself—having, as king, the kindly, chivalrous, but perhaps too luxurious, planter; and, as subjects, a host of ignorant, happy, faithful slaves—and now awaking from its long sleep of degradation and despair, to a brighter reign of peace and hope than it has ever known before. The king—no longer lapped in purple indolence—works shoulder to shoulder with those who once were slaves, forgiving and forgiven of past wrongs, a man among men, wise with the wisdom of experience, and glad with the exceeding joyfulness of hope!



WHITNEY'S SAW-GIN.

The beach stretches, yellow in the moonlight, scattered with curious shells, with here and there a splotch of moist and tangled sea-weed; but beyond, and past the great live oaks, with their vails of tender gray, past the tall melancholy pines, and past some ruins tinged with deeper pathos, lie the cotton-fields.

The tall plants, burdened at once with bud and blossom, ripe boll and empty hull,

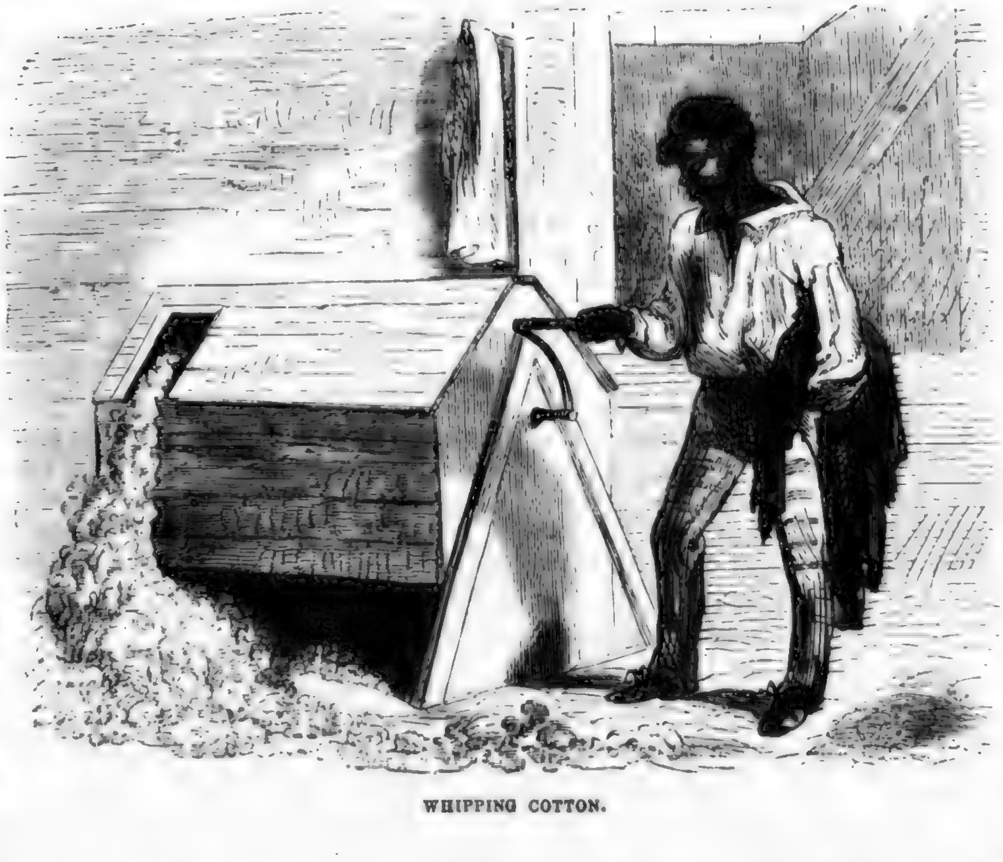


SEPARATING WHITE COTTON FROM YELLOW (LONG STAPLE).

grow in rows about five feet apart, with a distance of about three feet between each plant. The ridges are high, and the land well drained, and enriched with various fertilizers, in which salt mud and marsh-grass enter largely, and phosphates and lime from the marl-beds and phosphate deposits of South Carolina.

Thus, close to the planter's hand lies all that he may need, for God has richly blessed this little State. Can we not bear the ills that are of man's devising, when, for our comforting, great Nature pours forth at our feet her riches and most lovely treasures?

With a climate the temperance of which rivals that of any country in the world; with a soil whose resources,



WHIPPING COTTON.

though already marvelous, have not been yet half known, or half appreciated; with a vast and bitter experience (a possession none will deprive her of); with wisdom and prudence controlling her active brain, and peace and hope irradiating her tender heart—who shall dare say that South Carolina shall not be, ay, and already *is*, queen among queens, blessed by God and loved by man?

But, from Carolina, back to her great hope and pride—*Sea Island Cotton*.

The seed of these plants was sown in March, April or May, and treated in a method similar to that pursued in the culture of upland cotton. They bloomed in June, and continue, as we see them now, blooming and bearing through the long Summer months, and into the gentle Fall season; and, indeed, if let alone, they would continue to bud and bloom and ripen year by year—yielding, however, a fibre becoming constantly more coarse and short.

We can almost understand, standing here under blue and drooping skies, amid this widespread forest of tall, golden-blossomed plants, how, in those ancient days, the odd old Chinese poets could have been inspired by the cotton-flower. Yes, though it is this century of perfect common sense—this day of *work*, not *dreams*—something very like that long-banished, scorned and frightened Sprite of Poesy eyes us wistfully from yonder orange-grove, fans with its quivering wings the golden air, and cries to us with a very piteous, tender, thrilling cry from out that heap of blackened stones!

Talk as you will of these "uncivilized" and "barbarous" islands of ours, they are rich and fair and wonderful, for all that you may say—rich in past gorgeous memories, and fair with present beauty, and wonderful with the illimitable possibilities their future shadows forth.

The cotton gathered from these island fields has far more tender treatment than that bestowed upon its sister of the interior. Of finer and more silky fibre, and having a money value three, four and even five times as great, it is readily understood that such should be the case. As this fibre was found to be injured by the action of the saws, and to be more or less "cut" or "nepped," a more recent invention, the "McCarthy gin," has come into use for cleaning Sea Island, Egyptian and Brazilian cotton. In this machine, the fibre is drawn by a leather roller between a metal plate called the "doctor," fixed tangential to the roller, and a blade called the "beater," which moves up and down in a plane immediately behind, and parallel to, the fixed plate. As the cotton is drawn through by the roller, the seeds are forced out by the action of the movable blade, which, in some machines, is made to work horizontally instead of vertically. Of course, the great object is to obtain a machine which shall clean the largest amount of cotton in the shortest time—that is, unless the process injures the fibre, and thus diminishes the market value of the staple. This has sometimes been done to the extent of two to four cents per pound, or even more.

The "needle-saw gin" is a still more recent invention, intended to preserve the original beauty and strength of the fibre. It consists of steel wire set in block tin, with the bottom of the teeth rounded smoothly.

The rivals of this needle-saw gin are the double-action McCarthy gin, with two movable blades or beaters; the "knife-roller" gin; the "lockjaw" gin, and others. Indeed, great as have been the efforts toward perfection in cotton-cleaning machinery, and encouraging as has been the success, there yet remains a wide field for improvement.

Latest of all the inventions which, from time to time, have testified to the amount of thought and energy expended upon the great staple of our Southern country, is the "Clement attachment," which, it is claimed, is destined to turn back into its ancient channels, with added volume, the wealth cut off by the shock of civil war.

"The Clement attachment"—I quote from an interesting description lately published—"is a small cotton-gin used by the yarn manufacturer in connection with the top flat cotton-card for converting seed-cotton directly into sliver. It differs from the plantation gin in the following, viz.: The saws are smaller and are set closer together on the saw-shaft, the teeth of the saws are finer, the brush is smaller and more thickly set with bristles. The saws and brush both run much slower, and the brush runs but little faster than the saws. It also has a peculiar motor, or set of combining plates, which remove the motes and trash from the lint as it is taken from the seed. The seed-cotton is cleaned of all dust, grit, and much leaf-trash and motes, before it is passed to the attachment, by a small and inexpensive machine called the 'cotton-cleaner.' It occupies a space of only forty by forty by forty-eight inches. The size of the gin is regulated by the size of the card with which it is to be connected. The extreme dimensions of a gin for a thirty-six-inch card are eighteen by eighteen by fifty-six inches. It is framed to fit the frame of a card, in place of the licker-in and lap-roll, as used in the old method, which entitles it to the appellation 'attachment.' The Clement attachment, therefore, is simply the plantation, or Whitney, gin, so modified and improved by Clement and others that it works in direct connection with the manufacturer's card. It gently removes the lint from the seed without breaking or 'nepping' it, and transfers it to the card-cylinder by means of a slow brush, without tangling, in exact proportion to the capacity or requirements of the card—no condensing, no lapping. It at once dispenses with all opening or lapping machinery, and forms a new process of manufacturing, whereby seed-cotton is made directly into sliver. The sliver is then made into yarn by the usual method."

If this machine prove capable of all claimed for it, then, indeed, will it revolutionize the cotton trade, and the ten States constituting the "Cotton Belt" will be richly rewarded for their patient and long-continued efforts after recuperation. Should it come into general use, many of the machines hitherto deemed essential will be entirely dispensed with. Those used to render the cotton portable, such as the "press" and "compress," will be no longer needed, for the fibre will be spun fresh from the plant, and thus the preliminary operations of yarn-making, intended to loosen out the fibre from its tightly-packed condition, will be also unnecessary.

Besides the saving in expensive machinery (no unimportant item), the yarn produced by the new process is said to be stronger and better in every way than that formerly obtained. The reason of this is plain, for, being spun directly from the seed—not from the life-crushing bale—the oil, furnished by nature for that purpose, has kept it flexible and fresh and strong, till ready for use. But it is not only because of its local value that the Clement attachment is viewed with such expectation and hope. Great, indeed, will be the result, as regards our impoverished States, should it, as claimed, double the proceeds of his crop to the planter; but greater still will be its value when it is proved that it will add to the wealth of the world two cents on every pound of cotton sold, by saving waste, expenditure, and damages in various ways, besides preserving to the fibre its original purity and strength.

A glorious era seems about to dawn in this year of 1880 for our cotton-planters. Before us spread harvests of gold.

We see, in every field, the staple gathered, cleaned, spun, with a simplicity that means—perfection!

The pathetic ruins are still unforgotten—not "restored," for that means often but an added desolation—but by their side springs up a home of peace and plenty. Neat tenements replace the patched remnants of the former "negro quarter." Free laborers work with an energy born of intelligence, and reap a rich reward. The generous-hearted planter's hands are filled again with bounty to bestow. All the beauty and comfort, material and intellectual, that gold can procure, gather and grow about the island home. The bitterness of poverty, the agony of fruitless toil, have passed away for ever, and God is thanked and blessed, in the aspirations of filled hearts, who know what hunger means.

"And now for the packing!"

The words startle our dreams away. We draw a long breath and look about us.

Ah, not yet. Soon, but not yet! The gold is but the yellow blossoms tinged by the dying sun to deeper lustre, and perhaps the glint of that fruit-laden orange-grove that fronts us. The boughs droop to earth with their clustered burden, and among them lie, still lonely, those pathetic ruins.

"Packing?"

"Yes. Sea Island cotton is not packed by screw. 'Hand packing' is all that is allowable."

So we leave the cotton-field, and passing the building which shelters the fiery little engine, panting and laboring as it works the McCarthy gin, we enter on a busy scene.

There is a great clatter about us. Some women are seated to one side of the big bare room, flat on the floor, with their feet stretched out straight before them, and very wide apart. Their laps are filled with cotton. Cotton, too, is spread on the floor in a great layer, all about them. In this their hands are constantly diving.

"What are you doing?" we ask, with great curiosity, of one old soul, whose striped bandana stands awry. She looks up with a grin that seems to pervade her whole shining face, and nods.

"Wha-a-t—are—you—do-ing?" we scream through an impromptu trumpet, formed of our hands.

"Wha-a-a' dat?" in a tone utterly indescribable, a cross between a drawl and a jerk.

"What—are—you—doing?" once more, the last word rising in a despairing crescendo.

The old darkey points from one side to the other with an inimitable gesture of her quick black hands.

"De *yaller!*" she explains, in a great shout—"de *yaller* from de *w'ite!*"

Then we understand that she is separating the cotton that is slightly tinged from that more purely white, before packing.

Of the packing, as ordinarily performed, the cut gives a very good idea. Huge bags are suspended from holes in the floor, and into these the cotton is thrown, and trodden down until full. Sometimes, however, a simple contrivance is used, by which a weight is let down upon it by hand, which presses it with less labor than the other method, yet not sufficiently to injure the fibre, which screw-pressing would, undoubtedly.

From the packing-room the cotton is taken to the landing-place, and there shipped, with all the noise and bustle, the shouts, the songs, the uncouth jokes (the inimitable humor of which none but those perfectly familiar with the negro dialect and peculiarities can conceive or appreciate), to the nearest town.

And so we, too, must leave the island plantations, with the light of the afternoon sun still lying athwart the silver beach. The salt ocean murmurs, on the further shore, its majestic monotony; the pines strike, on a somewhat higher key, their accordant minor sounds. Light lies over all—the strange, fantastic Southern sunset. It makes the moss-vailed oaks seem like a crayon-sketch of ice-hung trees. It glows and quivers about the scented orange-groves, and lies like a benediction on the quiet fields.

Nor does it disdain to caress the quaint and uncouth group about the landing-place: great, strong-limbed, dark-faced men, with sinews of oak, clad in patched suits of every hue and cut, with woolly heads—as hard as "nether millstones"—some bare, and some adorned with coverings which make us wonder (as we do in seeing Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*) whether the *hat* or the *head* possesses the mysterious power of cohesion that keeps them from parting company; women with gay head-handkerchiefs and bunched-up skirts; women whose gleaming eyes and teeth and beads, whose free-hung draperies and rich, dark hues render them pictures, in spite of themselves; and little, perpetual-motioned imps, wise, witch-faced children, old before their time, yet gifted with that true light-heartedness which is as much a peculiarity of the race as is their woolly hair or dark-hued skin.

As the oars plash down into the shining water, a swinging chant breaks forth from our oarsmen, rich and loud and full as an organ's swell. Back from the shore an answering echo, note by note, comes sounding, wildly sweet. Against the pearly sky, with its border tints of gold and rose and faint sea-green, clearly defined, we see the figures on the beach, dancing and shouting: a madly merry crowd, swayed to and fro by the half-savage enthusiasm their own untutored melodies inspire. Happy they are, and happier may they grow, under a strong and wise and kindly government.

Deeper and stronger swells our oarsmen's chant, fainter and sweeter comes the echo from the shore. Pale grows the gold of the rich sunset sky. It fades into a tender, reflected glow, and almost before we know it has gone—why, there! behind us, it has come back in a lovely moon!

There is no dark, but the sunlight has melted softly into moonlight, and as we drift silently into the shadowy dock—for the song of the oarsmen has ceased with the beat of the oars—we may almost imagine that this is the Queen of the Adriatic rising before us!

The glamor of the moonlight transforms the dingy wharf to a wonderful, carven, air-hung pier; the distant spires are silver-tipped; the lights gleam out like stars. There are stars everywhere. Stars sparkle in the water; phosphorus and moonlight tip the oars with shimmering stars that come and go; and stars have leapt forth, quivering, to attend the Lady Moon in her soft wanderings.

The cotton brought from the islands is stored in warehouses on the wharves, and marked, usually, with the name of the plantation on which it was grown. There a sample is drawn, by which the factor sells the bale. *Upland*, or *Short Staple*, cotton is generally marked with the initials of the planter, and is of eight grades of excellence, known in the cotton market as: "Stained," "Tinged," "Ordinary," "Good Ordinary," "Low Middling," "Middling," "Good Middling," "Fancy"—the names somewhat indicating the quality. "Stained" and "Tinged" indicate cotton injured by frost, the first very much, and the latter more slightly damaged. The remaining grades range from those soiled by a commingling of dust, leaves, trash, etc.,

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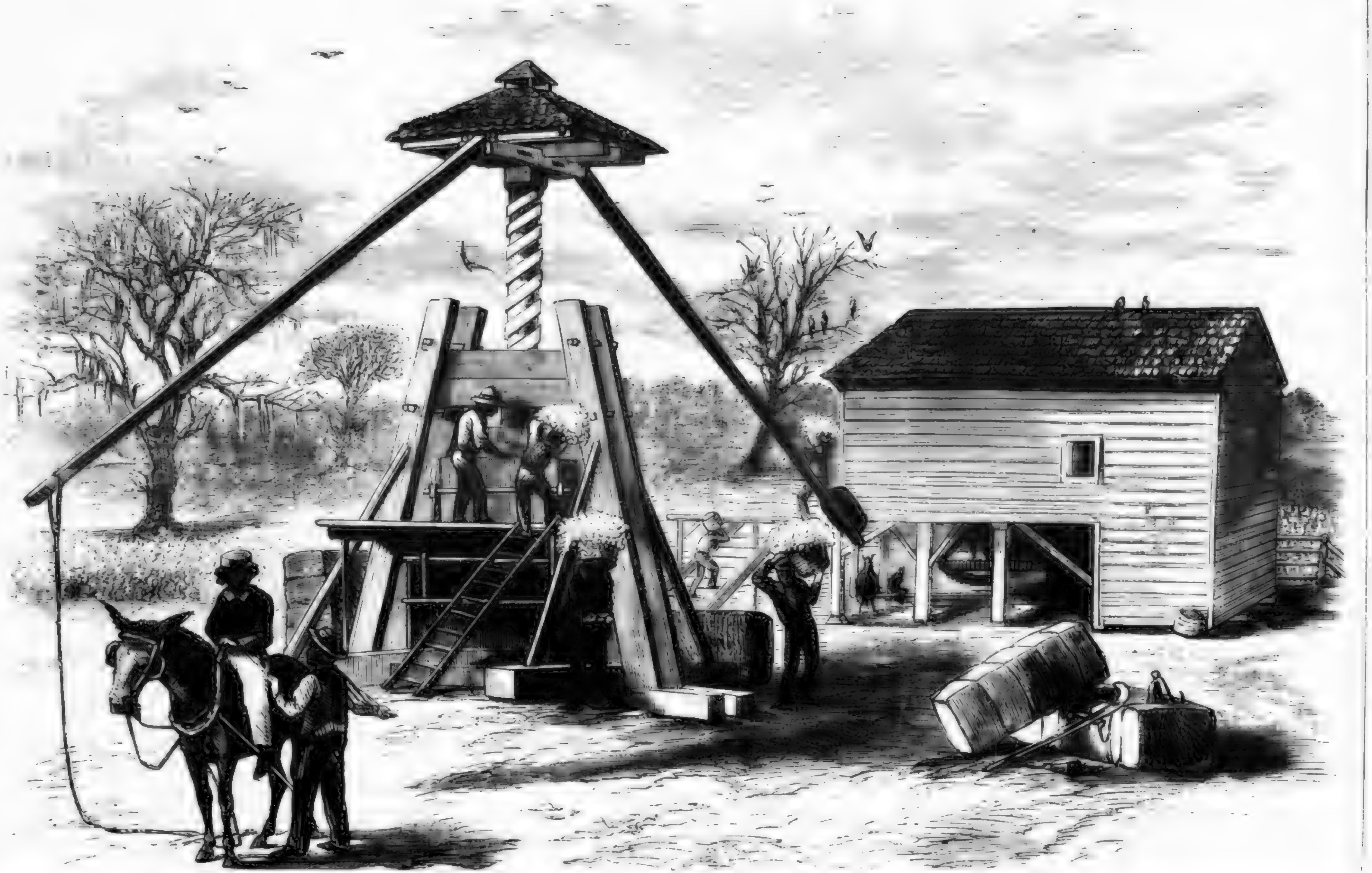
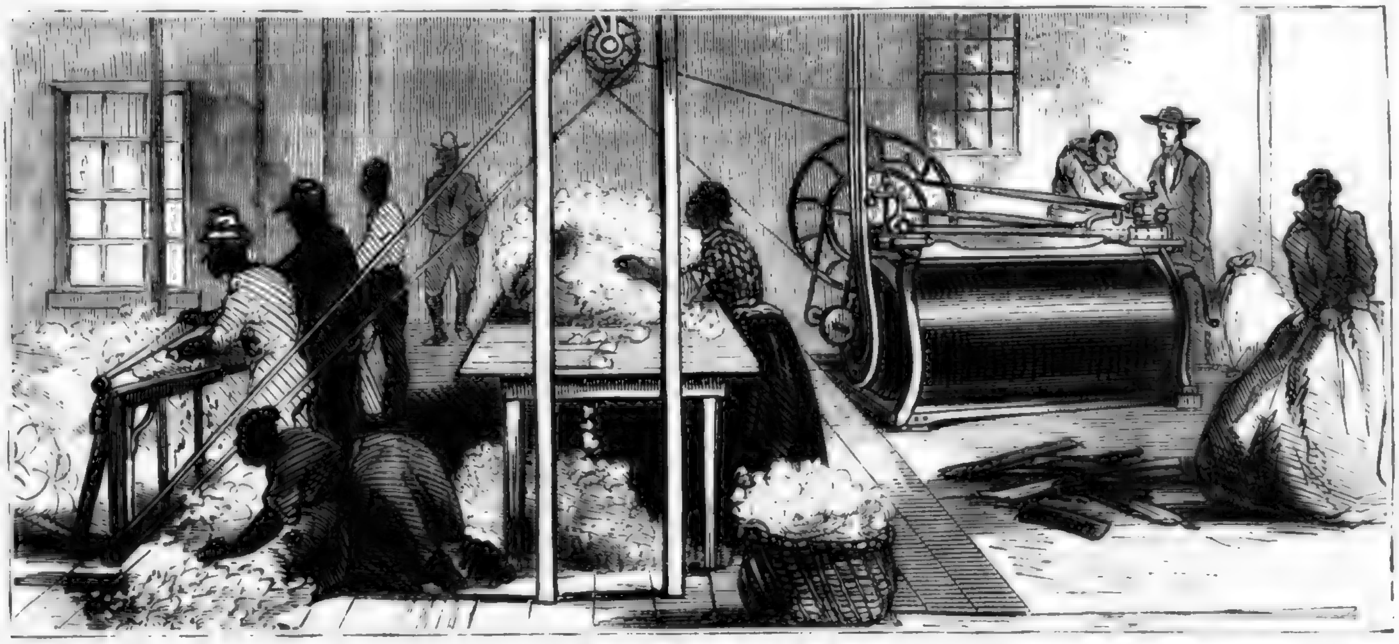
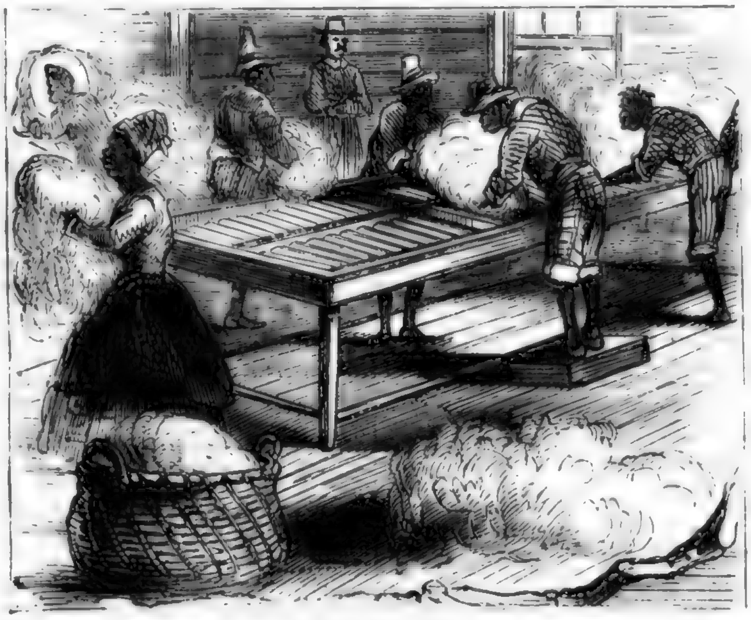


COTTON-PRESS [SHORT STAPLE].



GINNING COTTON BY STEAM.

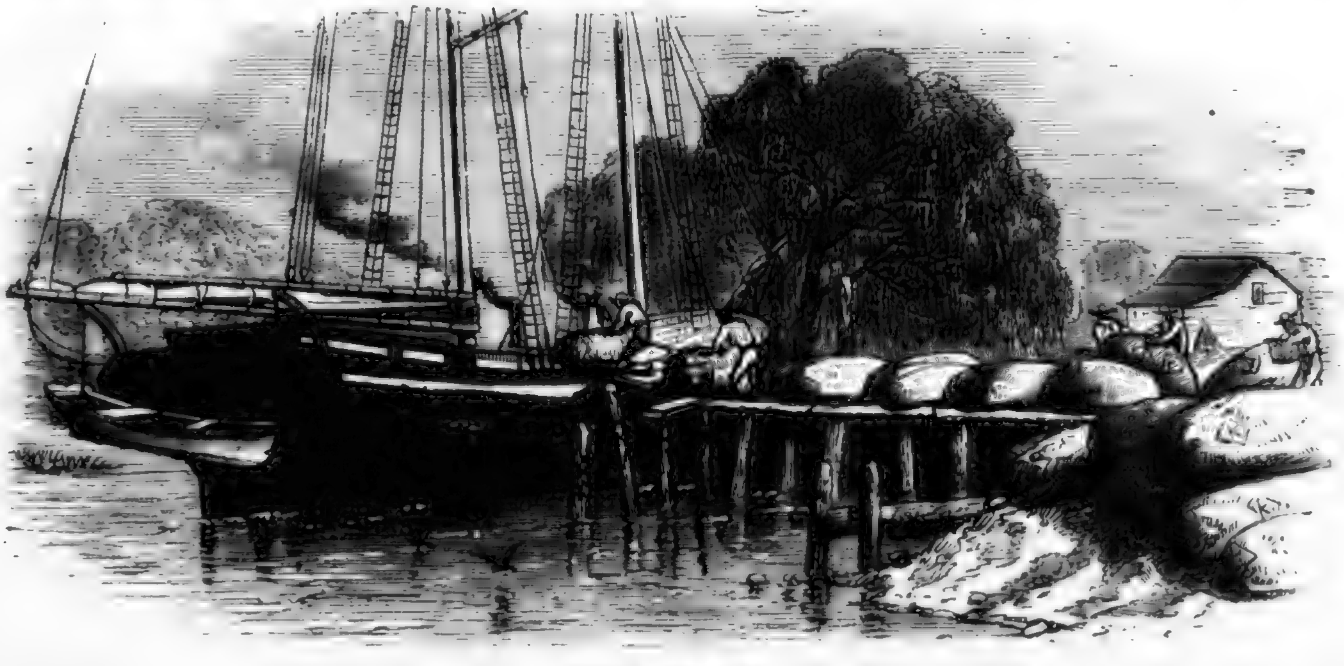
to the "Fancy," which is the finest of all, and perfectly clean. From the wharves the cotton is shipped to its various destinations.



MOTING COTTON.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century the quantity of cotton shipped from the United States amounted to but 138,324 pounds, but by the year 1800 it had increased to 18,000,000 lbs. When the war of 1812—which interrupted for a time this increase of the cotton trade—closed in 1815, there was an increased demand, until about twenty-five per cent. of the raw material used by English manufacturers was derived from America alone. In 1860 the exportation, which had at first been so insignificant, had reached the enormous extent of 4,824,000 bales!

Then came the great convulsion, known as the war beween the States. The widespread cotton-fields and rice-fields were deserted. Fired with love of country, the planter left his home to gird on the accoutrements of war. Brother fought against brother, and lately sunny fields ran



SHIPPING THE BALES.

red with blood. The patriarchal system no longer held sway in rich plantation homes—but the slave, intoxicated with the triumph of his sudden freedom, ravaged the scenes so late his care and pride. Thus was the supply, apparently abundant and secure, cut off, and thousands deprived of employment and the means of subsistence. Then was a great meeting held of representatives of almost all the cotton-growing countries of the world. A great stimulus was given to the growth of cotton in every direction, and hitherto latent energies awakened. India, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Italy, New South Wales, Queensland, Peru, Brazil—wherever, in fact, the staple could be produced—increased their activities, and in a short time it seemed probable that not only would the cotton supply of the Southern States be replaced, but that, should they ever again enter the field of competition, they would find themselves completely distanced. Black, indeed, seemed the future to those among us who ventured to look forward. There seemed no place left for the ruined South among the great nations of the world.

But the years sped by, and when, in 1872, an exhibition specially devoted to cotton was held, but few, indeed, of the thirty-five countries whose representatives had convened ten years before, appeared. Those who did send their samples were met with disappointment and failure. Why? The South had ventured to raise her drooping head, to put forth her maimed and weary hands—hope animated her heart again—America had entered the field of competition, in fact, and bid defiance to the world!

Long may the Southern fields grow white, and bud and blossom and bear under the sunlight of prosperity that lies, like a benediction, on them now! Still may they add their jewels to the crown their mother wears—as she sits among her sister queens—our own America: younger, stronger, and more beautiful than they!

And long may the joyous cry sound up from sunny inland heights and wave-washed island fields—"Cotton is king! Cotton is king!"

THE DANCING DERVISHES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Mrs. A. B. Mellish.

Constantinople, just now, is stirred by as ardent a religious sentiment as was formed in Paris after Sedan. The Turk, in being a Turk, does not cease to be a man. Human nature obeys the same laws, whether a people find their scriptures in the Koran or the Bible. What with the Russians within the gates, and the English ships riding menacingly the transparent waters of the Golden Horn, the Turkish believer finds quite as great a need of spiritual comfort as the Parisian Catholic when the Prussians were passing under the Arc de Triomphe. Political disasters and national distress send the troubled heart of the people to the same source of religious relief—the sanctuary—whether that sanctuary be a Christian cathedral, a Jewish synagogue, or a Mussulman's mosque. On all sides are seen evidences of this universal need of a higher than earthly aid. The voice of the muezzin, echoing five times a day through the narrow bazar-lined streets, is answered by throngs of bowing, bending devotees. The mosques are crowded with kneeling worshipers. The religious observances are kept with strictest reverence, fasts being far more frequent, and almsgiving, one of the most rigidly enforced of the Mohammedan's creeds, is seen to be universally obeyed.

Just at present Constantinople, in all its phases of life, is a most interesting and entertaining spectacle. But of all the curious and interesting religious customs and observances of these Orientals, none is more deeply fraught with interest to Western eyes than the extraordinary performances of the dancing dervishes.

Many of the other mysteries of the Moslem customs are forbidden to European insight, but the dervishes very generally allow the Western unbeliever to penetrate to the very heart of their *tekkes* or monasteries, the sole condition being that the boots or shoes be left at the entrance, and the hall of the monastery be not defiled by the print of a Christian leather sole.

The dancing dervishes, or *mevelawites*, are a kind of Mohammedan monks who live in communities. The word *dervish* itself signifies "poor," which designation has, however, long since ceased to be applicable, since now these monks are rich and possessed of large estates, which have fattened on the legacies and gifts of the faithful. The interior of one of these monasteries is as strikingly different from the cold, frigid, and oftentimes sepulchral, aspect which the European monasteries exhibit, as could well be imagined. On the contrary, these are large, cheerful apartments, gay and brilliant with painted decorations, comfortable divans, fountains and long colonnades, where a view of the beautiful Bosphorus can be enjoyed at any moment. There is no ascetic character, or even hint of monasticism; but, instead, beautiful, comfortable, and even luxurious, accessories.

In the hall where the religious performance is to take place, one could readily imagine oneself in a ballroom, where a waltz of Strauss was to be danced. There is a gay festival air about the place; the walls are painted in blue and gold; the floor is perfectly polished marble, upon which are seated an orchestra of several musicians, who accompany the dervishes in their wild and extraordinary exercises. These soon appear, defiling slowly before the chief of the community, all saluting him in Eastern fashion, with profound obeisance. They then proceed to recite their prayers, with all the genuflexions, prostrations and grimaces peculiar to the Mussulman ritual.

This part of the service over, they then began a curious processional march. They walked two by two, passing in front of the superior, who appeared to give them some mysterious kind of benedictory gesture. They kept on repeating, in a nasal monotone, passages from the Koran, to which was now added an accompaniment from the orchestra. The strain played by the flutes and *tarbonkas* seemed to produce a wonderful effect upon the marching dervishes. Their faces, at first dull and drowsily depressed, began to brighten; then their bodies swayed to and fro; next their voices rose, and soon throughout the hall there resounded the tramping of more hurried and nervously excited feet.

The music was itself of a wonderful, curious, barbaric character. There was at once a fierce, intoxicating wildness in the strains, while there came notes of such sweetness as almost to draw tears by their expressive tenderness. There was the same distinctly marked cadence and accent that one hears in the negro songs; and involuntarily, one found the body swaying and the head keeping time to these Oriental measures.

Meanwhile, the march of the dervishes has changed to a whirl—for the swift rotary movement of these half-intoxicated fanatics can scarcely be termed a dance. They begin by whirling slowly about, their arms extended horizontally, the eyes partially closed, while upon the lips is a smile, as if some sweet delirium had touched them. And nothing short of a delirium it is. As the waltz increases in speed and rapidity, they seem to lose all control of their own actions, and abandon themselves to a sort of supernatural controlling power. The eye can scarcely follow these madly pirouetting figures, who revolve each on his own centre with such rapidity that nothing short of a whirlwind of motion could compete with them. Their garments stand out like a bell, so constant and perfect is their perpetual motion. Every moment the whirl is swifter, the music in a quicker measure, the flood of ecstasy which seems to pervade the waltzers suffusing their faces with a bliss which is apparently ineffable.

The entire body of men—some young, some old—are all possessed by the same mad, fanatic, intoxicating impulse. There seems to be no apparent effort, no fatigue, no strain either upon their physical strength or emotional intensity. They keep on whirling, waltzing, pirouetting, the smile on the lips growing more radiant, their faces shedding a kind of supernatural radiance of joy, their tunics spreading about them like a circle—no one touching the other, each oblivious of his neighbor—until, finally, human endurance has reached its limitations, and, one after another, the exhausted dervishes drop prostrate on the floor, lying there an inert mass of heaving drapery.

And it is thus that some men seek their God!—that these Oriental monks believe they can possess a foretaste of Mohammed's paradise, and catch a nearer glimpse in their sensuous delirium of the dark-eyed, rosy-lipped houris who await them in the heaven Allah has promised them.

THE WONDER.

By W. C. Bennett.

I see a Venus touched by Titian's hand,
Heaven's rarest beauty by his pencil wrought,
And straight my wonder cannot understand
How, love, he so your unborn beauty caught.

I hear an air from sweetest Mozart's brain,
And then I marvel how the master knew
The very sweetness that he could but gain
From the dear tones that murmur, love, from you.

And when did Phidias win the charm, how fair!
That laughs, O goddess, from thy marble face?
O wondrous Greek! my love herself is there,
Witching my eyes with all her living grace.

O fool! why marvel that divinest art,
Even when most perfect, does but rise to her?
She of all perfect forms must form a part,
Or else they less than full perfection were.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

The man to whom England chiefly owes the establishment of her oceanic steam navigation was Isambard Kingdom Brunel. To his original genius, and to the honorable rivalry between him and the younger Stephenson, we are indebted for the broad-gauge railway, and in no small degree for the high speed of the locomotive.

In 1819, an American ship of 300 tons burden, with engines of small power and paddles made to ship and unship, actually made two voyages across the Atlantic. But no serious steps thus to link together the two hemispheres were made until October, 1835, when, at a meeting of the directors of the Great Western Railway, one of the party spoke of the enormous length of the proposed railway from London to Bristol. Mr. Brunel exclaimed, "Why not make it longer, and have a steamboat go from Bristol to New York, and call it the *Great Western?*"

The suggestion, treated at first as a joke, soon engaged the serious attention of three of the leading members of the board. A tour of the great ship-building ports of the kingdom was made, in order to collect information. In the report of the result of the inquiry, Mr. Brunel inserted a paragraph which laid down the principles on which the success of oceanic steam navigation wholly depends. It was simply this: that the resistance to the passage of vessels through the water increases at a lower rate of progression than their tonnage. At equal speeds, a vessel twice the size of another will encounter four times the resistence. But its capacity of tonnage will be eightfold that of the smaller vessel. By a well-proportioned increase of size, therefore, it is possible to carry enough coal for the consumption of a long voyage, and at the same time to have ample accommodation for passengers and goods.

So true is this principle, that it is now admitted that the economical limit to the size of vessels is imposed rather by the dimensions of ports and harbors than by the exigencies of the shipwright. Speed, also, may be considerably increased by the employment of more powerful engines; the limit to ocean speed being imposed by another physical law, to the effect that the resistance increases as the cubes of the velocity.

The logical soundness of Mr. Brunel's position was impugned by those scientific men of the day who were not engineers. At a crowded meeting of the mechanical section of the British Association at Bristol, in August, 1836, Dr. Lardner declared that a vessel of 1,600 tons, provided with 400 horse-power engines, for a voyage to New York, must carry 1,348 tons of coal, besides the weight of the engines, which he puts at 400 tons. He thought it would be a waste of time, under these circumstances, to say much more to convince them of the inexpediency of attempting a direct voyage to New York.

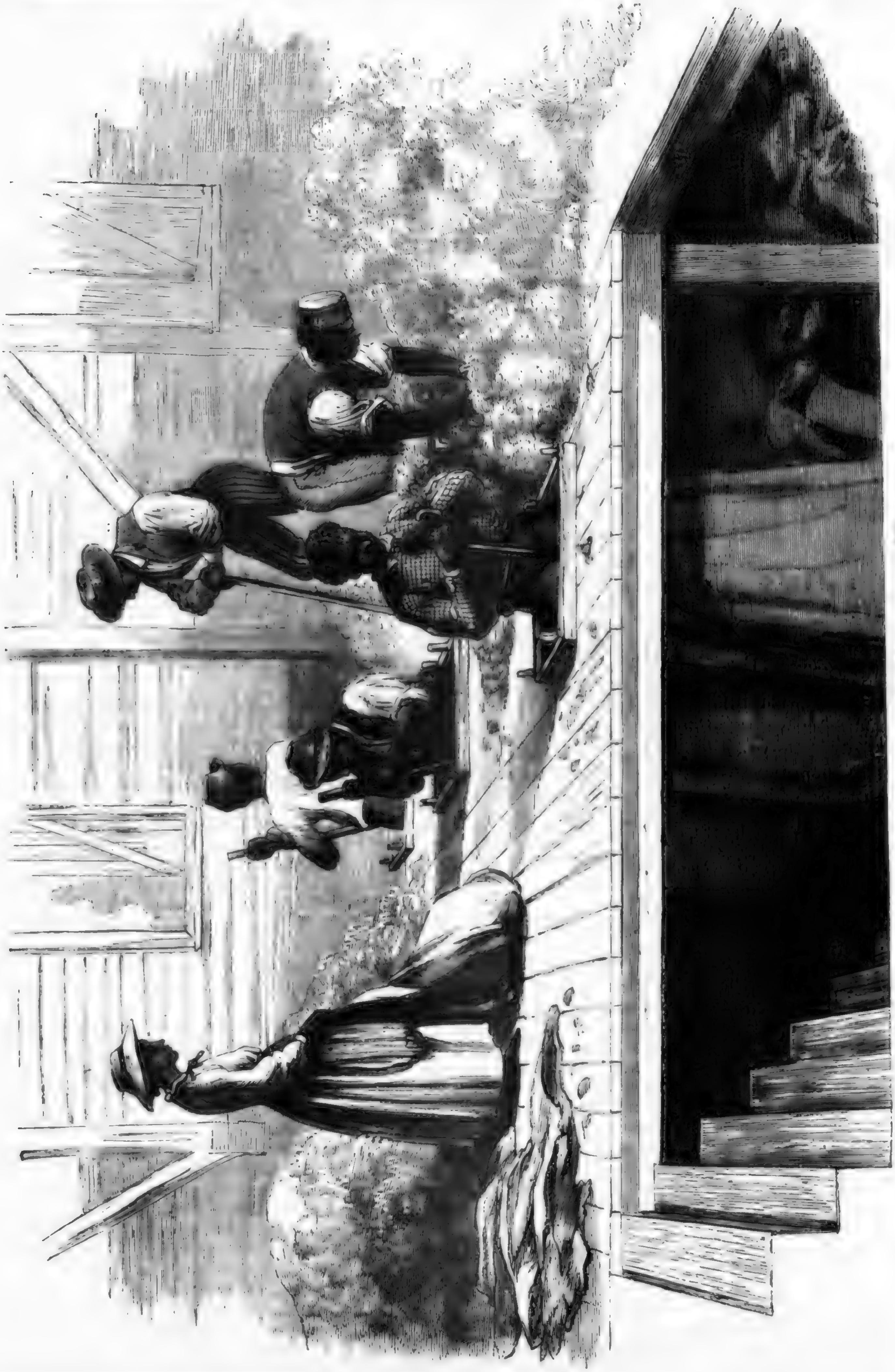
THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

One of the most singular specimens of insect life is the trap-door spider of Jamaica. His burrow is lined with silk, and closed by a trap-door with a hinge. The door exactly fits the entrance to the burrow, and, when closed, so precisely corresponds with the surrounding earth that it can scarcely be distinguished, even when its position is known. It is a strange sight to see the earth open, a little lid raised, some hairy legs protrude, and gradually the whole form of the spider show itself.

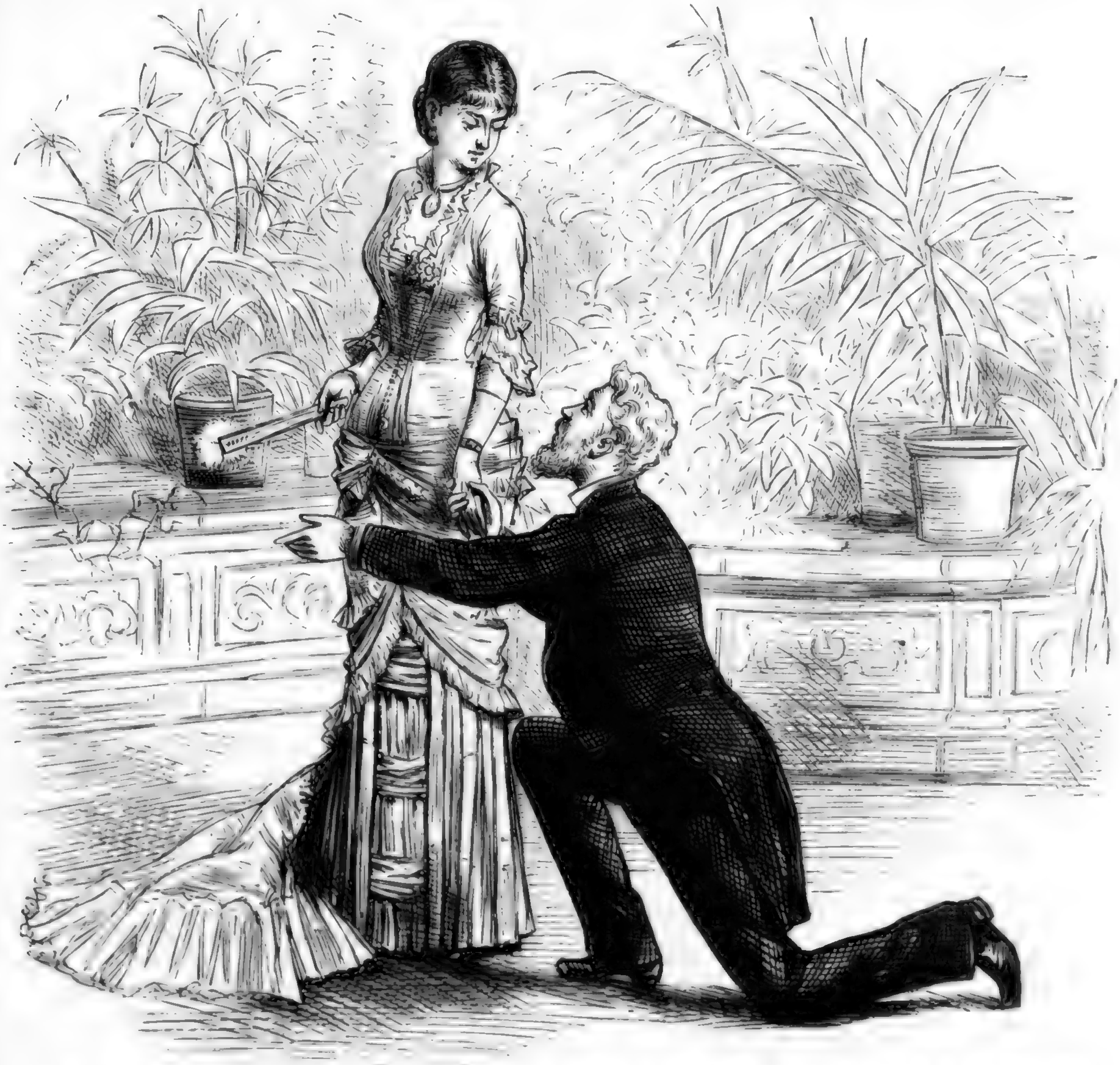
These spiders generally hunt for food by night, and in the daytime they are very chary of opening the door of their domicile, and if the trap be raised from the outside, they run to the spot, hitch the claws of their fore-feet in the lining of the burrow, and so resist with all their might. The strength of the spider is wonderfully great in proportion to its size.

NEW YORK RATS.

It seems that the rodent which infests New York is unusually obnoxious and vicious. He is almost as fierce as a wolf, and acts in combination like wolves. They are cannibals, and eat their own wounded companions; a rat caught in a trap by the leg is often assailed and killed by his associates; and the foot remaining is supposed to indicate that the animal chewed off his own leg. The male rats outnumber the female. There are really eight or nine male rats to three or four female. It is supposed that the delicate flesh of the female rat tempts her gallants, and by keeping down the number of females they keep down their species, much to the pleasure of mankind. The female rat, which is an affectionate mother, has to fight off the male when he wants to eat his children, which is generally the case.



COTTON-PACKING (LONG STAPLE).—SEE PAGE 567.



"NOT GUILTY!"—"THE NEXT THAT SHE KNEW HE HAD FLUNG HIMSELF AT HER FEET. 'SEE, I AM HUMBLED IN THE VERY DUST. I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU. FORGIVE ME, MEG; TAKE ME BACK INTO YOUR HEART, OR I DIE!'"

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XIV.—At the Ball.

They went up the broad stair, and entered the boudoir together. Lilian had just opened her sleepy eyes to ask for Meg, when that young person walked gravely into the room, with Gerald Fortescue. He led her to his daughter's sofa. His haughty face was full of triumph and joy.

"Lilian," he said, "here is my promised wife. Miss Grey has consented to make me the happiest of men. I am confident that *you*, at least, will be glad."

It was like the bursting of a bomb. Aunt Maitland grew rigid with dismay at this speedy realization of her worst fears. Verily, the conquest of the judge had been accomplished with indecent haste. Lilian was the first to speak. She sprang up from the sofa, looked once in Meg's pale, pleading face, then threw two warm arms impulsively about her.

"I *am* glad!" she said. "Papa, I congratulate you. I have always loved her dearly, as you know—I cannot love her less *now*."

We must all bow to the inevitable. Mrs. Maitland was a woman of policy. She had fattened in the judge's household for many a year; this catastrophe was not altogether unexpected, and she had wit to see that her best plan was to face it with composure. Miss Grey she had always feared and detested; but courage! Betrothal is not marriage. There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

"You quite take my breath, Gerald," she said, dryly. "I scarcely expected anything so sudden. Miss Grey has been with us little more than a month—certainly you have improved your time." She rustled forward, and gave Meg two chilly fingers. "I hope," she added, spitefully, "that you will be as happy as was the judge's first wife—my poor, dear, unfortunate sister."

XUM

Gerald Fortescue's face grew dark, his hawk eyes flashed; he seemed about to speak, but on second thought checked himself, and turned his back deliberately on his sister-in-law.

Meg felt vastly uncomfortable, but she bowed coldly to Mrs. Maitland, and kissed Lilian, smiling as the latter whispered:

"I hope from my heart that you will be a thousand times happier than my poor mamma ever was."

This girl felt no jealousy, no resentment against the handsome creature who had stolen her father's heart, and was now elected to reign over the house and every one in it. No, her love for Miss Grey was most generous and sincere.

Well, it was done! Meg had made her choice—had solemnly promised to marry Judge Fortescue, but her lips still refused to frame the dark story which she knew she must now reveal.

"By-and-by," she said to herself; "yes, in a few days, at furthest, I will gather courage, and tell him all."

Delay is always the coward's refuge, and for once Meg *was* a coward. That night, when the hour of parting came, her stern, dark lover drew her into his library for a last word.

"My darling, *when* will you marry me?" he said, with passionate tenderness.

She looked up, met his eager eyes, and a wild desire seized her to speak then and there—to say:

"I am the daughter of a convict—I dare not call myself by my father's name—I am an impostor. You, with your wealth and importance and pride—will you stoop to take *me* for a wife? I am sure you will not!"

But a great fear checked the impulse—slew it at its birth. What she actually said was this:

"It is very sudden—give me time."

"I will give you two months," he answered, in a voice at once persuasive and authoritative. "Eight weary weeks."

He would have taken her in his arms, but she drew back, pale as death.

"So little time? Spare me! Not yet—not yet!" she half sobbed, stretching out her hands, as if to hold him off. She breathed heavily.

"Very well. I will not annoy you with caresses. I had forgotten that you do not love me yet—you will, however—it is your fate. Love begets love. I will be patient and forbearing, knowing that a passion like mine must ultimately find a return. As surely as you live, you will yet love me, even as I love you."

Perhaps. He had a will like iron, and he charmed her in spite of herself.

"Two months—it is frightfully soon," she murmured, feeling like a fly caught in a glittering web.

"Not at all," he answered, calmly; "it is an eternity. You will remain here in the care of Mrs. Maitland. I do not ask you to tell me anything about your past life. I would not force your confidence; but I am sure that you have known poverty and struggle. These are now over for ever. In two months you will be my wife—mine to have and to hold till death. I shall claim you then—will you be ready?"

He was her master. She was fairly snared. Under his lightning eyes, she tried to utter a faint protest, but failed.

"I will be ready," she assented, almost involuntarily, then turned and fled from him up the stair to her own chamber.

Scarcely had she reached that shelter when Aunt Maitland opened the door and entered. She had removed her false puffs, and flung a light shawl about her shoulders. She looked disordered and irritated.

"Miss Grey," she began, stiffly, "I have come to say a few words to you. For seventeen years I have been at the head of my brother-in-law's household. I have entertained his guests, ruled his servants, and tried to be a mother to poor Lilian."

Meg bowed silently.

"I'll admit," continued Mrs. Maitland, standing, fat and frowning, by the silk-draped toilet-table, "that it is scarcely pleasant for me to give up my position to a person like you. You are young enough to be Gerald's daughter. He will lose prestige by such a marriage, and the haste with which he means to conduct it is simply disgraceful. Anybody with eyes can see *your* motive in the matter. You have accepted him solely for his money and position, and under these circumstances, I am convinced that your chances of future happiness are even less than were my poor sister's."

"This is extraordinary language, Mrs. Maitland," said Meg, loftily. "I fear I do not quite understand you."

"My sister—your predecessor—was a most wretched woman," explained Mrs. Maitland, spitefully surveying the presumptuous creature who had taken the judge by storm. "She had the misfortune to love her husband, and he cared not the fillip of his finger for her. Why he married her, I could never understand. My niece does not know half the cruel things her poor young mother suffered. He broke her heart with his neglect—she was of a frail constitution—and at Lilian's birth she died. It was quite as well, perhaps, for she had enjoyed little comfort as Gerald Fortescue's wife."

An unpleasant chill ran over Meg.

"The fortunes of my predecessor are nothing to me," she said, haughtily.

"Are they not?" sneered Mrs. Maitland. "You think because the judge loves you, that your fate is likely to be happier than his first wife's? Well, that is uncertain. An attachment so sudden and violent is not likely to last long. To me it seems very mysterious; for since my sister's death, he has never appeared to notice women. Believe me, Gerald Fortescue is not the man with whom a girl of your years is likely to find peace or pleasure—especially when the passion is all on one side. There is—there has always been—something terrific about him. I will own that I hold him in mortal fear. He rules everybody—he will rule *you!* and with a rod of iron, too. I do not envy you, Miss Grey; you are paying dear for what you win. These things I have said for your good—you can profit by them or not, as you please."

She turned to go, with the air of one who had performed a duty.

"You are very kind—very disinterested," said Meg, dryly. "I ought to be grateful to you."

"Some day you may wish that you had been warned by me!" said Mrs. Maitland, with asperity. And she went out, closing the door smartly behind her.

Among the *créme de la créme* of purse-proud Boston society, the announcement of Judge Fortescue's engagement naturally created a profound sensation. A man of learning, power and money was about to sacrifice himself to a penniless, unknown sewing-girl whom his daughter, for charity's sake, had taken into the house! Could such a person be received in the drawing-rooms of culture, and by the descendants of the *Mayflower* voyagers?

It was an event well calculated to set Mrs. Grundy by the ears—a nine days' wonder, that filled everybody with dismay. But the person on whom the news fell with what might be called the most staggering effect, was Miss Fortescue's betrothed husband—Danton Moultrie.

It was the morning after the announcement of Meg's engagement, and the Southerner was in the drawing-room, waiting to see Lilian.

Candidly speaking, Mr. Moultrie was not a business success. He did not love labor, and to the excellent situation secured him by the judge he devoted as little time as possible.

Presently Lilian glided in, frailer than ever from her recent illness, and flung herself into her lover's arms.

"Oh, Danton!" she cried, gayly, "I have such news for you!"

He embraced her languidly. He was glad that she had recovered. Her death would have been a severe blow to him, for in her were centred all his hopes of future ease and plenty.

"News?" His indolent eyes opened. "Is it possible that your father has consented to shorten our time of waiting? Have you coaxed him into yielding to my wishes, at last? When will he permit me to make you my wife?"

She shook her head.

"In two years—not a day sooner. No; *that* is not my news, Danton. I have given papa no peace, as I promised you, but he is inexorable, and"—with a little yawn—"I am tired of vain coaxing. You and I must make a virtue of necessity, and be patient."

"Lilian, if your love equaled mine," he answered, with tender reproach, "you would not talk of patience."

She hid her face on his shoulder.

"My love *does* equal yours, Danton—test it and see. But papa thinks it will be better for me to remain with him a little longer, and so he will not yield. After all, two years will pass quickly. Now for my news. Papa is soon to be married."

Moultrie started violently.

"Married! the deuce!—I mean, how very odd! Of course, you are jesting?"

"Surely not," she laughed. "We may look for the event in about two months."

"And pray, who is the bride-elect?"

"Guess."

"Excuse me, I cannot attempt such a hopeless task."

"Well, then, her name is Margaret Grey; and oh! I am glad—sincerely glad, Danton, for I love her dearly!"

His arms fell away from her. He turned ghastly white.

"Great God!"

"Why, how strangely you look!" cried Lilian, in a shocked voice. "Do you, like Aunt Maitland, think it a *mésalliance? I* do not! Margaret deserves a crown for her beauty. Yes; she will really be my mamma, and I am but three years her junior. I assure you, papa is violently in love with her."

"And she reciprocates his passion?" queried Mr. Moultrie, with a wild laugh.

"Of course. Otherwise she would not marry him."

"My dear child, you are a novice—you have much to learn yet," he sneered. Then his whole face grew thunderous—all its *insouciant* charm vanished. "Yes, yes; he loves her—that question admits of no doubt! How could he see her before him, day after day, and escape her wiles? In two months, did you say? By Jove! the judge is an ardent suitor. He does not believe in delays for himself, though he forces others to accept them. Bah! Let me sit down."

He fell into the nearest chair, looking greatly shaken. Lilian stared in amazement and alarm.

"Shall I ring for a glass of wine?" she cried.

"No. It is only a sudden pain—I shall be better directly. I fancy that Miss Grey is no friend of mine. Tell me, Lilian, has she ever sought in any way to turn your heart from me?"

"Margaret? Never! Why should she be unfriendly to you? I am sure you do her wrong."

He looked relieved.

"Maybe; but women sometimes conceive odd prejudices. My darling, I have a presentiment that this marriage will be rather a bad thing for you and me. I have not your blind confidence in Miss Grey." He gazed fixedly into her little pale face. "Lilian, promise me that you will never let any living thing part us—not even your father."

Utter devotion shone in her big eyes.

"Not even my father," she answered, solemnly; "though that does not sound very dutiful, Danton. Be at ease—papa will never try to separate us; he is too fond of you for that. You can rely upon me always."

"Nothing can shake your love for me, Lilian?"

"Nothing!"

He knew that she spoke truly. Her whole foolish heart was his own. Whatever troubles might arise from this unexpected complication of affairs, *she* would not fail him.

Sunday. Judge Fortescue had been called from town. Aunt Maitland was shut in her own room with the last new novel. Being very lazy, and not in the least devout, it was her habit to pass the Sabbaths in this edifying manner. Meg and Lilian went to Trinity alone.

Alone they sat down in the Fortescue pew, and joined in the Litany, and listened to the exquisite music, and to the sonorous voice of him who exhorts and comforts and strengthens sinful and troubled and tired humanity in that most beautiful and solemn place. Lilian followed the service with great earnestness.

"I ought to be religious," she had said to Meg in the carriage, "for I have an impression—yes, I am sure, that I shall die young."

And, with a sigh, Meg had answered:

"My dear child, we need religion quite as much to live by as to die by."

She sat beside Lilian with an indefinable weight pressing upon her spirits. Trinity is a poem in stone. The arches overhead, the massive pillars, the superb coloring, the rich medieval look, the deep voice of the preacher, all impressed her strangely. Through the stained glass of the memorial windows the wintry sunshine fell in a hundred rainbow gleams. The organ sobbed and sighed and exulted, as if a human soul was shut up therein. Meg caught more than one pair of eyes fixed curiously upon her—*le beau monde* was deeply interested just at present in this girl, the choice of Gerald Fortescue.

At last it was over. The crowd of worshipers, most of them arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, began to pour out into the cold noon. Lilian and Meg were among the last to leave. The former had fairly settled herself in the carriage, when she made a sudden discovery.

"My muff and handkerchief!—how very tiresome! Margaret, I have left them in the pew."

Miss Grey was standing on the sidewalk.

"I will fetch them," she said, and promptly turned and went back for the missing articles.

A few strangers still remained in the church, studying its architecture and adornments. Meg made her way to the Fortescue pew, found the sealskin muff, with the point-lace handkerchief thrust inside it, and was about to retrace her steps, when a voice in the aisle called her name.

"Miss Grey!"

She turned, and met the grave gray eyes of Robin Leith.

XUM

"I wish to offer you my congratulations," he said, and there was something very disagreeable in his tone. He came close up to her, as she stood irresolute, with one gloved hand resting on the carved woodwork of the pew. "So you are going to marry Judge Fortescue?" he said.

She flung back her head in the old haughty way.

"Yes."

"I heard of your engagement yesterday," he went on, in a low, stern voice. "I have no right to question you, no right to criticize your conduct; yet this I *will* ask—do you love him?" She colored angrily.

"I respect and esteem him—I reverence and admire him; that is enough."

"Is it?" His accusing eyes seemed piercing her through and through. "That you had faults, I always knew; that you would stoop to sell yourself to any man for money, for social position, I did *not* know. It is a new phase of your character. I beg you to consider what you are doing."

A hot, shamed thrill ran through her veins. Plain talk was not always agreeable to Meg. Her eyes flashed.

"Faults!" she answered, mockingly. "Yes, I have legions—indeed, I might say that I am made up of those unpleasant things. Knowing me as well as you do, Robin, you should have been prepared for any depravity that might develop in my nature."

"Meg!" sterner and sterner his tone grew, "you have no right to marry that man. You do not love him, consequently it is sin and shame and misery for you to be his wife."

"You forget yourself," she said, defiantly. "My promise is given, my mind is made up—nothing can change it. I shall surely marry Judge Fortescue—that is, if he, when he knows my story, will stoop to take my hand."

Leith's lips tightened into a closer line under his brown mustache.

"Then you have not told him?"

"No. I am a coward—a miserable, weak-hearted coward. To-morrow, perhaps, or the next day, or the day after, I may speak."

Motionless, he stood and looked at her—at the graceful figure and the maddening face that smiled back at him with a sort of weary scorn. No one was now left in the body of the church. An impressive silence had fallen around them. The light from the rainbow windows fell over both in long shafts of changing color.

"He will marry you," said Robin Leith, slowly. "No crime which another has done will weigh for a moment in his mind. Do not disturb yourself with doubts of that kind."

"I am not sure," she answered, carelessly; "he is a proud man."

"He will marry you, I say! The stigma of a hundred unpardonable sins would not keep him from that! One look in your face is enough to kill his pride, however selfish it may be."

"You flatter me," said Meg, mockingly.

He turned as if to go.

"Your decision is irrevocable?"

"As the law of the Medes and Persians.'

"Then, heaven help you!" he cried, almost roughly. "You are selling your body and soul, like a piece of merchandise; you are doing the foulest of wrongs to your better nature. Is this sacrifice made to avenge yourself upon that idiot, Moultrie? Is *he* the spur that is goading you on in this matter?"

"I decline to answer the question," said Meg, with great hauteur. "Miss Fortescue is waiting outside. I have no time, and, pardon me, no wish to continue the conversation. Think of me as badly as you like; I dare say I deserve your censure. I have never been much in love with myself; I admit that I often make unwise moves—this may be one of them; all the same, I shall not turn back. What right have you to meddle with me?—what are my decisions, good or bad, to you?"

There was a cruel insolence in her tone, a flash of angry fire in her eyes. His dark face grew frigid.

"Your decisions are nothing to me. I have not the smallest right to meddle with you in any way. I now see that it would have been better had I remained silent. You are not the person to take unwelcome advice, even from a friend. You have no love for Gerald Fortescue; you will marry him solely for his wealth, and by so doing you will forfeit all your chances of future happiness, and the respect of——"

"Mr. Robin Leith?" she scoffed.

"No—of Margaret Grey," he answered, sternly, "which is a matter of far more importance."

She winced. It was his last word. He drew back with a cold bow, and not deigning him so much as a glance, she swept by up the long stately aisle, out of the church and into the street.

"Whatever has kept you so long?" cried Lilian from the carriage. "I really thought you were never coming."

There was a suspicious moisture upon Meg's lashes, and a tremulous look about her proud lips.

"I was a long time finding the pew," she faltered, and took her seat in the carriage just as Robin Leith came out of the church, and walked rapidly away down the street.

With a humiliated and depressed feeling, Meg fell back, shivering, among the cushions, and the judge's fiery horses pranced off toward home.

For the next few days the course of events in the Fortescue household ran smoothly enough. In the presence of Mrs. Maitland's morning callers and the guests that filled the judge's dinner-table, no princess could have borne herself with more grace and dignity than did Miss Grey. She managed to wrest golden opinions from these reluctant fine people who had made up their minds to condemn her at once.

Danton Moultrie came and went, but no word passed betwixt himself and the judge's promised wife. Each avoided the other studiously. Gerald Fortescue still preserved his calm, patient demeanor; he did not torment Meg with caresses or fond words; he claimed none of a lover's privileges; but his hawk eyes followed her everywhere with passionate pride and delight. He seemed, in spite of his studied coldness, to live only in her presence.

As for Aunt Maitland, she suddenly assumed a new character toward Meg.

"Your position is now changed," she said, coldly, "and, as a matter of course, you have new needs. Allow me to act as your banker for the present."

And directly Meg found herself overwhelmed with costly gifts from this fat, dull, fairy god-mother, who was careful not to mention the person from whom she had received her instructions—Judge Fortescue himself. She carried Meg off to Madame Modiste, to order a trousseau fit for a duchess.

"Oh, my child!" cried madame, clasping her hands in ecstasy over the good fortune of her former sewing-girl; "you have done well with your beauty! *Mon Dieu!* I never heard of anything finer! It is like a romance. As a bride, in brocaded satin, point-lace and diamonds, you will be heavenly. I will see that nothing is wanted to make you one grand success."

And still Meg delayed the revelation which she meant to make, which she knew she *must* make, to Judge Fortescue—still her story remained untold.

One night Mrs. Belle Ryder gave a German at her magnificent house, situated on a fashionable South End avenue. Lilian wore white tulle and cream-colored brocade; Meg appeared in a dress of Arctic-blue satin, with no ornaments save a bunch of violets in her square corsage, and another fastened in her rich hair.

The house was lighted from roof to basement. The hall was a conservatory; the staircase looked like a ladder of roses; costly favors filled the favor-basket.

As the German would not begin till after supper, the first of the night was devoted to general dancing. Over the waxed floor of the ballroom, under the clustered splendor of gas-jets wreathed in hothouse exotics, dazzling, bejeweled women in Worth costumes, and stately men, with that air of profound wisdom peculiar to the true Bostonian, gyrated to the music of the best band in the city.

Meg went through a sober quadrille with Judge Fortescue, after which he led her to a seat, and, leaning over her, whispered:

"Do you care for German cotillions?"

"Not seriously."

"Will you think me selfish if I ask you not to dance again to-night? I confess that I am too old for the amusement, and it is intolerable for me to see you in the grasp of other men."

Already she had felt his authority more than once, but she smiled serenely.

"Very well; I am quite content to play the wallflower. I will sit here and watch the others. Dancing is a pastime for the young and giddy only."

A shadow passed over his haughty face.

"I cannot wish you older, but I would to heaven that I was ten—twenty years younger! How you dazzle one in this dress, Margaret! My future son-in-law seems incapable of taking his eyes off you. I commend his good taste, but such undisguised admiration in a place like this is rather offensive."

Meg looked up, and met the basilisk eyes of Danton Moultrie, who was staring darkly at her from an opposite doorway. Admiring they might be, but other and stronger emotions were also expressed in them. They told Meg, more plainly than words could have done, that a crisis in his life and her own was near at hand. She turned, unmoved, to Gerald Fortescue.

"I have granted your request," she said, in a low voice; "now let me ask a favor of you. The world has much to say about the wisdom of your judgments. I am thinking of an odd case just at this moment. Will you give it your candid opinion?"

Her half-frightened, half-desperate look startled him.

"Surely. I am all attention. Are you about to propound some knotty point of law in Mrs. Ryder's ballroom?"

"No, only to ask a few questions. Suppose—only suppose, of course—that a man had committed a hideous crime, and was receiving his just punishment for the same. Suppose he had a child—a—a—son, whose sole fault was his paternity. How would you regard the unlucky person—where fix his place in society?"

He lifted his dark brows.

"My darling, you are attacking a grave subject. Society is governed by stubborn laws—by prejudices that wall it about as with a hedge of thorns. The innocent must often suffer for the guilty. It is sad, but inevitable."

A burst of passionate waltz-music rang through the room. The dancers whirled by like dervishes. Ugly black masculine legs were mixed with gorgeous feminine draperies; diamonds blazed.

> "Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again."

Meg laid her hand on Judge Fortescue's arm.

"What would *you* do? Lift such a one from the slough of disgrace—receive him as your equal, if he were worthy, or brand him as an outcast?—allow him to sit at your table, or drive him from your doors, like a dog?"

The color had receded from her face—she was quite breathless. The judge looked displeased, impatient, ill at ease.

"One would think that you knew the person," he said, almost sharply. "I beg you not to speak so earnestly. I have little sympathy with crime—no man has less—and at the risk of appearing hard-hearted, I must declare that I would *not* receive him into my house. I should decline to consider him my equal. If the stem is cankered, the fruit must partake of the blight. To sin certain penalties are attached from which none can escape. A tainted stock must always be regarded with suspicion."

"You are severe. Would you, then, condemn the child for the parent's sin?"

"I think I would—at least, till I could see good reasons why I should not."

She was looking straight out before her into the brilliant crowd. He had pronounced her fate. Plainly, she had nothing to hope from this man. She must either conceal her story for ever, or release him from his engagement. He was an aristocrat of the hard, stern stamp. He would never stoop to marry the daughter of a felon.

"Will you not dance?"

It was the voice of Danton Moultrie—he had pressed forward to her side.

"No," answered the judge, tartly. "Miss Grey will not dance to-night. Go and find Lilian."

"She is resting after a fatiguing waltz," said Moultrie, with a baffled, angry look.

"Perhaps we had better join her, Margaret;" and the judge offered his arm to his betrothed.

As she arose, her bouquet of violets fell to the waxed floor. Moultrie picked it up, and, swift as lightning, thrust into its odorous heart a little slip of paper. Fifteen minutes later, when a lucky accident had separated her from Gerald Fortescue—when Mrs. Maitland and Lilian were absorbed in ices and claret cup, Meg found an opportunity to draw the slip from its azure ambush, and read these penciled words:

> "If you ever loved me, give me a chance to speak to you once more. I will be in Mrs. Ryder's conservatory at twelve, sharp. Come to me there. I have something which I must and will say to you!"

Her hour of vengeance was at hand! A fierce thrill of joy rushed through her heart. Then she looked at Lilian and hesitated. How frail the child was! Had she strength to sustain a severe shock? Bah! Men and women die, saith the king of writers, and worms eat them—but not for love.

Meg bent over the unsuspecting girl.

"Lilian, dear," she whispered, "in just ten minutes by the clock, come alone to the conservatory. I shall be waiting for you there. I wish to speak to you on a matter of great importance—do not fail me."

She avoided the wondering eyes that Lilian lifted to her face, and slipped away through the crowd. In a recess, Robin Leith, grave-eyed, indifferent to all the splendor around him, was talking with the judge—he bowed coldly as Meg flashed by. Belle Ryder, in peach-colored brocade

XUM

and diamonds, was dancing with a foreign consul. Unperceived, Meg made her way through the hall and safely reached the conservatory. Joy! the place was deserted.

A cluster of colored lights hung from the roof, and poured their soft splendor down into a fountain that murmured over beds of fern and violets below. Broad-leaved tropic plants were ranged, tier upon tier, around the walls. A great vine, with thick, waxy leaves, and scarlet, bell-shaped flowers, freckled with white, hung to the gilded ceiling. Baskets of daphnes and orchids, thickets of myrtle and lilies and heliotrope shed their incense on the air. It was a delicious change from the noise and heat of the ballroom.

Meg paused beside the fountain to wait for Lilian. Five—ten minutes passed; then she heard a tap of light heels, a rustle of brocade, and the little heiress fluttered in.

"How mysterious!" she laughed, as she looked around and saw only Meg. "A rendezvous with you in the conservatory! *Ma belle*, are there no lovers in the house that this spot is left to you and I?"

"Hush!" The elder girl snatched her hand, and pushed her gently toward a rustic seat behind a screen of palms. "Sit here for a few moments, Lilian, and do not move or speak——"

She had no time to finish the sentence, for at that moment the door of the conservatory opened again, and Danton Moultrie entered. In a state of high excitement, and with a face like ashes, he advanced hurriedly toward Meg, who retreated slowly back toward the fountain.

"You are here before me!" he cried; "thank heaven! I feared you would not come at all."

She stood up, straight and shining, under the colored lights.

"For what purpose have you sought this interview?" she demanded, with cold scorn. "Be brief, for I have no time to waste."

"I desire to wish you joy of your new conquest. It was very shrewd of you to steal a march upon me, and capture the father, while I wooed the daughter. Tell me, Meg, was this done to cheat me of my booty, or simply to wring, torture, tear my heart?"

"Cheat you of your booty!" she echoed, with curling lip. "You choose strange words, Mr. Moultrie. That is scarcely the way in which to speak of Miss Fortescue."

"Curse Miss Fortescue!" he cried, his blue eyes flashing fire, his self-control vanishing at once. "For the last few days I have felt as if I was going mad. As heaven hears me, you shall never marry the judge! I would kill you first. There are things that a man cannot bear—this is one of them. I dare say you have long thirsted for revenge upon me—well, take it! Look, Meg! to this place you have brought me at last!"

The next that she knew, he had flung himself at her feet, and buried his face in the lustrous folds of her dress.

"As I loved you at Gull Beach more than three years ago, I love you still—no, I err; *not* as I loved you then, but a thousand times more! Meg! Meg! Forgive my heartless desertion of you at Sagamore; forgive the miserable pride and cowardice which led me to cast away the greatest happiness of my life. I have suffered enough in the last few weeks to wipe out even that sin. See, I am humbled in the very dust. I cannot live without you. Forgive me, Meg, take me back into your heart, or I die!"

It *was* her hour of vengeance, indeed! His words poured out in a burning torrent, his reckless kisses fell upon her dress, upon her gloved hands, and she stood above him like a statue, no color in her cheek, no smile on her lip, a beautiful, pitiless woman, bent on his ruin.

"And Lilian—what of Lilian?" she murmured, in a low voice.

"Do not speak of her," he cried, impatiently; "poor, pining, miserable little creature! You know that I do not and never can love her."

"But she is your betrothed wife—she believes you—her heart is all yours."

"Hush! talk of yourself, not of her. At this moment I think I hold the child in utter detestation."

"Poor Lilian!" she sighed; "then it was for her fortune only that you asked her to marry you?"

"Why should I deny it?" he cried, his prudence gone, his revived passion goading him into abject confession. "Before I met you under Judge Fortescue's roof I coveted wealth; but now—now—the fortune may go, everything may go—I crave only you. Lilian is too childish, too shallow to break her heart for any man. I will not sell myself to the daughter, neither shall you be sacrificed to the father. Meg, oh, my darling, look at me here at your feet! God knows I no longer care what you are. Were you the child of a king I could not love you more, and no shame, no disgrace of another can make me love you less. I have been well punished. Speak one word—say that some spark of the old passion still lives, say that you will never marry Judge Fortescue, and that, being a woman, you can forgive a lover who pleads humbly for your mercy, and who, in spite of all his cursed pride, has never, never ceased to love you!"

She stepped back, and drew her shining dress from his hold. As he had been false to Constance North and to Meg Dysart, so he was now false to Lilian Fortescue.

"You ask too much, Danton Moultrie," she answered, with withering contempt, "and your repentance comes too late."

He stared blankly up at her.

"Don't say that. Pity me, Meg—love me once more!"

She made a gesture full of scorn and aversion.

"I can love no man whom I have ceased to respect. The passion which I once felt for you is dead and buried beyond resurrection. Never dare to approach or to speak to me again. We are strangers from this moment. Your heartless treatment of Lilian will, I trust, bring you a just reward. Heaven forbid that the poor child or her fortune should ever fall into your traitorous hands——"

A noise behind the barricade of palms. A small figure in tulle and brocade tottered out from that green ambush and stood before the pair.

Her little face looked withered and bloodless. The large eyes were fixed in a horrified stare. One tiny hand was pressed convulsively upon her heart.

Moultrie leaped to his feet. A smothered oath fell from his lips. All was lost! He stared at the pitiful apparition, then turned upon Meg.

"You have ruined me!" he cried, and rushed from the conservatory.

Meg ran toward Lilian.

"My poor child," she said, holding out her arms, "long ago he wrung my heart, as he now wrings yours. He is utterly faithless and shallow and unworthy. I could not bear to see you sacrifice yourself to such a man. It was your fortune which he sought, not you—not you, as you now know——"

She paused, for with a heart-breaking cry Lilian flung up her slim arms, and fell senseless to the floor of the conservatory.

At the same moment the door opened again, and Judge Fortescue appeared. He looked anxiously around the place, as if in search of some one. At sight of Meg, he advanced hurriedly.

"I have been seeking you everywhere," he began. "The supper-room will be opened in a few moments. Great heaven! My darling, what has happened here?"

Meg pointed to Lilian.

"I have shown her Danton Moultrie's worthlessness," she cried, with a reckless disregard of self, "and at the same time I fear that I have killed her!"

CHAPTER XV.

MOULTRIE'S TRIUMPH.

"MARGARET!" Gerald Fortescue's face was thunderous; the truth flashed upon him instantly. "Has Danton Moultrie dared to speak of love to *you?*"

It was no time for equivocation.

"Yes," answered Meg, firmly; "and Lilian was here, she heard it all, and this is the result."

The judge snatched up the senseless girl, carried her to the fountain and dashed water upon her. She opened her eyes, and at sight of her father and Meg, uttered a shrill cry.

"Let me die—let me die!"

"Not for that false scoundrel!" replied the judge, in an exasperated tone, and he placed her in Meg's arms. "Take care of her for a moment, Margaret; I wish to see if Moultrie is still in the house." And he rushed quickly away.

As soon as they were alone, Lilian disengaged herself from Meg, and began to wring her tiny hands.

"How cruel of you!" she sobbed. "You have broken my heart. I was so happy with Danton, and now you have spoiled it all. I shall never know a moment of peace again—everything is changed. Why did you bring me here to listen? One does not want to know the faults of one's lover."

Meg stared aghast at this outbreak.

"Surely, Lilian," she cried, "you could not wish Danton Moultrie to marry you for your fortune!"

Lilian's sobs grew violent.

"I love him—I love him, and my happiness is over! Oh, Margaret, how could you take him from me? Why did you not tell me before that he had once cared for you?"

Meg had not thought this girl so weak. She was angry and disgusted.

"I had good reasons for my silence, Lilian, and if he had shown a disinterested attachment for you, I would have remained mute for ever; but he is false and worthless, he cares only for your money. You heard the confession which he made just now. Where is your pride, your self-respect, that you can give a regret to such a man?"

Lilian continued to weep, like a child for a lost toy.

"I have no pride—I can think of nothing but him. Let us go home; I do not want those people in the ballroom to see me. Without doubt, you thought you were doing right, but it was cruel, cruel! I am not sure that I can ever forgive you. I loved him as he was; it would have taken me a long time to discover that he did not care for me. I might have been happy—I might *never* have known the truth!"

What was to be done with a girl like this? Meg was in despair. Directly the judge returned, irritated and frowning.

"Moultrie has left the house," he said, grimly; "it is fortunate, perhaps, that we shall not meet to-night."

"Oh, papa, take me home—take me home!" moaned Lilian, throwing herself upon his shoulder. "I will not stay here a moment longer."

"Very well; we will go at once."

He signed for Meg to lead her away to the dressing-room, then went to tell Mrs. Maitland that her niece was ill, and fifteen minutes later Judge Fortescue and the three ladies were rolling homeward through the wintry midnight.

On arriving at the Beacon Street house, Lilian turned to Meg, half remorsefully.

"You think me cross and unreasonable," she faltered, "and perhaps I am; but, oh, you have made me suffer unspeakable things to-night."

Then she fled to her own room, followed by Aunt Maitland, who dimly comprehended that something extraordinary had occurred at Mrs. Ryder's ball. She was sure to obtain the facts from her niece before either slept.

Left alone with Meg, the judge approached her hurriedly. She had fallen into a crimson-velvet chair. Her rich white cloak trailed down her perfect shoulders; her fair young face wore a dejected look.

"Tell me about it," he said.

She lowered her eyes, a faint color crept into her cheek.

"She heard him confess that he did not, and never could, love her—that he sought her solely for her fortune. She is angry with me because I betrayed to her his faithlessness."

A jealous gleam flashed into his sharp eyes.

"Margaret, do you care in the least for Danton Moultrie? Examine your heart narrowly, and if you value your peace or my own, do not deceive me."

She faced him with a sort of brave disdain.

"The only feeling which I now entertain for Mr. Moultrie is profound contempt. But once, when I was living in another place, and with a friend who is now lost to me, he was, for a little space, my accepted lover. I was young and foolish, and I loved him. He deserted me. Since that hour I have held him in utter scorn. We met in this house as strangers. It was my desire that we should remain strangers henceforth and always."

Fortescue's dark face grew darker yet. She saw that he was greatly displeased.

"He was once your lover? You knew him before coming to this house? You surprise me, Miss Grey."

"Yes," she answered, desperately; "it is a long story. Would you like to hear it?"

She lifted her eyes to his own—those wonderful eyes that made his heart throb with mingled rapture and agony. He loved her—he could not risk a quarrel with her now—much as this matter annoyed him, he could not, he dared not! To lose her—but that was a catastrophe of which he could not bring himself to think. He checked his sudden resentment at once.

"My darling, I believe in you utterly. I wish to hear no explanations—I ask but one question: Are you, as you once assured me, entirely heart-whole?"

"Entirely. But listen, Judge Fortescue; there are some things that I *must* tell you——"

He interrupted her with a gesture. He was anxious to show his recovered confidence.

"Hush! not to-night; the hour is late, and you look pale and tired. Some other time."

Then, moved by an irresistible impulse, he snatched her shining figure to his breast, and bending, kissed her with fervor. It was his first caress. Surprise and consternation struck her dumb. Before she could recover her voice he had led her to the door.

"I am but human," he said, in a low voice. "Forgive

XUM

me for breaking my promise and claiming a lover's right. Moultrie's engagement with my daughter will end to-morrow. I thank you sincerely for saving her—she will thank you when she finds time for sober reflection. Sleep well." And so he dismissed her.

There was little sound, care-free slumber in the Fortescue mansion that night. At ten o'clock next morning the judge knocked at his daughter's dressing-room. Lilian was lounging before the fire in expectation of this visitor. Her French maid had arranged her dark hair with skill, and attired her meagre figure in a gown of soft pink, which gave a false glow to her wan skin. She had not slept.

This was her first sorrow, and the frail, petted heiress seemed crushed, overwhelmed. It was pitiful to note the ravages which a few hours of grief had made in that small face. The eyes were sunken, the cheeks hollow; the nervous mouth wore an expression of sulky misery.

"I know what you have come for, papa," she began, with a listless glance at the judge's shocked and darkening countenance. She drew Moultrie's engagement-ring from her hand, and held it out to him.

"You must send a note of dismissal with it," said the judge.

"Very well, papa," she answered, mechanically. "I will write whatever you may dictate."

"That man can never see you more, Lilian; he can never cross my threshold again."

Her slim fingers worked convulsively.

"I know, papa."

"Forget him as quickly as possible—it is my positive command."

"I will try to obey you, papa."

"He is simply a contemptible fortune-hunter. I have been greatly deceived in his character."

"No doubt, papa."

He brought pen, ink and paper, and she wrote, as he bade her, to Danton Moultrie, inclosing the ring. This letter, with one, cutting and pitiless, from the judge himself, was sent immediately to the Southerner's hotel.

Mr. Moultrie's game was up. His matrimonial plans had come to swift grief. His hopes were blighted; his future was laid waste. Truly, Meg had avenged herself upon her false lover—meted out to him the same mercy that he had once shown to her.

After the judge had departed, Meg knocked at Miss Fortescue's door, and was admitted.

"My dear child," she said, gathering the girl into her arms, and caressing her tenderly, "how worn and miserable you look! I beg you, do not shut yourself up here, lamenting that man, who is not worthy to touch the tip of your fingers. It breaks my heart to see you like this. Cannot you think of him according to his merits?"

"Give me time," groaned Lilian, with her head on the other's breast. "Oh, Margaret, I shall never, never see his face again!"

"That ought to be a matter for rejoicing. It is not possible, Lilian, that you can desire another meeting with Moultrie?"

"I do not know. I have no spirit, I suppose—I am not like you. Ask me no questions, but leave me to myself, please—I am better alone; and keep Aunt Maitland from me—I cannot bear *her* sympathy. Margaret, I love him—I love him, and I wish I was dead!"

Meg's nature was entirely different from Lilian's, but the memory of the pangs which she herself had once suffered because of this same Moultrie made her tender and gentle with the weak little heiress.

After her first paroxysm of grief, Lilian fell into a state of listless apathy. The only person that she would consent to see was Meg, and she had little to say even to her. Late and early she remained shut up in her own chamber, sulking, weeping, moping—resisting all Meg's gentle entreaties, all her patient efforts to divert her mind from its dark despondency. Yet, voluntarily, she never mentioned Moultrie's name, and her avoidance of it was so studied and determined that Meg began to feel a vague uneasiness. She was far from satisfied with Lilian.

"I fear," she said to herself, "that this spoiled, willful, foolish girl is capable of forgiving Moultrie—that she has neither pride nor resentment, and that the end is not yet."

Regarding Meg's former acquaintance with her lover, and the allusions made to it in Mrs. Ryder's conservatory, Lilian, strange to say, asked not a question. Meg, who had prepared herself to frankly answer any query upon the subject, knew not how to interpret such indifference.

And so a week passed, and no word had been received from Moultrie—neither had he sought in any way to acquaint the judge with Meg's secret. There was something odd in this forbearance on the part of a man whose future prospects our heroine had just destroyed. Why did he not seek to break her engagement with the judge?

Meg, living in hourly expectation of such an event, simply avoided her lover as much as possible; and, with the cowardice which characterized her in all matters pertaining to her convict father, waited for Moultrie to tell her dark story for her.

It was an opera night, and at the largest theatre in the city a famous *prima donna* was to delight the music-loving Bostonians.

Meg made her own toilet unassisted, and hastened to Lilian's room. On the threshold she met the French maid, Celeste. The woman colored under Meg's sharp eyes.

"Is Miss Fortescue ready?"

"She will not go out to-night, mademoiselle," answered Celeste, and departed down the passage.

Meg stepped into the chamber, and saw Lilian standing before her toilet-table, with a letter in her hand. She started violently at sound of the opening door, dropped the paper into a drawer, and turned a key upon it.

"Surely you are going to the opera, Lilian?" said Meg, seeing with surprise that the other had made no preparations. "The judge and Mrs. Maitland are waiting."

"You must excuse me to papa," answered Lilian, sulkily—"my head aches, I am ill, and I hate operas."

She looked pinched, tired and miserable. Her color, too, came and went in a feverish way.

"Beg papa to go without me, Margaret," she entreated, stretching out her jeweled hands in her earnestness—"he will do anything *you* ask. Tell him I shall die if he insists. You are a woman—you *must* know that I cannot appear in such a place, to be gaped at by every one who has heard of my broken engagement!"

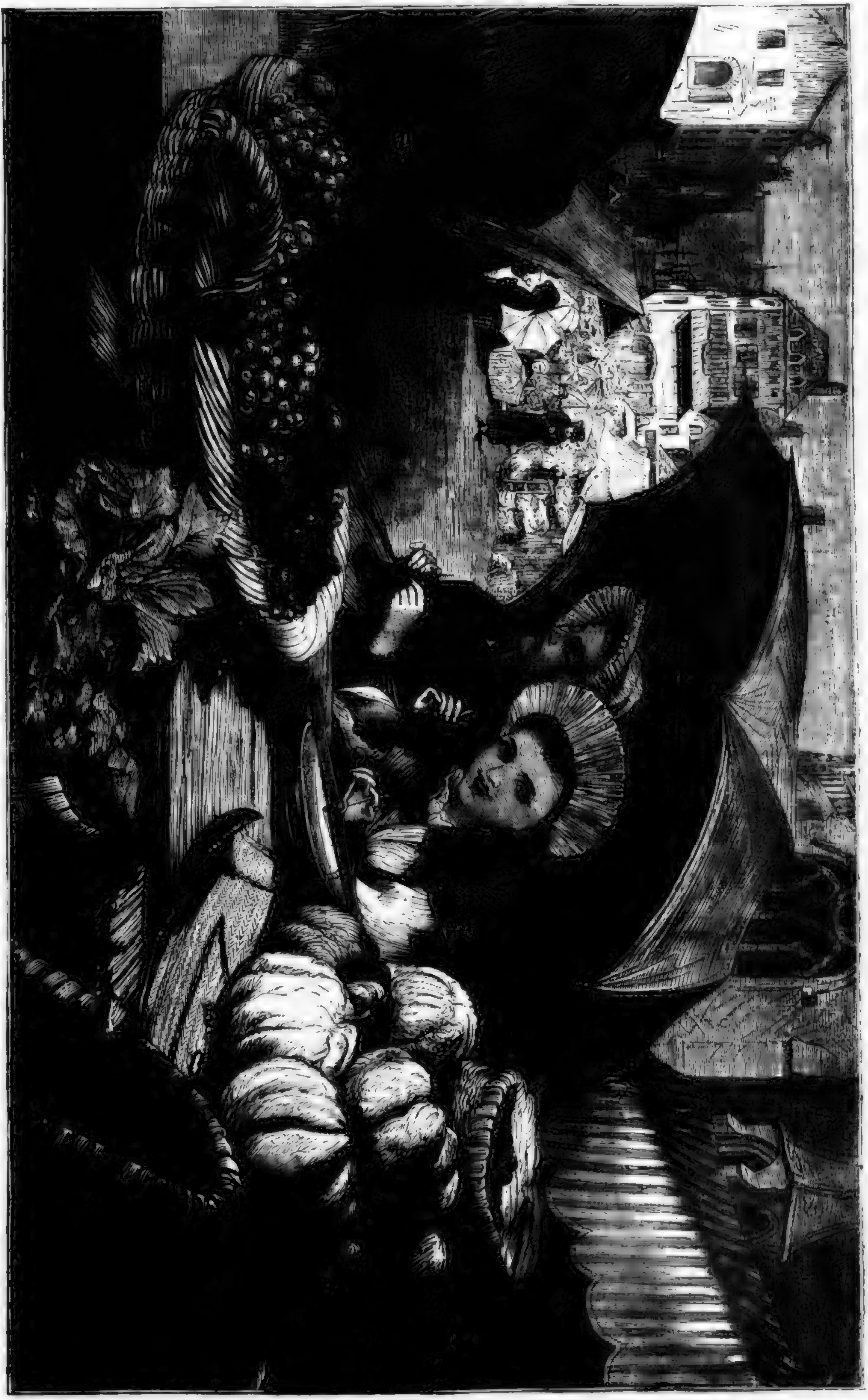
The force of this argument was not lost uponMeg. She hesitated.

"Then I will remain with you, Lilian. You must not be left to mope alone all the evening."

"Oh, no, no!" expostulated Lilian, with something like terror; "I cannot allow that. Papa could enjoy nothing without you. Go, Margaret, dear, and take Aunt Maitland to play propriety. I shall lie down and rest my poor head, and Celeste will bathe it for me. I wish for perfect quiet—that is all. My nerves, I fear, are in a sad condition. What a pity it is that one cannot be born without nerves."

"My dear child——"

"If you love me, Margaret," interrupted Lilian, in a



A WATERING-PLACE IN FRANCE.—FROM A PAINTING BY LIONEL SMYTHE, R.A.

tone of passionate pain, "do not torment me now; but go—go!"

Vaguely troubled, Meg went down to the drawing-room, where the judge and Mrs. Maitland waited.

"Lilian is ill," she announced, "and begs to be excused from the opera to-night."

"Unhappy child!" said Mrs. Maitland; "I am afraid she will never recover from this disappointment. I will remain with her, Gerald. I have no heart to amuse myself when my niece is suffering. Miss Grey, to whom we owe this family affliction, is made, I see, of sterner stuff."

"You are singularly unfortunate in your choice of words," answered the judge, sharply. "The rescue of your niece from a common fortune-hunter can scarcely be called a family affliction. Lilian has a fit of sulks, probably. I forbid you to stay with her, I command you to come with me."

With an air that imposed silence upon his companions, he drew Meg's rich opera-cloak about her shoulders, and descended to the carriage. Mute as carps, the trio rode away to the theatre.

> "Of all the operas Verdi wrote,
> The best, to my taste, is the 'Trovatoro.'"

They entered a private box on the right of the footlights. The house was densely crowded; the great chandelier blazed merrily, fans fluttered, plumes nodded, bright eyes shone. It was late, and a score of glasses were leveled at the Fortescue party as they took their places under the silken curtain. Aunt Maitland, fat and ugly, made a fine foil to Meg's queenly loveliness. The girl was looking her best, and she knew it.

"Do not let the thought of Lilian spoil your evening's pleasure," whispered Gerald Fortescue, his sombre eyes softening as they dwelt on the delicate contours and flower-like coloring of her perfect face.

"Have you seen Danton Moultrie?" she asked, anxiously. "Do you know how Lilian's dismissal affected him?"

"No, to both questions. You may be sure that he will avoid us all for the present. You like operas, do you not? Then be happy; think of nothing but pleasant things to-night."

She would obey him, for this hour might be the last of ease and pleasure and luxury for her. Dangers threatened, exposure might overtake her at any moment. It was wonderful that Danton Moultrie had remained mute so long. The morrow was uncertain; she did not know what a day would bring forth.

"How weak, how contemptible I feel myself to be!" she thought. "Will Moultrie speak, or keep silent? If the latter, do I mean to keep silent also, and allow Judge Fortescue to marry me?"

She could not answer her own question; hastily she put it from her—she had grown very irresolute of late—and turned her attention to the stage.

> "The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
> And who was not thrill'd in the strangest way,
> As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
> '*Non ti scordar di me*'?"

But in the midst of the ravishing music a singular thrill ran over Meg, an indefinable alarm, a feeling that some important presence was near, watchful yet unseen. So strong was the impression, that she turned involuntarily, to behold Mrs. Maitland, with half-shut eyes, swaying her Spanish fan, and the judge leaning back in the shadow of the curtain, his moody gaze fixed, not on the stage, not on the crowd, but on her own startled face.

"What is it?" he whispered, sensitive to every change in her manner, and bending over her with a devoted air.

She did not answer; her eyes wandered to the orchestra, or, rather, they were drawn thither irresistibly, as if by some will stronger than her own. Was she awake, or dreaming? Could she believe her own senses? Her heart gave a great leap, the blood rushed wildly through her veins. There, in the second row of seats behind the railing which separates the musicians from the audience, she saw, uplifted to the Fortescue box, uplifted to her own pale face, the astonished, horrified eyes of Colonel Dysart.

For a moment she sat as if stunned. At last!—he had come at last! She did not dream it—it was her old friend and benefactor; it was "nunky," living and breathing; and who was that haughty blonde woman, in magnificent attire, at his side? Constance herself, and quite unchanged.

Judge Fortescue's eyes had followed her own: they fell upon Dysart. He started violently. The same agitation which blanched Meg's cheek, and sent a tremor through her figure, seemed to infect him. Colorless, aghast, he leaned for a moment on her chair. He, too, had recognized an old acquaintance; not only that, but he was recognized in turn. Colonel Dysart stared first at Meg, in her beauty and splendor, then at the dark man bending over her, like Apollyon, the destroyer; and in his wrath and dismay he sprang involuntarily to his feet. The look which he flashed upon Fortescue said, plainly: "Have I found you, oh, my enemy?" But the blonde woman touched him, recalled him to himself; he seemed to remember the time and place, and fell back into his seat.

"Let us go," said Judge Fortescue, hoarsely.

For the first time Meg saw that he was deadly pale, and that great drops of sweat had started out on his forehead. He drew forth his handkerchief and wiped them away.

"Go? Whither?" she answered, wild with excitement.

"Home. I have seen and heard enough. I am stifling here."

She arose. So did Mrs. Maitland. While the latter was arranging her wraps, Meg, unseen by either of her companions, leaned forward on the velvet edge of the box, and bowed to the stern gray man who was watching her breathlessly from the orchestra seats. Then, leaving the donjon tower and the silver-voiced tenor, the crowd and Colonel Dysart, she followed the judge and his sister-in-law out of the theatre.

Her heart was beating wildly. He had returned from his long wandering; he had recognized her; and in spite of his black looks, in spite of that woman by his side, she would go in search of him on the morrow; she would have one interview, at least, with her old friend. He should not escape her again. Oh, to touch his hand once more—to hear his voice! For years she had prayed most fervently to see him, and that prayer, at last, was answered. Now she would know all of Constance's perfidy, and the true story of Philip Harmon, her convict father.

The carriage stopped at its destination, the trio entered the house.

"I was just feeling some interest in 'Trovatore,'" said Mrs. Maitland, peevishly, "when you ordered us away, Gerald. You are the most abrupt person I ever saw in my life! Whatever was the matter with you at the opera?"

"I decline to enter into explanations," he answered, coldly. "Be so good as to go up to Lilian's room, and see if she is really ill."

This was a pretext to rid himself of her presence. She threw an angry look at Meg, and swept off up the stair. Then he advanced hastily to his pale, *distrait* betrothed.

"Doubtless I *am* abrupt," he said, with a forced laugh, "and very unreasonable. That opera affected me badly; moreover, there was a man in the orchestra seats as mad as a March hare. Did you see him glaring at you?" He wound his arms suddenly around her. "My darling—my darling!" he cried, with a burst of passionate fear, "it is too late for you to escape me now! I love you, and no earthly power shall take you from me! Ah, if you returned my passion in even the smallest measure, I could have no dread of separation. Have you yet repented your choice?—have you once wished yourself free, Margaret?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

His kisses rained on her face, her hair. She could not endure them. She writhed in his embrace, struggled to be free.

"You hurt me!"

That brought him to his senses. He released her reluctantly.

"Pardon; I am half beside myself to-night. I feel a presentiment of coming evil. You will find that I am subject to dark moods. It seems as if some power was approaching to tear you from me. Forgive my foolish persistency, Margaret, but are you *sure* that you will be my wife, even as you have promised?"

She had recoiled a step or two. The blood flew into her face.

"Quite sure," she answered, with a hysterical laugh, "provided you wish it, Judge Fortescue. It is *you* who will ask to be released from our engagement, not I——"

The door flew open before she could finish her sentence. On the threshold stood Mrs. Maitland, disordered, wild-eyed, the stamp of some sudden disaster on her heavy face.

"Gerald!" she cried, shrilly, as the judge turned angrily at the interruption—"Gerald, your daughter is not in her room, nor in the house. She has gone!"

"Gone!" echoed the judge and Meg, in a breath.

"Yes; and that French baggage, Celeste, with her! Here is a note which I found in the frame of her mirror—read it. It would have been better had you allowed her to marry Moultrie without all this scandal. By this time, no doubt, they are beyond your reach."

She held out a sheet of note-paper, covered with penciled lines. The judge looked at it a moment, then passed it to Meg. With a sinking heart she read these words in Lilian's own handwriting:

> "DEAR PAPA: I am going away to marry Danton Moultrie. He has explained everything. It was a temporary madness which overcame him that night in Mrs. Ryder's conservatory. He assures me that he was not responsible for anything he said there. So I forgive him, and, lest our happiness should again be threatened, I think it best to yield to his urgent entreaties, and become his wife at once. Another week like the last would kill me. I cannot live without him. I am sure you will forgive your Lilian. I take with me Celeste and my jewels. Danton assures me that he never seriously cared for Margaret, and I am sure he tells the truth. LILIAN."

And so he had outwitted her, after all—stolen the rich prize, in spite of her efforts to thwart him! His lying tongue and handsome face had won the game. Meg was baffled—hopelessly defeated. Even as she stood there under the drawing-room chandelier, and read that little note, the word had been spoken which sealed Lilian's fate. Danton Moultrie was already the lawful husband of Judge Fortescue's heiress.

CHAPTER XVI.

A REVELATION.

AN imperative ring at the bell. The colored footman went forward to answer. As he opened the door he found himself confronting a thin, gray, aristocratic gentleman, very stern and sombre of aspect.

"I wish to see Judge Fortescue," he said, shortly.

It was the morning succeeding Lilian's flight. The hour was too early for fashionable callers, and plainly this person did not belong to that order.

"The judge is not in," answered the footman. "He left town an hour ago."

Composed, but determined, the visitor stepped straight into the hall.

"You cannot deceive me," he said. "I am resolved to see your master—tell him that he cannot evade an interview. I will wait in the drawing-room—I know the house, for I have been here before to-day. Give him this."

He held out a card.

"Judge Fortescue has left town, I say," repeated the footman; "he has gone to bring home his daughter. But if you insist, sir, I will take your name to the ladies."

"*What* ladies?"

"Mrs. Maitland, the judge's sister, is one."

"Ask her to favor me with a few moments' conversation."

With that, Colonel Dysart walked into the drawing-room. Yes, he *was* familiar with this grand house. He had come thither this morning for a purpose, and he would never leave it till that purpose was accomplished. One swift glance he cast around the room, then paused by a buhl table in the centre of the velvet-covered floor, and waited.

The colonel had changed greatly since his marriage. He looked twenty years older than when we last saw him at Gull Beach. Countless lines marked his high-bred, melancholy face. His figure was less erect than of old. Surely he had known sorrow and disappointment and bitterness in his wedded life.

Softly the door opened, and a slender figure in a black-and-white morning-dress glided in. A step lighter and swifter than Mrs. Maitland's crossed the carpet toward the visitor.

"I beg your pardon," said a fresh, girlish voice; "Mrs. Maitland is too indisposed to see any one. Can *I* be of service to you?"

He started, and turned. She was standing at his side, tears in her sweet, eager eyes, a faint smile on her parted lips. In blank astonishment he stared at her for a moment, then uttered a sharp, irrepressible cry.

"Meg!—you *here!*"

She flew to him, like a bird, everything forgotten save the old tender love, which, in spite of separation and estrangement and wrong, she bore to him still. He strained her to his breast, then held her suddenly off.

"You in this house! I came to hear of you—not to see you. You under Gerald Fortescue's roof! My God!"

The horror in his face, in his voice, gave her a strange thrill. He fell involuntarily into the nearest seat. She sank on her knees by his side.

"Yes, I am living here," she sobbed. "I have been the companion of Gerald Fortescue's daughter for weeks and months—I am—— But *that* I will tell you by-and-by. Oh, nunky! thank heaven you have come at last! I have waited so long for you! Tell me, do you love me still?"

"I do—I do!"

"I have so much to say to you—where shall I begin? Why were you so hard with me, nunky? why did you let Constance shut your heart against your poor Meg? And the little letter which I wrote you——"

He took her fair face in his two hands, turned it upward to his own.

"I was deceived—wickedly, cruelly deceived. You wrote me a letter—yes, but I never saw it. It was destroyed, and I was told that you had married Danton Moultrie, and gone with him to the South; and that you had not a thought for me, or the pain you had made me suffer."

"Constance told you that! And so my poor letter fell into her hands, not yours? Ah, what a genius that woman has for lying! You did not know that I was repentant, nunky, or that Danton Moultrie deserted me?"

He shook his head. His fine, thin face was gray with pain.

"Do I not tell you that I was deceived? Constance hated you—God forgive her! She deliberately planned to part us, and she succeeded only too well. Heaven knows how my heart has yearned for you all these years, in which I thought you Moultrie's happy wife! Heaven knows the void your loss made in my life! Last night, after the opera—not till then—Constance confessed to me the whole miserable truth. How blind I have been, Meg—how weak!"

She gazed at him attentively. There was a look of age and weariness in his face, both new and alarming.

"I am sure that Constance has led you a life of it," she cried; "I knew it would be so. Did she tell you of our last interview at Beach Hall—of what she said to me there?"

She was kneeling at his side, radiant with the joy of this meeting, her fervent eyes uplifted, her soft arms wound around him.

"Yes," he answered, trying to avert his face—"Yes."

"About Philip Harmon, the murderer of my mother?"

"Hush!" cried the colonel, sternly; "never call him that! On *your* lips, such an accusation is horrible!"

"Oh, nunky, *you* will not deceive me—was my father guilty, or innocent?"

"Innocent!"

"Thank God!" she sobbed, fervently.

"Meg, I have a long story to tell you," said the colonel, in an agitated voice. "Two days ago I arrived from Europe. I will not mention the falsehoods by which I had been duped; enough to say that I believed you to be living in the far South, the wife of Danton Moultrie. Judge, then, of my amazement, my horror, when I looked up to that box at the theatre last night, and saw you there with the man whom I abhor above all earthly things—the man who is my deadly foe, and—yours! Does he know that you are Philip Harmon's daughter?"

"No; I have called myself Miss Grey ever since Constance drove me from Gull Beach. As yet, he knows nothing of my history; but he is not my foe. No, Colonel Dysart, he is noble, good and generous. I have been in his house for weeks, and he has treated me with great kindness and consideration, and—and—I may as well tell you the truth at once—it is no time to talk in riddles—I have promised to be his wife!"

She spoke hurriedly, defiantly. Her ardent face challenged him to say his worst—to explain, if he could, why she should not accept this rare good fortune.

"I have concealed my story from him," she said, "because I am weak; I have not courage to bear the shame, the disgrace of it. Sometimes I think I will keep silent altogether, and tell him nothing."

Under ordinary circumstances, Colonel Dysart was a man of great self-control; but now he started up, a smothered cry escaped his lips. White as chalk, his thin, high-bred face convulsed by some terrible emotion, he held her off, stared at her blankly.

"Gerald Fortescue's promised wife! *You!* Great God!"

She was appalled by his look and tone.

"Nunky, what do you mean? You frighten me! Speak out plainly. I have been in doubt and darkness long enough. If there is any reason why I should not marry Judge Fortescue, disclose it at once."

His face grew set and awful.

"What led you to this door?" he cried—"into the household of this man? Tell me everything that has happened to you here." She saw that he was in a high state of excitement. "Everything!" he urged; "hold nothing back!"

She began with her flight to Sagamore, and faithfully narrated her story from that time.

He listened in great agitation.

"And to me," he cried—"to *me* you owe this frightful complication of affairs! I never can, I never ought, to forgive myself! The vow which I made long years ago to watch over and protect you always, I have broken. How can I answer to your father for that? How tell him of the weak credulity, the blind infatuation, which led me to incline my ears to your enemies, believe their lies, and leave you, homeless and friendless, to fall into the clutches of Gerald Fortescue?"

An unspeakable remorse darkened his face.

"Do not reproach yourself," said Meg, gently. "You loved Constance, and she deceived you. I forgive you freely. But you tell me nothing. Pray explain this enmity which you bear toward Fortescue—a man who seems to be honored and admired by all the rest of the world."

"Are we safe from interruption here?" he demanded.

"Yes."

With hands nervously clutching his arm, she looked up into his face, expecting she knew not what.

"Meg," he said, solemnly, "in this house you were born. Do not start—it was a part of your father's inheritance. You see that recess yonder, by the window? There a portrait of your mother used to hang. Philip Harmon painted it—he was an artist of no mean merit. When he was destroyed and his possessions gobbled up, that picture, without doubt, fell into Fortescue's hands."

A light broke upon Meg.

"Am I like my mother?" she cried.

"You are her image, and if Fortescue has not noticed the fact he is a duller man than I supposed him to be."

"My mother's portrait hangs in his bedchamber, nunky. It has hung there for many years; his daughter told me that."

"In his bedchamber! Good heaven, what mockery! Can he sleep with that face so near him? What sort of dreams haunt his pillow, I wonder. Does her ghost come to him in the night watches? Meg, you ought to have known your father's story long ago—I admit that—but I shrank from telling you—you were very dear to me, and I thought only of your happiness."

Then, holding her slim hands in his own, he commenced the following recital:

"My acquaintance with Philip Harmon began in my early youth. We were a modern David and Jonathan—a sort of Damon and Pythias. I loved him as if he were a part of myself. He was a splendid, brilliant, dazzling fellow, the idol of his friends, the last of a proud, rich and honored family, a courted darling of society, a man whom all women admired—rich, handsome, talented. Heavens! when I think of Philip Harmon, as he was in those early days, I can scarcely believe my own memory. This house was his birthplace. Here he lived in princely style. He could use the brush and pencil with excellent effect. Had he been born poor, he might have made himself famous as an artist. But art to him was a pastime only. He painted simply for his own amusement. One day I found on his easel the very cleverly executed portrait of a man. It was a powerful but repulsive face, and I asked, curiously, 'Who is that?'

"'Nobody worth speaking of,' he answered, in his own careless way; 'nobody but Gerald Fortescue.'

"'And who is Gerald Fortescue?' I inquired—it was the first time I had ever heard the name.

"'A protégé of the family,' he answered, lightly. 'He's not half bad—indeed, one might call him a goodish sort of a fellow. My father picked him up years ago, when he was a mere boy, educated him like a lord, and set him to the study of law; but he forgot to mention him in his will—an omission which Gerald, I fear, resents. For that cause, or some other, I fancy at times that he detests me. Of course, it's only a fancy, for he follows me about like a dog, and manifests what might be called a most tender interest in all my affairs, both public and private.'

"Now, there was nothing in these words to alarm one, and yet they gave me a strange uneasiness.

"'Keep clear of the beggar; I don't like his face—he looks treacherous,' I answered, and then forgot the insignificant matter.

"A few weeks after this conversation Harmon went abroad. At the end of a year I followed him. We met upon the Continent, in the Cursaal at Weisbaden. He had been from one end of Europe to the other, he told me.

"'Alone?' I asked.

"'No,' he answered, 'Fortescue is with me. The fellow is like a leech. I cannot shake him off.'

"That night I met Gerald Fortescue for the first time at the Englischen hop—a dark, wary, smooth-tongued man. I distrusted him at once, and the antipathy was mutual. He hated all Harmon's friends, and me, perhaps, more than any other. A French count, and two or three Englishmen, whose acquaintance your father had made at the spa, were present. Cards were played, and in a game betwixt Harmon and Fortescue some trifling dispute arose. The former was as hot-tempered as a Spaniard. An insulting word dropped from Fortescue's lips. My friend leaped up from the table, his blue eyes blazing, his yellow hair waving about his handsome flushed brows, seized a glass of wine and flung it in Fortescue's face.

"You can guess the result. A meeting was arranged for the next morning in a forest on the road to Sonneburg. I was to act as Harmon's second. Pistols were the weapons to be used. I learned from Philip's English friends that Fortescue was a splendid shot, sure to wing his game every time.

"'You had better go and practice in the duke's shooting-gallery,' I said to my friend, but he laughed.

"'I fancy I am quite as proficient in the use of the pistol as that ungrateful beggar,' said he. 'It would be an odd thing, would it not, if Fortescue, after fattening for years upon my father's bounty, should end the matter by shooting my father's son?'

"I passed a miserable night. To me, dueling was an obsolete barbarism. I was greatly troubled about Harmon. Even at this early date, I felt that Fortescue was his deadly enemy.

"It was approaching dawn when I went out to walk away my unrest under the willows and acacias that border the little pond in the rear of the Cursaal. Could I allow my friend to sacrifice his life at three-and-twenty? Could I prevent the meeting? No, that was impossible! I had turned toward the smoking, fuming Koch-Crunnen, where visitors were already drinking the waters, when I heard my name called, and, lo! there was Harmon advancing along the parade, his face grave and pale, his brows knitted in gloomy thought.

"'Dysart,' he said, laying his hand on my shoulder, 'there will be no meeting! I have just learned something in regard to Fortescue which makes it impossible for me to fight with him. Do not ask me to explain; it is not my secret. I shall leave Weisbaden at once for Paris.'

"His manner forbade me to question him. All that I could discover, then or subsequently, was that Fortescue had sought a private interview with his antagonist after all the arrangements for the duel had been made, and that both had decided to abandon all thought of a meeting. I was puzzled and amazed. Harmon went away to Paris that very day, and Gerald Fortescue with him, leaving the mystery unexplained.

"I saw him no more for several months. My course lay among the Swiss mountains and Italian lakes. Finally I also set my face toward Paris, and the first acquaintance that I met in that gay city was Harmon. He looked as handsome as a Greek god, and his gayety was something wonderful. I suspected, even before he told me, that some new joy had entered into his life.

"'What has become of that fellow Fortescue?' I asked, after our first greetings.

"A shadow passed over his splendid face.

"'He is here in Paris.'

"'Here—with you?'

"'Yes,' he answered, with a forced laugh; 'he haunts me like a shadow. Well, my father was fond of him, and for his sake I tolerate Gerald.'

"'I thought he was a poor devil of a lawyer, with nothing to bless himself with,' said I. 'What supports him in Paris?'

"'My purse is always at his disposal,' replied Harmon, carelessly; 'and he is never backward in helping himself to its contents. But let us not talk of Fortescue. I have something important to tell you.' He laid his hands on my shoulders, his fine eyes shone with a feverish light. 'I am about to enter into the state matrimonial. Wish me joy, Dysart.'

"Somehow, this young Adonis—this curled darling of fortune, had hitherto shown little *penchant* for women.

"'Nonsense!' I answered; 'you are jesting?'

"'My doom is sealed!' he answered; 'in a month, at furthest, I shall be a sober Benedict. No words of mine can tell you how I love her. Whom the gods design to kill they first make mad, you know. I confess that I am as mad as a Bedlamite.'

"'And pray, who is the being that has brought you to this pass?" I cried, in amazement.

"He changed color like some bashful schoolgirl.

"'Her name is Agnes Ferrol—God bless her! She is an American—a Bostonian, living here in Paris with her father, who is her only relative. Fortescue, by-the-way, admires her immensely—yes, a trifle more than is good for him.'

"The next night there was a ball at the American Minister's, and there I first met the woman who was destined to be your father's ruin. Look in your mirror, Meg, and you will see Agnes Ferrol as she was at eighteen, when her beauty was the talk of the American colony in Paris. In character she was weak, ease-loving, timid, irresolute, shallow. Her father, a genteel adventurer, lived principally by his wits, and his skill in cards. He had wandered about Europe for years, and finally settled in Paris, to drink absinthe, play *écarté*, loo and lansquenet, and look about for a rich husband for his handsome daughter. He had met Harmon at a card-table, and on him, unluckily, his choice fell. He invited the rich young aristocrat to dinner, and the rest—well, Philip looked into Agnes Ferrol's eyes, and the rest was very easy.

"I watched her closely at the ball that night. Before it was over I had made some discoveries. One was that Harmon adored his fair *fiancée*—another, that his undisguised passion bored her. Alas! it was the old story of one side fire and the other ice.

"Among the guests, I soon discovered Gerald Fortescue. His attentions seemed fixed upon Miss Ferrol—his greedy gaze pursued her everywhere. It took me just a half-hour by the clock to decide that he was madly in love with Philip Harmon's betrothed.

"By-and-by I stepped out upon a glass-inclosed balcony, crowded with hothouse exotics. Harmon was dancing with a French countess. I leaned back among the roses and azaleas, with a screen of flowering vines and broad-leaved palms all about me, and listened to the gay waltz-music, and watched the distant lights, mirrored, like floating fires, in the waters of the Seine.

"Presently a door communicating with the ballroom swung back, and two persons entered my retreat—Gerald Fortescue and Miss Ferrol. The palms hid me from their view. I gave a warning cough, but neither heard it.

"'And so you will marry that young idiot for his money, Agnes?' I heard Gerald Fortescue say. 'You will give your hand to him, when, by your own confession, your heart is all mine?'

"'It is my father's positive command,' she faltered. 'I must obey him. He looks to me to mend his ruined fortunes—to provide for his old age. He would never, never consent to my marriage with a poor man!'

"'Shame! Then you will sell yourself?'

"'I will do my duty. My word is passed. I have promised to marry Philip Harmon, and I must—I must, even though my heart should break!'

"He burst into violent reproaches, then began to plead passionately.

"'In heaven's name, Agnes, what is to become of me?'

"'Ah!' she sobbed, 'you will not suffer alone. We must forget each other immediately.'

"A few colored lamps burned here and there through the rich bloom of the balcony. In their light Fortescue's face looked like some demon's.

"'Forget each other? Never!' He snatched her to his breast, covered her face with kisses. 'Of all the wrongs that I have suffered, this is the most cruel! Had Harmon's wealth, or even a portion of it, been mine, your father would not have rejected my suit—the thought is like death to me, Agnes! Philip robs me of you, because he has all and I have nothing. Should the opportunity ever come, I will crush him as I would a viper. Remember, whether you are his wife or not, I shall always love you—love you as utterly as I hate him!'

"'Hush!' she implored, breaking from his embrace; 'you will be overheard. I cannot listen to you longer. Take me back to the ballroom.'

"A moment after, both left the balcony.

"I went straight to Harmon, and forcing him into a quiet corner, spoke to him as follows:

"'Beware of that fellow Fortescue. He is a snake in the grass. I know—absolutely *know*, Phil, that he hates you, and will do you an injury whenever he can. Moreover, he thinks altogether too much of Miss Ferrol. He has been a suitor for her hand, has he not?'

"Harmon stared at me scornfully.

"'No doubt. So have many others. Miss Ferrol counts her conquests by dozens. But, my dear Dysart, it is impossible for me to look upon Fortescue as an enemy or a rival—he is too insignificant. I pity him, you know, but I cannot fear him.'

"'Phil, with my own ears I have heard him curse you.'

"He laughed, carelessly.

"'Bah! Gerald has a temper. He feels that he has been wronged.'

"'How?'

"He looked embarrassed.

"'Well, in that matter of my father's will. As I am morally certain that he has just grounds for complaint, I make it a point to be generous, and bear with his impudence and ingratitude.'

"'Good heaven, Phil! I fail to see why you should suffer him to follow you everywhere, prey on your bounty, deceive you shamelessly——'

"'Dysart, you are going too far! There are some things that I cannot reveal, even to you, whom I love as a brother.'

"After this rebuff, I ceased to speak to him of Fortescue.

"A few weeks later, Harmon married Miss Ferrol, and carried her home to America. The bride's father survived his daughter's brilliant match but a month. To this very house Harmon brought his bride, and a great stir her beauty and accomplishments made in fashionable Boston society. Business detained me abroad, and more than two years elapsed before I saw Harmon again; but from various sources I learned that matters were not going well with my friend—that he was far from happy in his married life. Never shall I forget my first interview with him after my return to this city.

"I found him alone, in a room which he had fitted up as a studio. On his easel was that portrait of his wife which I have already mentioned—the fair shadow of a fair substance. As the servant ushered me in, he was standing before it, lost in painful thought. He embraced me like a Frenchman, but I was struck with his haggard look. He had lost flesh, and there was a weary misery in his fine eyes that made my heart ache for him.

"'Good heaven, Phil! what is the matter with you?' I cried. 'How changed you are!—how ill you look!'

"'Ill?' he answered. 'No; I am tired of my life—that is all.'

"'Where is your wife?'

"'At this particular moment, she is dancing at Mrs. Heliotrope's fancy ball,' he answered, with an unpleasant laugh. 'She is uncommonly fond of balls—fonder of them, by far, than of her liege lord! Dysart, sometimes it seems as if I was going mad!' He laid his hand heavily on my shoulder. 'She never loved me, old fellow. She married me for my fortune. I suspected the fact two years ago—I *know* it now. Fancy, if you can, how the knowledge hurts me. Well, she has had what she coveted—my money. I have spent it upon her without stint. I have denied her nothing. Thousands and tens of thousands have gone for idle whims alone. What do I care? Let us be merry to-day, for to-morrow we die. I have never counted the cost of her caprices, her love of luxury and display—I never will! My friends shake their heads, and hint at my immediate ruin, but while a dollar of my fortune remains, it shall be hers.'

"He sprang up and stood before the easel. With a sort of bitter passion he surveyed the perfect face which his own hand had limned.

"'Dysart,' he said, hoarsely, 'you do not know what it is to love a woman better than your own soul, and see her shrink from your touch, shudder under your caresses. You do not know what it is to hold her fair body in your arms, and feel that that fine, impalpable, tantalizing thing, her soul, has altogether escaped you—to watch her plunging into every fashionable dissipation for the purpose of drowning her misery—to see a look of hopeless melancholy growing and growing in her eyes—my God! it is a look that *kills!* I have reproduced it tolerably well upon this bit of canvas, eh? There is a child, Dysart—did you know that? But she has no more love for it than for its wretched father. Come and see.'

"He led the way to a luxurious nursery, where you were lying, fast asleep, under a cloud of silk and lace—a dimpled baby, marked even then with Agnes Ferrol's fatal beauty. He bent and kissed you passionately.

"'It may be,' he muttered, more to himself than to me, 'that some day she will avenge me.'"

Colonel Dysart paused a moment, and heard a deep sigh. Meg, who had listened breathlessly to his story, leaned nearer to him.

"Did he say that—my father?"

"Yes, he said it as if you were his sole hope and comfort. He seemed very fond of you. He had named you Margaret Grey for his own dead mother.

"'Poor little thing,' he sighed, 'she is left entirely to the care of servants. I must be to her as both parents in one.'

"I sat with him into the wee small hours. Still his wife did not appear. I asked if she was alone at the ball.

"'I do not know,' he answered, wearily. 'Fortescue will probably ride home with her—he often does.'

"I started.

"'That infernal fellow *again!*'

"'Softly, Dysart! He has become a very good friend of mine. I know your opinion of him, but believe me, you are prejudiced—he is worthy of my entire confidence, and—he has it. I really feel something like affection for him. In many ways he makes himself necessary to me.'

"'Philip, I hope you have not taken leave of your senses?'

"'Not at all. Gerald is able and faithful. As a lawyer, you know, he is fast rising in public favor. He manages my business matters with great skill. It is my duty to—— Hark! I hear her carriage. She is coming at last!'

"Five minutes after, Agnes Harmon, fresh from the fancy ball, glided into the room where we sat, and Fortescue followed her. She was in the costume of Marie Stuart. Her velvet mantle, bordered with ermine, trailed over the deep carpet; her superb dress of satin and velvet, gold brocade and diamonds, added a new splendor to her beauty. Surely Scotland's ill-fated queen had never been fairer, and yet one had only to look in her face to see that she was not a happy woman. Her large eyes were full of settled melancholy. She wore the cold pallor of a statue, the smile on her lip seemed frozen there.

"She gave me the tips of her exquisite fingers. Fortescue simply nodded. Dark, wary, subtle as ever, he reminded me of a Mephistopheles. All my old aversion for the man sprang again into vigorous life. How could Philip be so blind as to trust him in anything?

"'Have you had a pleasant evening?' sneered Harmon, as, with lowering brows, he surveyed his handsome wife. She did not answer. She was nervously plucking at the jeweled clasp which held her ermined cloak. He seized the garment, and literally tore it from her shoulders.

"'Speak! Have you made many conquests, Mrs. Harmon?'

"Still she was mute. Fortescue answered for her.

"'My dear Harmon,' he said, coolly, 'it may gratify you to know that your wife has been the bright particular star of the night—the observed, as she always is, of all observers.'

"Harmon's face grew dark with jealous pain. He grasped his wife by her jeweled wrist.

"'You have been happy, Agnes, whirling about in the arms of other men, listening to their cursed flatteries—their tacit love-making?'

"'Not happy,' she answered, 'for there is no such thing in the world. Happiness is a fable. One must kill time in some way—as well dance as moan and weep.'

"He almost flung her from him.

"'You will drive me mad some day!' he cried; 'it is a wonder that I do not *murder* you!'

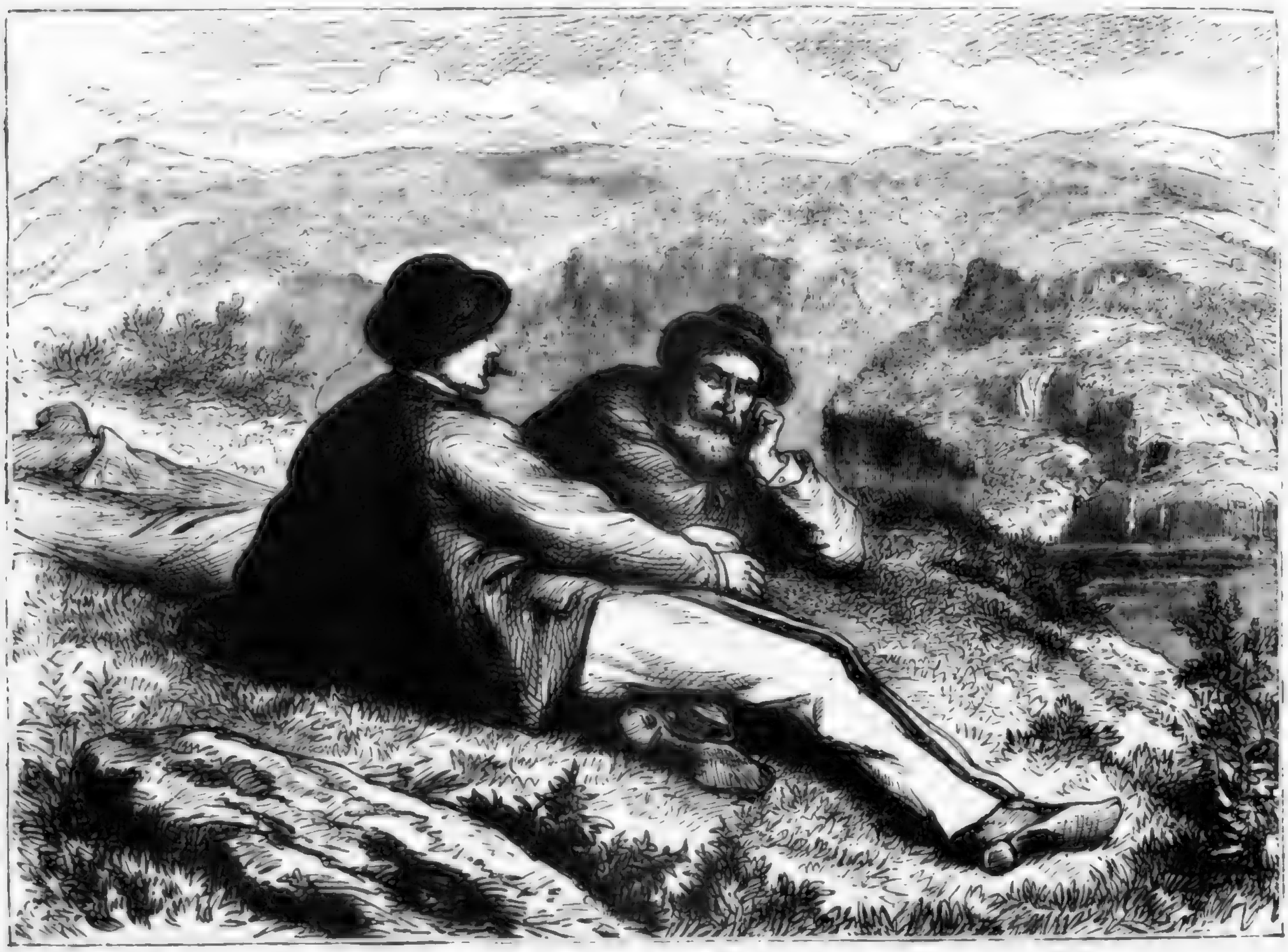
"'I wish you would,' said Agnes Harmon, in a low voice, and looking him straight in the eyes—'from my heart, I wish you would!'

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN A WOMAN SAYS SHE WILL, SHE WILL.

CHARLES DICKENS, as every one knows, went to real life for nearly all, if not quite all, his characters. Even the most unlikely of his creations—Miss Havisham, in "Great Expectations"—had, says *Truth*, a prototype in the flesh, who is still alive, and whose name, though not in that capacity, was brought before the public the other day in connection with a squabble which has agitated "society" in Ventnor. This is a certain Miss Dick, who lives at Madeira Vale, a tract of land covered with gardens and villas, lying between Ventnor and Bonchurch. It is many years since she was young, and then she had a romance which did not meet with the approval of her mother. The love affair was broken off, but the young lady accompanied the act of filial duty by a declaration that she would go to bed and never get up again. And she kept her word. The years have come and gone, and the house has never been swept or garnished, the garden is an overgrown tangle, and the eccentric lady has spent twenty years between the sheets. Charles Dickens used to stay at Ventnor a good deal in those days, and so unique an episode was not lost upon him.

HOW THE PRICE OF BREAD WAS REGULATED IN DAYS GONE BY.—From the end of the reign of King Henry III. to the commencement of the present century, a simple plan was followed in England to avoid the great fluctuations in the price of bread, and obviate the extortion of the baker and miller. The Assize of Bread was set every week by the authorities in every borough and manor. The price of bread was regulated by the then price of wheat, a sufficient margin of reasonable profit being left to the baker and miller. Offenders who sold too dear were punished by fine and the pillory. On the 17th of June, 1824, bread was first ordered to be sold by weight in London; and an Act which was passed in the reign of William IV., and came into operation on October 1st, 1836, extended the same practice to the provinces.



"WE LAY FULL-LENGTH ON THE HEATHER,
AS THE DAY WAS BEGINNING TO DIE."

TEMPORA ET NOS.

By Gordon Gun.

We were three boys together,
Harry and Jack and I;
We lay full-length on the heather,
As the day was beginning to die;
And our 'bacco-smoke and our "blether"
Went up to the Summer sky.

We prated of dogs and of horses,
Of things human and things divine;
We talked of the stars in their courses,
We prattled of women and wine,
Of political power and its sources,
And eke of the art to dine.

Jack was a bold Freethinker,
And all for the Rights of Man;
Would pledge a Republican tinker,
Till Harry to chafe began—
Of "fads" plebeian a sinker
On a Tory and High-Church plan.

Hal babbled of "Charles the Martyr"
A Strafford or Laud writ small—
Jack vowed he would give no quarter
To bigot or bigot's thrall:
Each in his way was a Tartar,
And I was—nothing at all.

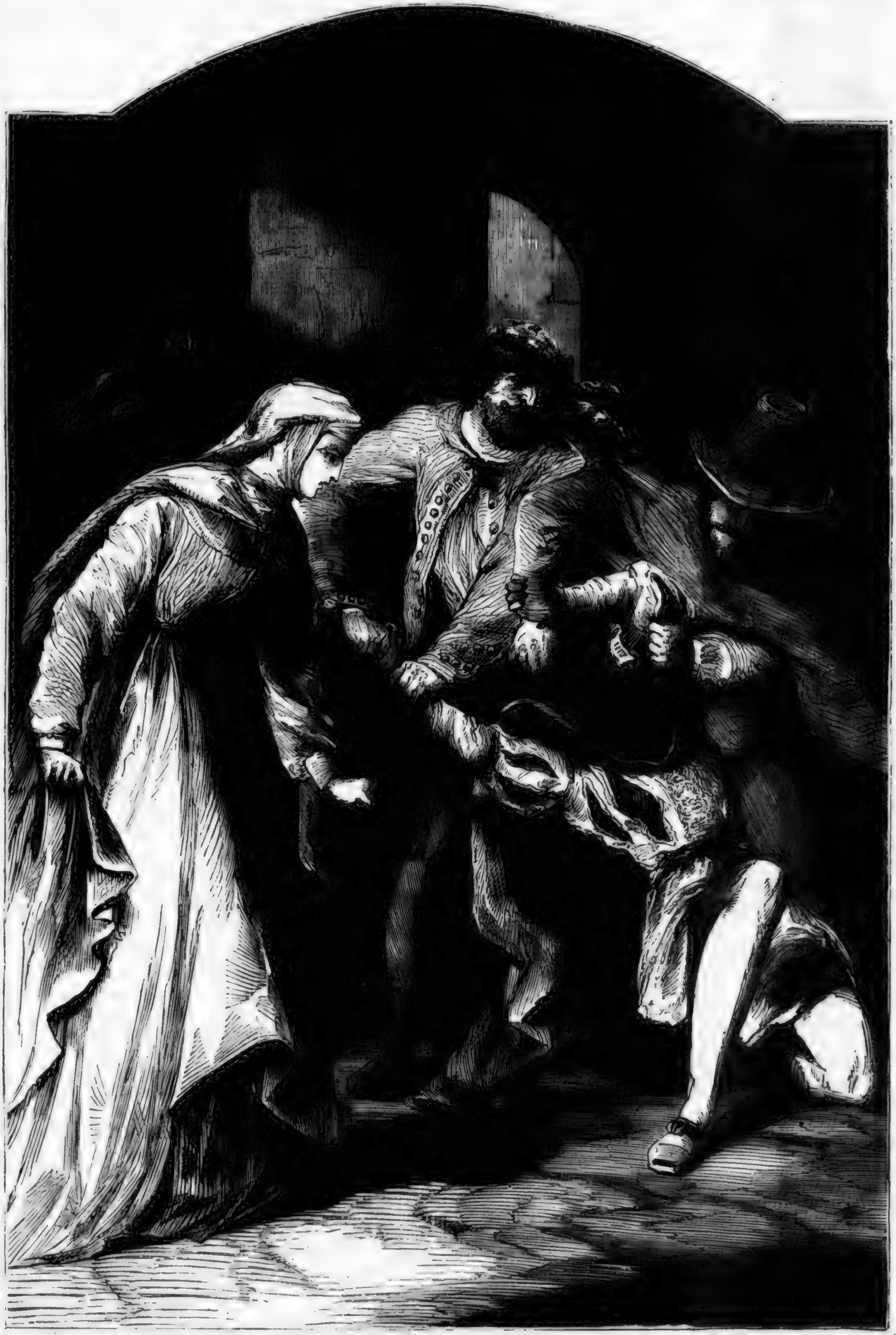
* * * * *

We are three men asunder,
Each wending his separate way;
And often I pause to wonder
If your memories ever stray,
Old friends, to that hillside yonder,
And our talk in the dying day.

For Hal is a power in the City,
Cunning in "rise" and "fall";
And Jack, the audacious and witty,
Sits demure in a canon's stall;
While I—well, more's the pity,
Still I am nothing at all.

A CURIOUS BIBLE.

An old Bible is now in a bookstore in Albany that was picked up by a Union soldier in the streets of Fredericksburg, on Dec. 14th, 1862. The soldier gave it to his chaplain, who forwarded it to Albany, and there it has been ever since. It is a Latin Bible that was printed in the year 1500. The first person of the Godhead is represented in it in the semblance of an old man with the Papal crown on his head. The Flood is pictured—Noah and his wife with their heads out of the window, looking at the flight of four birds. Manna is represented about the size of a bread cracker. Moses is invariably pictured as having horns, from an expression in the Vulgate.



THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.—"'VILLAINS, UNHAND ME! KNOW YE WHO I AM?' CRIED THE ASTONISHED MONARCH."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.

FRANCIS of Naples was one of the most crafty of Italian despots. His handsome person was graced with a polished demeanor eminently Machiavelian. His chief adviser and prime minister was Cardinal Gonzales, a man of great astuteness and an almost boundless ambition. His lofty mind and noble sentiments had, however, been moderated by his ecclesiastical education. The great object of his life was the pontificate, a dignity to which he had for many years aspired. This had been the glittering bait held out to him by King Francis, who had promised him his influence on the death of the Pope, an event daily expected.

Among the most influential nobles of the Neapolitan Court was the Count of Syracuse, the commander of the army, whose only son, Andrian, was betrothed to Joanna, daughter of the Duke de Vendome, the French ambassador to the Court of Naples.

Joanna was a woman who inherited from her father all the French vivacity, while from her Italian mother she had a depth and earnestness seldom found in the Gallic race. Her beauty also partook of the Italian style. She was, indeed, a rare specimen of perfect womanhood, being as gentle in her manners as she was virtuous and devout in her conduct.

The King, who had been a widower for some years, had lately conceived a passion for her, which only awaited a favorable opportunity to reveal itself. In this passion he was encouraged by Chatelet, one of those infamous minions who are ever ready to pander to a tyrant's pleasures. The admiration of the King had not been unsuspected by Joanna, but she had pretended not to notice it, fearful of causing a rupture between the King and Andrian, whose safety she prized above life itself.

But however violent the King's passion might be for the beautiful Joanna, his prudence dictated caution, lest he should incur the hostility of France, a country with which he was very anxious to remain on good terms. He, therefore, studiously avoided doing anything to outrage the feelings of the daughter of the French ambassador.

This was the position of affairs when the cardinal received a dispatch from the Eternal City announcing the death of the Pope. The succeeding day brought the news that the election had fallen upon Cardinal Ruspina, in whose favor the influence of Francis had been employed.

When Cardinal Gonzales was satisfied the King had played him false in the matter, his rage was unbounded; but to carry out his vengeance the more effectually, he resolved to conceal his disappointment. And he, therefore, when condoled with by the King on the unforeseen result of the election, assured the monarch that he would rather remain as his trusted friend and adviser than wear the triple crown of Rome.

The elevation of Ruspina to the Chair of St. Peter greatly pleased the tyrant of Naples, as he felt assured of having a powerful friend in one whom he had contributed to raise to the throne, and who was consequently bound to him by ties of gratitude.

In a conversation a few days afterward, the cardinal dwelt with great eloquence upon the beauty of Joanna, and so inflamed the King's fancy, that the royal voluptuary resolved to venture upon the bold step of sending Chatelet to the proud Frenchwoman with a costly gift and to avow his love. He had been restrained from this extreme step, hitherto, by his fear of the cardinal, whom he well knew to be a friend of Vendome's; but the cardinal had so lightly spoken of the King's passion for Joanna, that his last scruple had vanished.

As the cardinal left the King, that sagacious churchman saw the pit the royal traitor was blindly digging for himself.

"Thus commences my vengeance," said the cardinal to himself; "a rupture with France, and the alienation of the Count of Syracuse and his powerful party."

On the way to the Duke de Vendome's palace, the wily prelate called upon the Count of Syracuse, and requested Andrian would meet him at the duke's palace in an hour. As he had surmised, he arrived just in time to see the effect of the King's proposal and the scorn of Joanna, whose indignation was excessive.

When he entered the room, his experienced eye saw at a glance the situation. The costly bracelet was on the floor, crushed by her foot, while Chatelet stood angry and humiliated. The next moment or so, Vendome and Andrian entered the apartment.

Stung by the insult, Andrian denounced the King as a tyrant, and swore vengeance upon him. Upon Chatelet resenting the remarks, Andrian drew his sword, and but for the cardinal, would have killed the villainous courtier on the spot.

"You had better retire, Chatelet," said the cardinal, "and report to the King the failure of your mission. I will endeavor to repair the evil."

Bursting with rage and mortification, the courtier withdrew.

"The King is mad," said the cardinal; "the insult is too gross to admit of any other excuse. But do nothing rashly."

"The majesty of France has been insulted in my person," was De Vendome's proud remark, "and the national honor must be avenged!"

"Leave all to me till to-morrow," said the churchman. "I will at once to the King, and learn the reason of this insult. Perhaps that miserable tool, Chatelet, has misunderstood his master."

So saying, he took his departure for the palace. He found the King and Chatelet in the royal cabinet. It was evident the discomfited courtier had laid the entire failure of his mission upon Andrian, against whom the King's wrath was intense.

Telling Chatelet to retire, the cardinal reproached the King with having sent so notorious a profligate on such a delicate mission, and told the King to leave the management in his hands. At the same time he advised the King to arrest the young noble Andrian for treason, and if he resisted, to execute summary vengeance.

This counsel was so agreeable to the King's inflamed vanity, that he immediately sent Chatelet with a guard to put the warrant against Andrian in force.

"Her lover out of the way," suggested the cardinal, "Joanna will listen, doubtless, to reason!"

With a grim smile, the cardinal went to the Duke de Vendome's palace. He found that Chatelet had dragged Andrian from the very presence of the ambassador, despite the duke's threats of the vengeance of the King of France.

When the duke and Joanna had related to the cardinal what had passed during his absence, he said:

"The tyrant is not mad, but he is lost to all sense of honor. He reckons on the friendship of the new Pope, whom he has helped to make. My lord duke, I will aid you in this terrible emergency, but you must follow my advice."

* * * * * * *

The more the cardinal reflected upon the King's conduct, the deadlier grew his indignation :

"Traitor !" said he, to himself, "death is too small a punishment for your crime ! But I will have full vengeance. Better that you had never been born than to have made me your dupe !"

Touching an alarum on the table, he sat back in his chair, his composed features betraying no signs of the mental storm that raged within him. Almost on the instant a monk stood before him.

"Father Anselmo," said the cardinal, "fetch Languenon, the bravo, to me."

The monk inclined his head, and withdrew.

"If ever man had cause to hate another, Languenon hates the King. My voice alone saved him from the bravo's steel when he so outraged Ursula, the bravo's daughter. Now I can bring his hate to wreak my will. Of all the merciless men alive, Languenon excels them all, save one. Yes, by this emblem before me," exclaimed the cardinal, gazing upon a crucifix, "I swear to let this miserable despot know what 'tis to dupe Gonzales. A wretched idiot, to wage war with me—to put his miserable brain 'gainst mine !"

Rising from his seat, the cardinal paced the spacious apartment with a measured tread characteristic of his stately nature. Then, resuming his seat, he sat, with his hands folded and his head bent, awaiting the coming of Languenon.

In about an hour Father Anselmo entered the room, and announced the arrival of the expected visitor.

"Usher him in," said the cardinal, "and then retire."

The next minute Languenon stood before him. The conference between the cardinal and the bravo was short. That it was satisfactory to both was evident, for as Languenon walked away, his features glared with a savage satisfaction perfectly fiendish. But it would require a very acute observer to discover any change in the aspect of Gonzales. The only sign of satisfaction his classic features revealed was a composure so stern as to be almost grim.

After writing several short letters, which he gave to Father Anselmo to dispatch, the cardinal crossed the garden which separated his palace from that of the King, and was immediately ushered into the royal presence.

"My dear and trusty friend, what news ?" exclaimed the King.

"When did a royal lover sue in vain ?" was the cardinal's reply.

"You give me hopes ; but, my dear cardinal, pardon a lover's fond impatience."

"I have prevailed," said the other.

"Thanks—thanks—a thousand thanks ! You shall be Pope ; his Holiness is already failing in health."

If the King had had the power of reading what passed in the cardinal's breast as the royal hypocrite again used the same bait, he would have shuddered ; but the ecclesiastic was too skilled in the art of dissembling his feelings to allow any emotion to be visible. In a tone of assumed self-reproach, he said :

"Nothing except the affection I cherish for you can justify my acts to my own conscience ; but I have pledged my sacred office to the fair Joanna that, at a convenient time, you will make her your queen."

"I will redeem your word ; but when am I to see her ?"

"To-night."

The royal voluptuary's eyes fairly glittered with joy.

"When and where—and the conditions ?"

"Are these," answered the cardinal. "'Twas partly vengeance that made her yield."

"Vengeance ! What mean you ?"

"I have promised that Chatelet shall be disgraced and banished for his insult to her."

"He shall, without delay. Nay, to please her, the ax shall drink his blood !"

A peculiar smile flitted over the cardinal's face.

"You smile," said the King. "At what ?"

"At royal gratitude," was the churchman's response. "That man Chatelet, although a profligate, has often sold his soul for your Majesty."

"Tush !" said the King, impatiently. "Tell me about Joanna."

"In order to prevent the duke from seeking her in the palace here, I have arranged that, in the disguise of a nun, she will meet you in the Monastery of St. Jude an hour before midnight. You must be disguised as a monk. I have brought the habit with me. Let none know your movements. Dismiss your chamberlain, and tell him you are ill, and you will retire early. Then leave the dress you now wear in your apartment, putting on your disguise. Then go through the secret door into the garden. A horse will be there, tied to the tree nearest to the marble faun."

The King was profuse in his professions of regard for his friend the cardinal.

Immediately proceeding to the Duke de Vendome's, he instructed Joanna in the part she had to perform in her drama of vengeance.

Like most men who are isolated from the domestic humanities of life, Gonzales had either crushed the common sentiments of our nature, or else they had withered away for want of that sustenance which the family relations afford. Not that he was naturally cruel or bloodthirsty, but he had reasoned himself into the faith that whatever was necessary to himself was justifiable. Hence he resolved to win Joanna over to his plot for taking vengeance on the faithless tyrant who had destroyed his hopes of obtaining the crowning object of his life.

Well acquainted with the impulsive and shifting character of woman, he feared the indignation she felt at the insult offered to her by the King—nay, even the fact of her lover, Andrian's, arrest—would be insufficient to persuade her to join in a plot to dethrone, much less to put his royal betrayer to death. He, therefore, resolved to intensify her hatred against Francis by sacrificing her lover.

Accordingly, in his next interview with the King, he artfully persuaded him that the only obstacle to his success with the fair Joanna was Andrian, and, in addition to this, that young noble was now dangerous, since he would be anxious to avenge the affront Joanna conceived she had received through Chatelet. In a word, the wily churchman so artfully inflamed the King's jealousy, envy and fears, that he dispatched Chatelet with an order for Andrian's immediate execution. This would also answer the double purpose of forcing the Count of Syracuse into the plot against the murderer of his son.

Having succeeded in his purpose, he proceeded to the prison where Andrian was confined, and left directions with a trusty dependent there to come on to him at the Duke de Vendome's the instant the ax should have severed the head from Andrian's body.

Having arranged these matters, he went to Vendome's, calling on the Count of Syracuse, whom he took with him to the duke's palace. On his arrival there, he found the duke and Joanna inflamed against the King in the highest

XUM

degree. The duke was engaged in dictating to his secretary a dispatch to his court, recounting the outrage on the majesty of France, and urging the immediate dispatch of a fleet to Naples to enforce ample apology and reparation. Joanna was in the same apartment, her face rigid as marble, and with lips compressed.

Upon their entrance, the duke discontinued dictating his letter, and joined in their deliberations. While thus engaged, the cardinal's messenger arrived, and in a few brief, hurried words, announced the execution of Andrian.

Horror sat upon all. The cardinal, taking Joanna by the hand, led her to an embrasure, and there held a long conference, carried on in a low tone. It is needless to relate what was arranged.

As the cardinal left the room, he said, in a low and emphatic tone:

"The tyrant has ceased to reign."

Joanna's eyes glittered as she uttered:

"The tyrant dies!"

* * * * * * *

An hour before the appointed time, Joanna, disguised as a Sister of Charity, arrived at the old Monastery of St. Jude. Pausing beneath the cloister, the desolate but vindictive woman gazed on the scene before her. The moonlight was soft and bright. All was silent, save the dashing of the multitudinous waves, beating time, as it were, on the shores of eternity. Around her stood in gloomy repose the forest, with its breezy voices sighing among the myriad boughs.

"Vengeance," murmured Joanna, "outruns old Time. I've felt the minutes drag when waiting for my Andrian, but never did I feel them crawl so slowly as now, when I am waiting for his murderer."

The sound of measured footsteps was heard; the next moment she saw it was the cardinal.

Approaching her, he said: "My gentle daughter, you are before your time—a grievous fault, almost as great as being after it."

Joanna replied:

"I could not rest. I have a mighty thirst upon my soul, which I must slake with blood!"

"You have a cause which justifies your hate; bereft of all that renders life delicious, your soul demands a vengeance equal to your wrongs."

"Remind me not of what I have lost," replied Joanna, in a deep voice.

As she uttered the last word, the cardinal laid his hand gently on her arm, and, in a whisper, said:

"I hear a step. I know it is the King. He also is before his time. Delay him in soft parlance till Languenon arrives. I will retire, but say not that you have seen me."

Saying this, he glided behind a heavy pillar of the monastery, where he could hear all that passed between Joanna and the tyrant without being seen himself.

"Your Majesty is late; looks this like love?"

"Pardon me," replied the King, "that I have kept you waiting; but, loveliest, see a king pleading at your feet, and, for the beardless youth you have lost, accept a powerful monarch, whose sole wish will be to please you." A slight noise made the King pause in his protestations. "What noise is that, Joanna?"

"Your fancy, sire."

Ashamed of his weakness, he said:

"My peerless Joanna—for such I mean to make you—dost think that you can love me?"

In a soft voice, she answered:

"I must rather ask whether you love me?"

"Upon these knees I swear," exclaimed the King, throwing himself upon one knee—"I swear to love you and devote myself to your service!"

He was here suddenly stopped in his asseverations, for ere he could rise, Languenon and his bravoes pinioned his arms and proceeded to bind him.

"Villains, unhand me! Know ye who I am?" cried the astonished monarch.

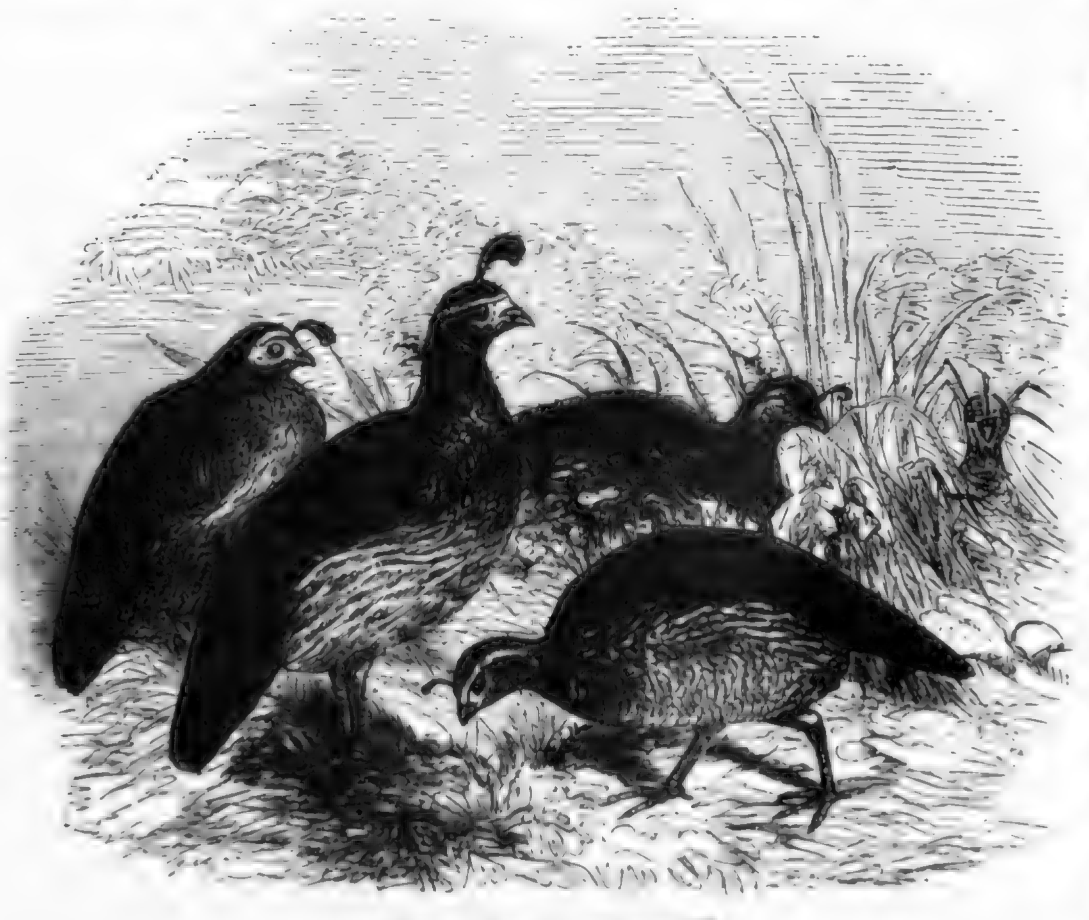
"You *were* King, but now you are my prisoner," replied a voice which filled the wretched man's soul with terror, for he knew instinctively that it was the voice of an enemy, but whose it was he could not define. At the same instant a cloak was thrown over the captive monarch's head.

The cardinal now glided from behind the pillar, and taking Joanna's hand, whispered:

"Daughter, are you not avenged?"

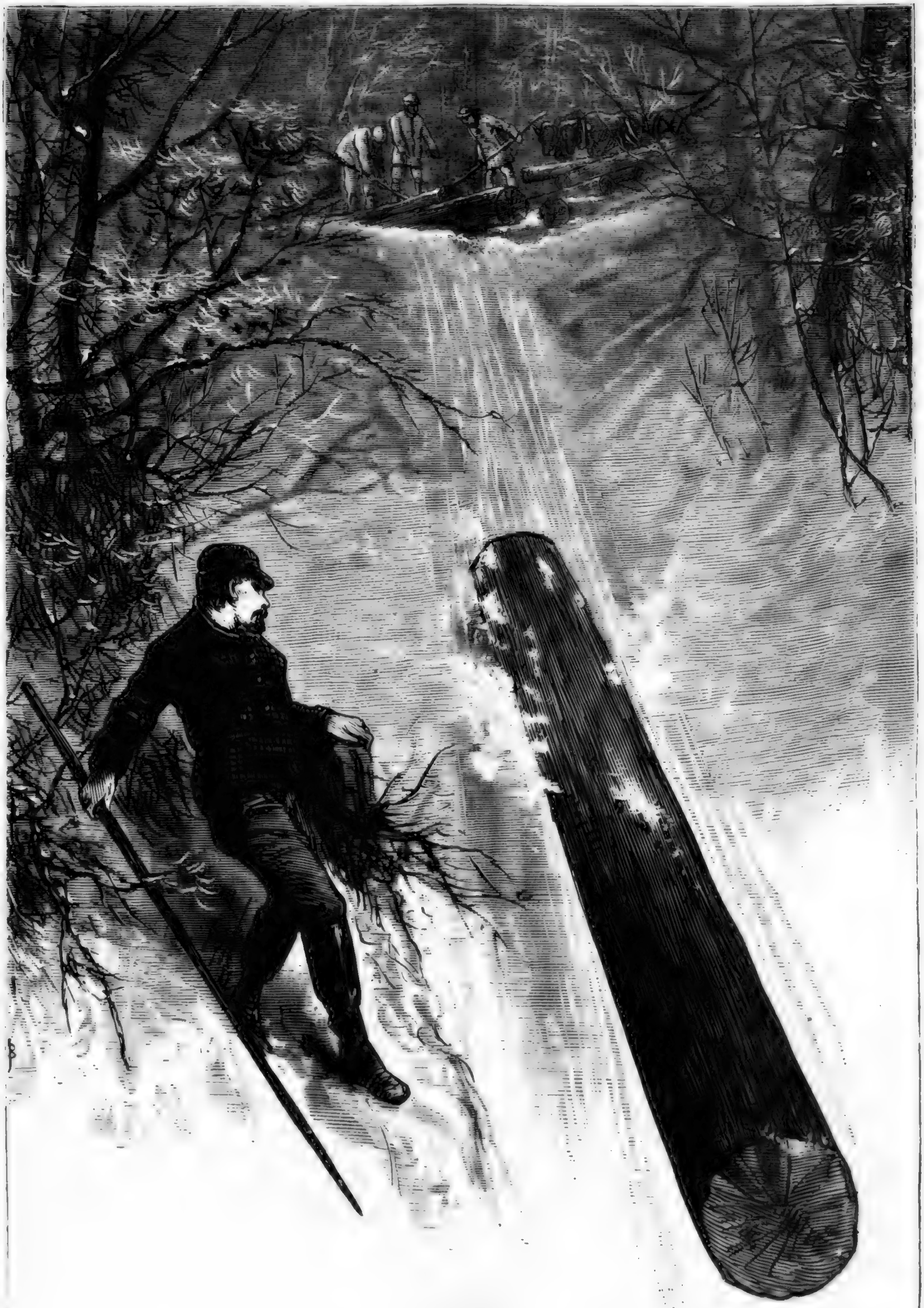
"Not yet!" was her reply.

The cardinal then drew Languenon



CALIFORNIAN QUAIL.—SEE PAGE 602.

XUM



LUMBERING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.—SHOOTING LOGS.—SEE PAGE 602.

aside, and gave him some directions, in a voice audible to him alone. The bravoes then hurried their prisoner to the rear of the old monastery. When the sound of their footsteps had ceased, the churchman took Joanna's hand, and said:

"Come, my fair daughter, you shall lecture him in his dungeon on his misdeeds. 'Twill wound him deeper than the bravo's steel."

They then slowly passed into the cloister.

* * * * * * *

For a passing moment it flashed across the King's mind that the plot had been so admirably formed and carried out, that it was the work of the cardinal; but the reflection that Gonzales derived his authority from him led him to dismiss the suspicion as soon as formed, for the King did not know that the cardinal was perfectly aware of his royal friend's treachery in the recent election. He therefore concluded that the cardinal had been made the dupe of Vendome and Joanna and the Count of Syracuse. The only grain of consolation in his present wretchedness was that the cardinal's sagacity would soon discover where he was concealed, and hasten to release him. He saw at a glance that Joanna had only consented to meet him to get him in her power.

His meditations were suddenly brought to a close by the same mysterious voice commanding them to halt. Then loud blows were struck upon a door, evidently lined with iron, and after a few seconds the signal was returned. The grating of rusty bolts was then heard, and the swing of heavy gates.

The King was led down some twenty steps, and the chill that struck through his frame convinced him they were in the subterranean dungeons of the monastery. Then came the confused whispering of several voices, as though in discussion. This lent him a momentary courage, and he cried:

"Know ye that I am the King!"

"Peace!" said the ominous voice.

The habit of command overcame his prudence, and he exclaimed:

"Villains and traitors, the ax shall punish this outrage!"

"Gag the tyrant if he speaks another word," calmly retorted the leader of the band.

The next minute the captive despot was led into the vault selected for his dungeon. The cloak was then removed, and the baffled sensualist beheld himself in a stone vault, about twelve feet square.

The glare of the torch showed that there was no window to give a chance of escape. A miserable pallet and a chair constituted the entire furniture. Nor could he ascertain who were his captors, for every one of them was masked. As he turned his head around he was suddenly thrown down on the floor, manacles were placed on his hands and chains on his feet.

Suddenly the light was extinguished, the door was banged to, and the wretched monarch was left alone in utter darkness. The only vent for his sufferings was contemplating the vengeance he would wreak when he was released.

The most disturbing circumstance about his imprisonment, awful and unexpected as it might be, was in that ominous, half-familiar but still unknown voice, the very slightest of whose tones sent the blood curdling through his veins.

That he had heard it, he well knew; that he had deeply wronged the possessor of it, he was equally convinced; and that an undefined horror at its sound came over him, he was as equally persuaded.

No death-knell struck such horror into the superstitious heart of guilt as did the solemn sound into the heart of the unfortunate King.

The only chance he felt of escape was the vigilance of the cardinal, and on this he built his hopes with the most unwavering certainty. Indeed, if the cardinal did not soon rescue him, he should be compelled, absurd as it might appear, to consider him as one of the conspirators.

The opening of the dungeon door made him look up. The person who entered was the man whose voice had so mysteriously reminded the King of some forgotten passage in his life. But although he now wore no mask, and the torchlight fell full on his face, he could not recall where he had heard the voice or seen the face.

"Here, tyrant, is some bread and wine; though, as you are so soon to die, I do not see the good of wasting it on you."

"So soon! What mean you, friend?"

"Don't call me friend; I hate you, and am your deadly enemy."

"I never wronged you. Why, then, should you hate me?"

"You never wronged me? fool!—know you who I am?"

"No."

"I am the father of the nun Ursula, whom your villainy killed."

"Ha!" shrieked the King; "the bravo Languenon!"

"You now may know your chance of mercy. In two hours, by this hand you die! Were you to bid the universe as a bribe, it were in vain; I thirst to slay you!"

"You will not slay my soul?"

"I will send a priest, but make quick shrift."

So saying, he departed, leaving the wretched King once more in utter darkness.

* * * * * *

The King saw now that the only chance for his life was to bribe the friar who came to shrive him to inform the cardinal of his position. It was, consequently, with an impatient anguish, beyond the power of words, that he listened for the slightest sound announcing the friar's approach. After a suspense of some half an hour, which to the wretched man seemed centuries, the door turned on its harsh hinges, and a Franciscan friar stood before him. His face was entirely concealed by his cowl. While the King was revolving in his mind the best method of breaking his proposition to the friar, the latter said, in a deep, sepulchral voice:

"Peace be with you, my son. I have come to receive your confession."

"Holy father, do you know who I am?" was the King's eager and anxious question.

"I do. You were the King, but now deposed for most unkingly crimes."

"Can you, then, see your sovereign butchered?"

"I do not come to argue, but to shrive you," replied the friar, in the same dull, passionless, sepulchral tone.

"Good father, take this ring to my dear friend, Cardinal Gonzales; take it without delay, and on my kingly soul I swear I will heap wealth and rank upon you. You shall share with me my royal power."

"Son, forget this world and all its sinful vanities. The minutes haste which bear you to the grave!"

"Do you refuse to bear this to the cardinal?"

"Banish these futile hopes; think of the grave and your soul. But if you want me not, I will retire."

"I cannot die—I will not die—I dare not die. Think of the height from which I have fallen! Go to Languenon—plead for me—I will endow a chapel in memory of his daughter Ursula!"

"In vain! Farewell!" said the friar, moving toward the door.

"Stay, holy father, stay! Have pity on me! Give me some hope of life!"

"That word again," the monk replied, "and I depart without according you the consolations of the Church."

The King, seeing all his efforts vain, reluctantly discarded all hopes of mercy. Then he retired to the further part of the dungeon, and in a low, tremulous tone, confessed to the friar.

When the King had finished unburdening his guilt-laden conscience, his companion said, in a horror-stricken voice:

"Never, my son, till now, have I heard of such crimes as those which stain your soul. I dare not give you absolution. I should bring anathemas upon myself for such an act. To give you hope of mercy would be to bring damnation on my own soul! And then, to crown your sins, you perjure your soul to thwart the cardinal's hope of the Papal Chair. Oh, heinous crime! Surely no man ever had a truer friend than he has been to you! It also shows how little chance of gratitude there was for me had I listened to your promises of preferment. Farewell! There is no hope of pardon for you from either man or God!"

The wretched King now descended to the most pitiful entreaties.

"Since I must die," he cried, in his agony, "absolve me, father—kill not my immortal soul!"

"I dare no longer stay," rejoined the friar. "Farewell!"

As he said this, he quitted the dungeon. Again it was locked upon the miserable tyrant, who threw himself upon the damp stone floor, a prey to the most tormenting reflections.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "despair has seized my body, soul and mind. Oh, death! thou art more terrible than all I ever dreamed thou wert. Thou art the king of horror, and thy face is more than flesh can gaze upon unappalled!"

At this moment the Franciscan friar re-entered the dungeon, and said:

"The cardinal is here; he comes to see you. By what means he hath gained knowledge of your prison, none can tell."

The King now, assured of his safety, gave loose to his vindictive passions, and, with an eye flashing with malice, exclaimed:

"Now, shaven dog!"—then suddenly recollecting himself, he stopped, and after a minute, said: "Your pardon, holy father—I was mad! Not a word of my deceit to the cardinal. I will promote you. Send his eminence to me."

When the friar departed, he exclaimed, in the ferocious joy of his heart:

"Now, villains, it will be your turn to howl; to-morrow, and the torture-rack shall tear you! I know the cardinal would search me out!"

He then waited with eager impatience the arrival of his friend. His dungeon door again opened, and the friar appeared, leading a lady, closely vailed.

"This lady craves speech with you before you die."

"Die, shaven fool?" exclaimed the King, with an ironical air. "Where is the cardinal?"

The friar threw back his cowl, and revealed to the astonished King the countenance of the cardinal.

"Here, royal hypocrite—the cardinal is here! Behold your dupe!"

Clasping his hands together, the King cried:

"Now, I am past all praying for!"

"Thou art!" fiercely retorted the prelate; "thy life's not worth a dog's; but see, I keep the promises I make. I vowed to bring, ere midnight tolled, this lovely dame to you; doubtless you'd like to whisper love to her. I leave you with her, as a source of comfort for the last half-hour of life."

Having said this, the cardinal left the dungeon, leaving Joanna with the King. Although the latter felt more keenly than ever that his chance of escape was hopeless, since the cardinal was the prime mover in the plot, he yet resolved to make one last appeal to the woman's tenderness of Joanna. He, therefore, broke the silence by saying:

"Fair lady, a woman's heart has ever been the chosen shrine of pity! Men, even fathers, brothers, sons, or friends, fly from us; but a mother or a wife clings all the closer to the wretch who owns no friend to favor him on earth."

The lady scornfully replied:

"What words are those, and for whose ears designed?"

The King answered in his most insinuating tone:

"Lady, for thine. Surely the spectacle of a monarch plunged to this low depth of misery must be potent in your eyes, and draw the pitying tear?"

In a subdued, but implacable voice, she said:

"I shed the last when Andrian died. I am not woman now, but his fierce soul, walking the earth for vengeance!"

"Listen, Joanna," rejoined the wily monarch, in his most plausible voice; "will you not forgive a deed I did, urged by my love for you? Your brow would grace a crown—then deign to wear it. What's done can never be recalled—the dead no prayers can bring to life. Then turn your eyes from a dead lover's grave unto a throne which wooes you to ascend it. On these knees I swear I long have loved you—none but you; and now I swear by all the saints in heaven to wed you if you aid me to escape!"

Recoiling from him as far as the walls of the dungeon would permit, and looking at him with ineffable contempt, she exclaimed:

"Groveling reptile! thinkest thou that I, who boasted Andrian as my plighted husband, could stoop to you? Inhuman villain! I came to sting you with my fierce reproach, and then to kill you! Andrian watches to behold me faithful to my oath. His blood cries out for vengeance!"

Roused by the recollection of her wrongs, her mind had evidently become disturbed, for, drawing a dagger which she had hitherto worn beneath her cloak, and holding it up, she gazed upon the King with the ferocity of a tigress about to spring upon her prey.

There was something so terrible in her look, that the King's apprehensions were aroused that she might, in her present excited condition, take his life. Seeing her brandishing the dagger, the monarch advanced, and said, in a deprecating tone of voice:

"Surely, if you scorn my love, you will not take my life!" and, sinking on his knees, the abject tyrant begged for mercy.

The infuriated woman paused, and looking down on him contemptuously, murmured:

"To think that such a craven as thou shouldst rob the world of such as Andrian! Thou art too abject for even a woman's hand! How many kneeled to thee for his life—my Andrian's life!" she continued, wildly, and raising her voice to a pitch of frenzy. "I hear him now rebuke me for delay. It rings around through all these walls. Gaze, cruel murderer, on his bloody shroud! behold his

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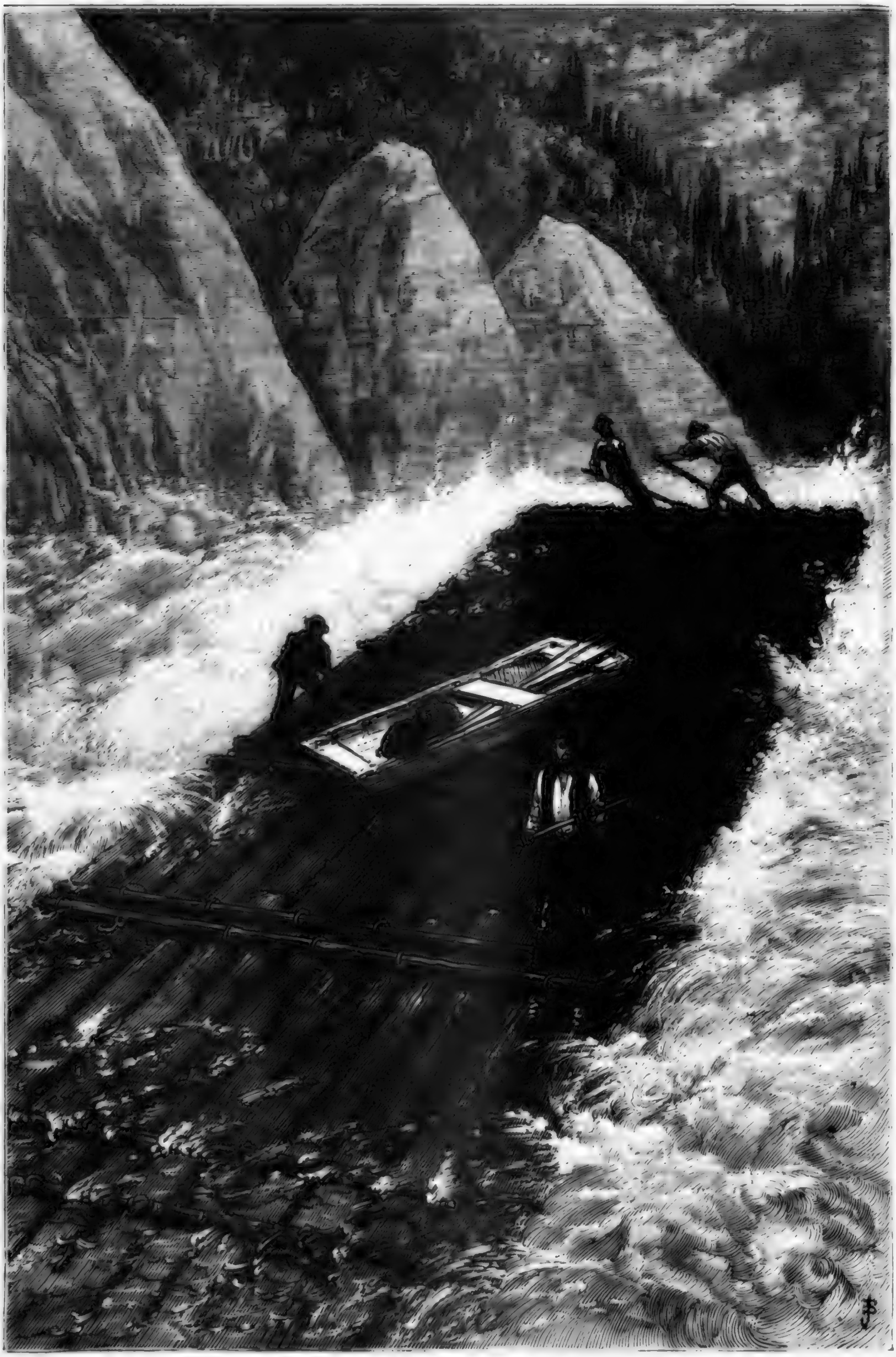


LUMBERING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.—A RAFT DESCENDING THE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 602.

eyes, on which I have gazed till mine own grew dim with their sweet brightness; see that comely head, whose flowing locks I've played with—see! it falls from the scaffold! Tyrant, thou wast his murderer! Andrian calls for vengeance!"

Perfectly overmastered now by her madness, she rushed at the King, and stabbing him to the heart, she cried:

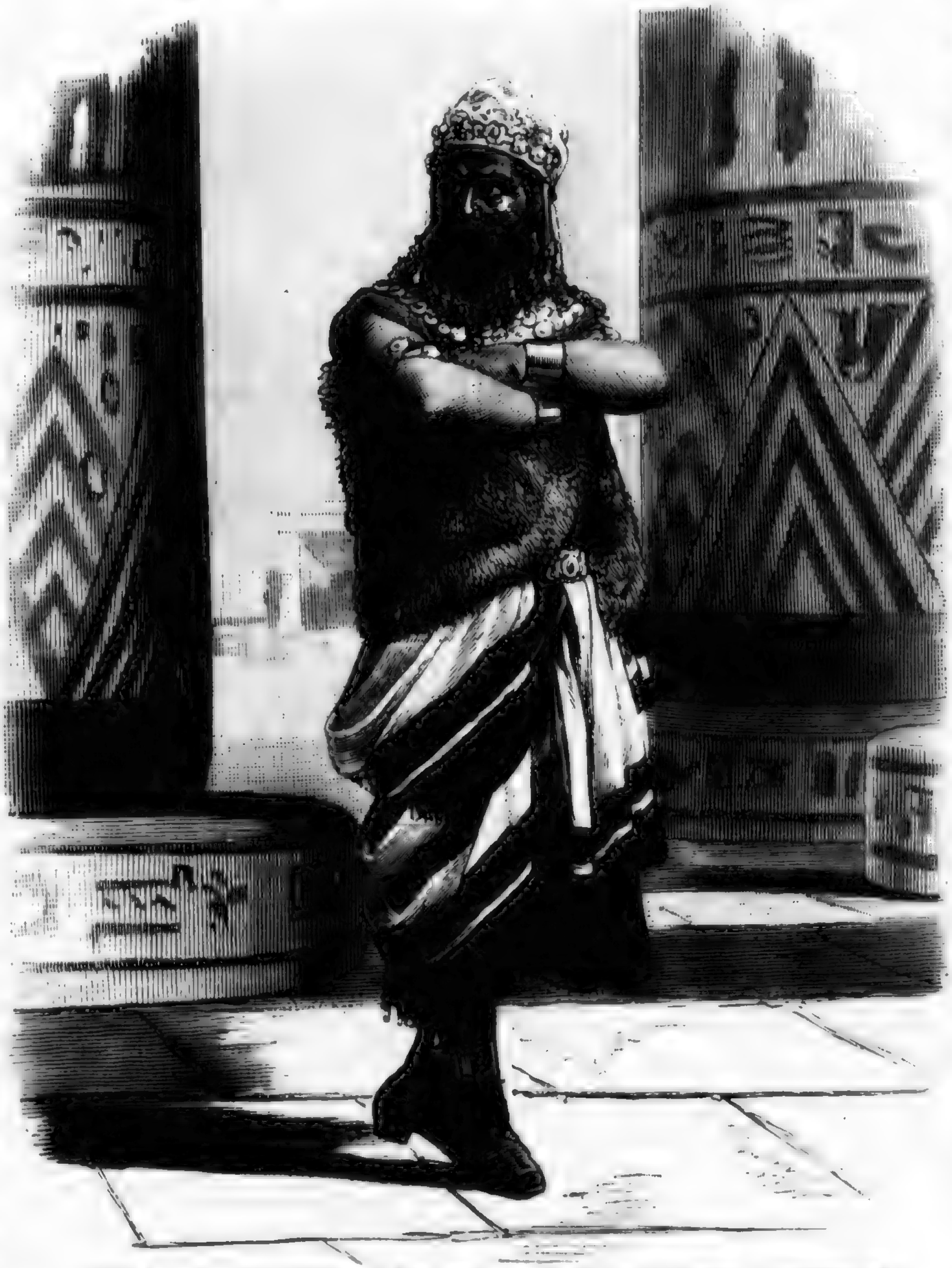
"'Tis Andrian's hand that strikes! I slay thee now, an offering to his ghost!"

The blow was so sudden that the King, unable to ward it, sank at her feet, and murmuring feebly, "Inhuman fiend, to kill a fettered man!" breathed his last.

Gazing on the motionless body before her, the now avenged woman cried, triumphantly:

"Rest, gentle Andrian, rest! I come to share thy grave!" and, sinking down beside the corpse, she took the head in her lap, and looking at it steadfastly, said, musingly, "I thought my Andrian had a fairer face; but he is dead, and so is Andrian dead!"

She then relapsed into silence; and when the cardinal entered, he found to his unbounded astonishment that the cares of both were over—the King had lost his life, and the fair Joanna her reason. Vengeance had done its worst, and the conspirators, bearing each his dark secret, went their way.



SIGNOR GALASSI, AS "AMONASTRO," IN THE OPERA OF "AIDA."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

ANTONIO FAENTINI GALASSI.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1845, in the City of Lovetto, the cradle of distinguished singers such as Salvatori, Capponi, Boccolini and the celebrated dramatic *prima donna* Marziali. In his early youth he showed a great disposition to become a singer, and under the able tuition of the renowned basso, Benedetto Paddei, made such progress in his musical studies that, at the age of twelve, on the occasion of the visit to Lovetto of Pius the Ninth, he sang at a sacred concert in honor of the event with such marked success that his Holiness complimented him with a gold medal and patted him on the shoulders, calling him a "Contraltuccio di primas fera." He continued his musical studies uninterruptedly, when an incident occurred which seriously threatened to mar his career.

The war for Italian independence broke out, and, although he was then a mere youth, patriotic zeal led him to join a volunteer corps in order to fight the battles of his country.

After his term of enlistment he returned to his family, then residing in Faenza, and his means being scanty, he endeavored to commence afresh his interrupted studies under Maestro Ferroni, of Faenza, who, out of sympathy, offered his services for a mere trifle.

His musical progress under this *maestro* was very marked, and, at a public concert given by the *maestro* with his pupils, he sang "La Stella Confidente," from Robaudi, and the air, "Oh, di verdi anni miei," from Verdi; his success was so decided that the following day a gentleman named Francesco Nessoli generously offered him his influence and support by getting up a public subscription for the purpose of sending him to Bologna to complete his musical education there, under the able training of Angelo Bianchi, Professor of the Musical Lyceum.

After one year's study, he made his *début* at the Municipal Theatre of Lodi, in "La Straniera," from Bellini, and the result was a *fiasco.* His second theatrical venture was an engagement to play first and second-class *rôles* at the Imperial Theatres at Bahia and Pernambuco, Brazil.

XUM

At Bahia, in the first half of the season, he played second-class *rôles*, and at the beginning of the second half he was given the *rôle* of *Carlo Quinto* in "Ernani." His success in the *rôle* was beyond all expectation, and his artistical and brilliant theatrical career can be said to date from that occasion.

At the end of the season the company went to Pernambuco, where the theatre was burned down. Such an unexpected catastrophe threw the whole company out of employment. Those members who had means returned to Italy, but the subject of this sketch was entirely penniless, and found himself at the tender mercies of the wide, wide world. In such emergency the president of a social club of Pernambuco got up a benefit concert for the purpose of providing the necessary funds to pay his passage and that of the basso to Bordeaux. On board the homeward-bound steamer Galassi narrated to the captain his misadventures while in Brazil, and the captain, taking great interest in his behalf, suggested a concert on board the ship. Many Catholic bishops from South America who were proceeding to attend the famous Ecumenical Council at Rome, together with the remainder of the passengers, contributed the amount necessary to pay the traveling expenses from Bordeaux to Italy. As soon as Galassi arrived in Milan he called on Giuseppe Lamperti, the theatrical agent, son of the great *maestro*, and the latter, having heard him, induced the son to engage his services for five years, and he was immediately sent to sing in Ancona during the carnival season of 1869-70, where he achieved great success in "Gemma di Vergy," "Puritani" and "Isabella d'Aragona." He sang in various cities of Italy and Spain, until, in the Spring of 1874, he was engaged by Colonel Mapleson for the term of five seasons to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. In the carnival season of 1877–78 he sang at La Scala, and in the Spring of 1878 he sang at Her Majesty's, and in the following Fall he sang at Pisa. His engagement with Mapleson was going to expire December 31st, 1879, but it was renewed for three years longer. In the season of 1878–79 he sang at the Academy of Music in New York, in the Spring of 1879 he sang at Her Majesty's. His varied *repertoire* consists of over forty operas. He is at home in the heroic as well as in the lyric art, and his matchless impersonations of great *rôles* stamp him at once a superb singer and a great actor.

CALIFORNIAN QUAIL.

We have not only received gold from California, but the Pacific State has enriched our natural history with many rare birds, prominent among which is the Californian quail. While it resembles our own familiar bird so as to be unmistakably the quail, still it is more splendid in plumage, and has the additional ornamentation of a crest, which it erects at pleasure, and which gracefully curves over its head, exactly as is represented in our engraving. Its neck and tail are of darkish slate-color, and a white semicircular mark encompasses its throat. The breast is speckled with black and white, forming a series of crescent-like, thin lines linked together in the most beautiful and regular manner imaginable. It is a very rare and very prolific bird. Its call-note is very singular, closely resembling the barking of a small dog, but sufficiently shrill to be heard at a considerable distance.

While no effort has been made to introduce this beautiful bird into the Atlantic States, the people of England are making strenuous efforts, and with great prospects of success. Lord Stamford, of Enville Hall, has had a pair sent to his estates, to be added to his already magnificent and choice collection; and should its acclimation be successful, no doubt the estates of other noblemen of England, admirers of the bird creation, will be opened to the Californian quail.

LUMBERING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Lumbering on the Susquehanna and other streams that flow through mountainous regions is far more perilous than driving logs to market on a sluggish Western river. Many of the raftsmen of the streams tributary to the Mississippi and Ohio rivers construct their rafts of logs, build cabins on them, and steer them to the mills with little more trouble than if they were running flatboats. We give an illustration of scenes on the upper Susquehanna, where the water runs very rapidly in places, making it uncertain for rafts not managed by the most experienced navigators. The sketches were taken at a point on the river near Basket Station, on the Erie Railway, 150 miles from New York, between Port Jervis and Binghamton. In one place the men are riding the rapids, and near by the logs are shooting down a precipitous slide preparatory to being made into rafts. The time ordinarily required for them to reach Easton, Pa., is from three to four days.

QUININE LAND.

By N. Robinson.

Before I proceed to narrate my experiences in the land of quinine, a passing word anent this humble benefactor to the human race "craves speedy utterance." *Cinchona*, Peruvian or Jesuits' bark, is named in honor of the Countess Cinchon, the wife of the Viceroy of Peru; who, having found it extremely efficacious during a long and severe illness with which she was attacked, carried the bark to Europe, where she used it with marvelous success in the cure of intermittent fever, about the year 1640. Soon after its introduction into Spain, the Jesuits began to receive it from their brethren in Peru, and through them it was spread over Europe, in consequence of which it was called "Jesuits' bark." It is the dried bark of many species of the genus *cinchona*, a tree belonging to the order *rubiaceæ* and sub-order *cinchonaceæ*.

Until very recently it has been impossible to determine with accuracy from which species of cinchona the different varieties of bark were obtained; but late investigations, with the aid of chemistry, have thrown much light upon this subject, though there is yet something to be learned. Although each species, or even variety, of cinchona may be supposed to produce a separate kind of bark, and although these varieties run into each other in such a way that scarcely any two botanists agree as to the proper lines of separation, yet the commercial products may be divided into three classes—yellow, red and gray barks. To these may be added the Cartagena barks, brought from the northern Atlantic ports of South America. The yellow bark grows in Peru and Bolivia, and the red upon the western slopes of Chimborazo.

The cinchonas appear to thrive best in regions subject neither to extreme heat nor extreme cold, where a somewhat even temperature prevails throughout the year, and where they are partially protected by their neighbors from the rays of the sun. These conditions are fulfilled upon the slopes of the Andes, whither it is my purpose to induce the reader to follow me.

For more than a century after Peruvian bark came into use, it was supposed to exist only in Loxa, in the ancient kingdom of Quito, and in a few neighboring localities; but in the year 1753 it was discovered in various other places of a corresponding elevation with Loxa above the sea. Little advantage, however, resulted from this; but some twenty years later, under the patronage of the Spanish Government, researches were made in New Granada which resulted in the discovery of several species of cinchona. At a subsequent period supplies of the bark were obtained from other sources, which are now shipped from many of the South American ports, including some ports in the Caribbean Sea. Considerable care and experience are necessary in collecting the barks to select those most valuable, and to know the proper age at which a branch should be decorticated.

The Dutch and British Governments have made successful attempts to introduce the cinchona into their East Indian possessions, in Java, and various parts of Hindostan, where the mountain regions furnish the necessary temperature and moisture for their growth, and bark from the English plantations is now an item of commerce. More or less successful attempts at cinchona-culture have been made in Jamaica, the Isle of Réunion, Guadaloupe, Brazil, the Azores and Algeria. The medicinal value of Peruvian bark depends upon the alkaloids which it contains. These are quinia, cinchonia, quinidia, cinchonidia, quinicia and cinchonicia. In addition to these the bark contains, in varying proportions, gum, starch, lignine oil, yellow coloring matter, insoluble red coloring matter, soluble red coloring matter, or inichino tannic acid, kinnic and kinovic acids. Quinia, the most important of the alkaloids, is crystallizable, slightly soluble in hot and cold water, and very soluble in alcohol, ether and chloroform. Sulphate of quinia, or more properly the disulphate, is the medicine commonly known as quinine.

The manufacture of quinine is extensively carried on in Paris, in Stratford, England, and in Frankfort, from which place Russia, Prussia and Austria are chiefly supplied. The different varieties of bark contain the alkaloids in varying proportions, the yellow yielding chiefly quinia; the pale, a larger proportion of cinchona, with but little quinia; and the red a considerable proportion of each.

The cinchona alkaloids, and especially the sulphate or disulphate of quinia, are largely used in medicine. Their most striking and earliest discovered property is that of preventing an expected attack of intermittent fever. For this purpose quinia should be administered in large doses. Two to fifteen grains may be given at a time, some hours before an expected chill, but not more than thirty or forty grains should be given during the twelve hours preceding one. If administered sub-cutaneously, a smaller quantity will suffice. It is also extensively used in other forms of malaria and diseases dependent thereon.

For these uses, and also as a prophylactic (against malaria), quinia has been found almost as important to the traveler in malarial regions as a good supply of food. It has been said that the British Rule in India is founded upon cinchona-bark.

And now for my journey into the quinine country.

I started from Cuzco, a city in Peru, containing 50,000 inhabitants, 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. Cuzco, according to the national tradition, was the most ancient city of Peru, having been founded in the eleventh century by Manco Capac, the first Inca, who established there the seat of his empire. It was called the Holy City, and contained a magnificent temple of the sun, richly adorned with gold and silver, to which pilgrims resorted from all parts of the empire. Pilgrimage to this Peruvian Mecca was as binding upon the Indian noble as that in the East upon the Moslem. Toward the north it was defended by a spur of the great Cordillera, on which rose a strong fortress, a stupendous specimen of Cyclopean architecture, the ruins of which are still visible. Twenty thousand men are said to have been employed on this structure, and fifty years consumed in building it. When Pizarro entered Cuzco, in 1533, its population was 200,000.

The neighborhood of Cuzco frequently became the theatre of chivalrous contests between the Spaniards and the Incas, which, according to Prescott, "wanted only the song of the minstrel to throw around it a glory like that which rested on the last days of the Moslems of Spain."

The rapacity of the Spanish conquerors soon stripped Cuzco of its ancient splendor; but the appearance of the city, and the structure of the houses, many of which still retain the walls of the ancient buildings, recall the glories of the era of the Incas. The remarkable highway which led over mountains from Cuzco to the northern part of Peru is still in existence, and is called the Incas' Road.

The city of to-day is regularly laid out, and has a large square in the centre, from which wide and straight streets diverge. The dwelling-houses are mostly of stone, and roofed with red tiles. There are many fine public buildings, among them a cathedral, several convents, a university, a mint, hospitals, and the buildings of the provincial government.

The day of the departure from Cuzco of my little party at length arrived; and, mounted on "reliable bits of horseflesh," we traversed the Plaza, as the cathedral clock was sounding the *Angelus*, and by the Calle Triompha, in order to gain the Recoleta and the gate leading from the town. The plain which we speedily entered, and which leads directly into the heart of the Sierra Nevada, was called, in the time of the Incas, *C. Cozco Cuntisuyn*, or the region west of Cuzco.

Our first halt was at the *Hacienda de Sucre*, now the village of San Jeronimo; and here the *haciendado* provided us with a superb collation, in which the sparkling vintage of Champagne was in nowise forgotten. Six o'clock found us at dinner at Heraro, and ten o'clock at Urcos, whose inhabitants we found it utterly impossible to wake up; and it was past midnight when we regained Heraro, where we slept in an enormous apartment in a circle, our feet toward a common centre, and until we resembled the spokes of a wheel.

Upon the following morning we bade adieu to our host, Don Reducindo, and crossing the Huilcamayo, we ascended the rugged and precipitous blue-gray mountains which loomed upon us while in the village of Heraro. The descent upon the other side was singularly tedious and painful, both to man and horse, as both were compelled to stop every six or seven paces to accustom the lungs to the subtle air of these exalted regions. During this passage, which took us over three hours, both the *caballeros* and the horses went through all the phases of the *soroche*—this twin-sister to sea-sickness—the terrible malady continuing until we debouched upon a plateau of the Andes.

Before us stretched a plain without limit, which apparently lost itself in the horizon, and in a blue mist. Here we started to cross this veritable ocean of land. The muleteers cast a glance all around, not to seek a road which did not exist, but to assure themselves of the direction which it would be advisable to travel. It did not take long to decide, and in a few minutes we struck out east by southeast. The snow came upon us, succeeded by a terrible tempest of rain and lightning, and to make our situation more perilous, the muleteers suddenly discovered that they had taken the wrong direction—I cannot use the word "road,"

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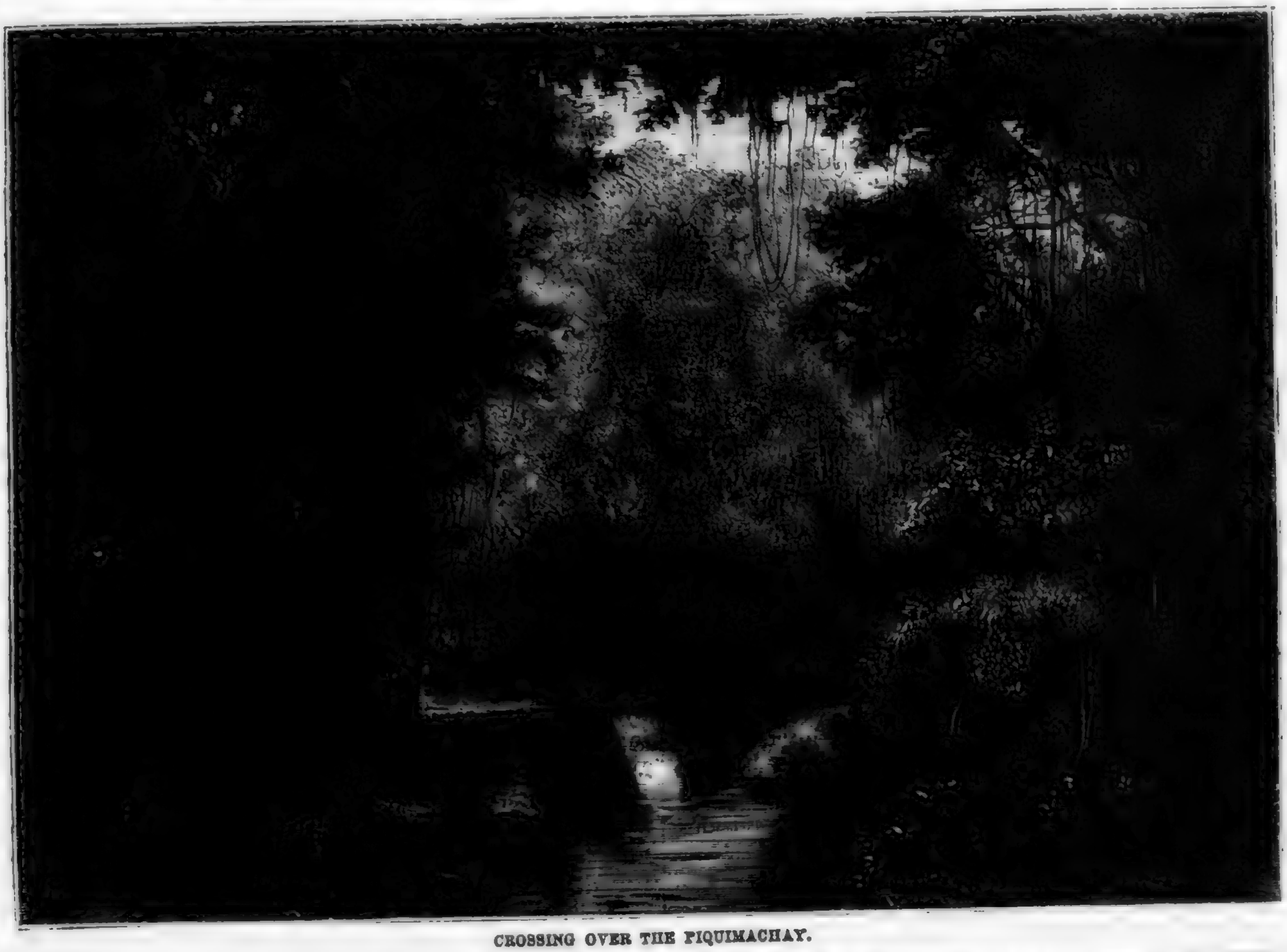
LAPLANTE-SC

MAKING OUR WAY THROUGH THE WOODS.



CROSSING OVER THE PIQUIMACHAY.

FIRST CROSSING OF THE CCOÑI.

XUM

Thanks to heaven, the storm began to abate in violence, and after a time the sun reappeared. Our desire was to reach Lauramarca, but as the guides were disputing as to the possibility of so doing, one of the Indians asked why, instead of continuing our march to the left, we should not take a turn to the right and strike Maynapata, where we could pass the night, and arrive at Lauramarca upon the morrow. The suggestion of the Indian was adopted *nem. con.*, he was voted a glass of brandy, and starting at a lively trot we reached Maynapata at eight o'clock in the evening.

Our disappointment upon arriving was intense. In place of the village, or even the *hacienda*, which we expected to see, we perceived nothing but a *rancheria*, a group of four or five miserable huts, constructed of stones glued together by mud. The roofs, which supported a couple of feet of snow, were so low that we had to double up in order to enter the doorway, which consisted of a cowhide hung up by the tail. In response to the outcry we made on touching this place, a man partly pushed aside the cowhide and timidly demanded what we required. We asked for a light, and some place to sleep. The interior of the hut was even more lugubrious than the exterior. Fancy, if you can, a barn twelve feet by six, literally piled up with sacks of potatoes, jars of *chica*, and the wool of the lama. The floor was of earth. Suspended in mid-air were two cockatoos, who kept up a hideous chattering, intermingled with despairing shrieks. There were other objects lying around, such as soiled linen, etc., too disagreeable to mention; while an indefinable odor of the most nauseous character pervaded the entire place.

As there was no room for a fire, we gave up the idea of lighting one, and replacing the cowskin at the door, we lay down in every conceivable position upon the potato-sacks. Presently the heat from our bodies, as well as from the cigars we had been smoking, commenced to thaw the snow on the roof, and drip, drip came the water, a few drops at first, but letting in such pertinacious driblets as to compel us to shift our quarters every five or ten minutes. As the water at an early hour had extinguished our lamp, enormous rats, whom we had hunted from their domain, returned under cover of the darkness, and they passed and repassed over our bodies, occasionally halting in such a manner as to cause us considerable disquietude. It is quite probable that they were inquiring who we were, what we wanted, and why we came there.

At five o'clock a dim light that showed beneath the cowhide announced to us that the crisis of our trouble was over. But we reckoned without our host, for when we endeavored to rise, we could not move a muscle; the cold of the night had frozen all the sinovetic fluid in our joints. After a council of war with the Indians, we were obliged to have recourse to alcohol, and it took two bottles of rum to put us on our feet again; thanks to which, and the rays of the sun, our limbs recovered their wonted elasticity.

Restored to our normal state, we bethought us of breakfast. A cold leg of roast mutton and some dried fruits were produced from our magazine, while a copy of *El Comercio de Lima*, spread upon the ground, served as a tablecloth. As fingers were invented before knives and forks, we fell back upon "the good old times," and tugged at the leg of mutton after a singularly unconventional and wolfish fashion. I may mention that a bottle of sherry fell a victim to this *al fresco* repast.

Once more we took to the road, and toward eleven o'clock the snow had disappeared from the plains, a few mountains only keeping up their white coquettish apparel. The air was pure and bracing. After some hours' riding, the plain began to lose something of its sameness, and immense blocks of stone commenced to break it up here and there. These erratic monoliths are known as *piedras casandas*, or "fatigued rocks."

Leaving to our left the immense perspective of snow, we continued to follow that portion of the plateau which led to the south. Suddenly one of the muleteers, who rode a little in advance, came back, spurring in hot haste, and pointing directly in front to where, at a distance of a few hundred yards, appeared the outlines of an edifice partly concealed by a rise in the ground, and joyously shouted at the uttermost strength of his lungs the single word, "Lauramarca!" Then he put spurs to his mule and galloped onward—an example followed by every one of the party. The white walls and red-tiled roofs promised well, and as we approached, our ears were saluted by sounds of music, shouting, and other noises indicative of the ceremonies of a *fête*, or some occasion of merry-making.

Upon our entry into the principal court—a vast parallelogram, wherein an entire battalion could manœuvre at ease—we were received with a warm embrace by the host, to whom we had letters of introduction—a fine, hale, hearty old gentleman of some seventy-five Summers. Preceded by our host, we rushed pell-mell into the dining-room; but we suddenly halted, removed our hats, and bowed all round, as our eyes encountered the following scene:

Before a table literally groaning with good things, the meats already pretty well hacked, were seated some members of the other and fairer sex, whose surprise at seeing us for an instant completely closed their mouths. The clear complexions of these ladies, their robes flowing in the Indian fashion, their strangely shaped hats bound by a red or a blue ribbon, and ornamented by an enormous "cabbage" of the same ribbon, and coquettishly posed over the ear—indicated that they belonged to the better class of *chacareras*, or farmers.

After a little blushing and giggling, the ladies allotted us seats beside them, and in a few seconds were doing the honors of the house with considerable good humor, grace and vivacity. Of course we were cross-examined as to our respective ages, our countries, the state of our hearts, and our social positions; and, as there is never sunshine without shadow, we in our turn traced a certain sadness on the part of these fair Peruvians to the fact that, having been invited by name by the proprietor of the *hacienda* to embellish by their presence the *fête* of "Our Lady of the Snows," the patroness of Lauramarca; and as they resided at Ocongate and Sunchupata, distant twenty-one miles, and as they were unaccompanied by their husbands, brothers, lovers or kinsmen, it would be necessary to leave almost immediately, and to miss the fun that our unexpected arrival had so exceptionally created.

We pleaded so hard, and backing our entreaties by half-a-dozen bottles of wine and the tinkling of a guitar, that they consented to remain, and no very lengthened period of time elapsed ere we were swinging round in the giddy mazes of the waltz. At length the waltz was voted too slow, and we changed it for the mad gayety of the *Maicito*, the *Pajarito*, the *Moza Mala* and the *Zambacueca*.

At Lauramarca they cultivate three varieties of potatoes, called *Tunta*, *Moraya* and *Mosco*. In addition they manufacture linen and work two mines, one of gold in the region of Colquepunco, and one of silver near Sombreroni. One of the features of this place is the *rodeo*, or capturing by lasso the wild horses that inhabit the plains. When caught they are marked, and the mark is renewed every three years. We witnessed a *rodeo*, and were amply repaid for the trouble of a stiff ride, as the horsemanship exhibited by the captors was something marvelous.

I visited the little chapel of Our Lady of the Snows, which is ornamented by a life-size statue of the Virgin, called the *Concebida*, sculptured in Verenguela stone, transparent as alabaster, and as white. A number of wax tapers were burning at the time of my visit, and the walls were lined with jars containing exquisite white lilies.

It was bitterly cold when we started next morning, and the change from lamb-skin couches, the woolly side out, to the saddle, was anything but agreeable. After a ride of some hours, and a continual descent of three, we touched the first escarpments of the Andes of Avisca, the summits of which, since our departure from Maynapata, kept constantly in view, just as the shades of night began to fall. The muleteers, who had again lost their way, urgently advised a return to Lauramarca, but being outvoted, led us to a sort of cave composed of the junction of "fatigued stones," in which we passed a most miserable night.

At the break of day we were awakened by an Indian, who, naked to the knee, and equipped in a sort of Phrygian cap, played a joyous air upon a musical instrument resembling a syrinx. This air was to inform us that he had been made the happy father of a boy upon the previous evening, and that mother and child were doing well.

Having complimented him, and presented him with a ribbon for his wife and a glass of *tapa* for himself, he offered to sell us a *novillo*, or bull calf, aged eight months. We gladly bought him, for the sake of eating him, and the *novillo* was instantly sacrificed, uttering with his dying breath anathemas upon the human race. I may mention that we roasted him *en barbacue*, and that the meat tasted n'yum-n'yum.

Once more *en route*, a march of two hours brought us to the foot of the Andes of Avisca. We entered the mountain by what the Quechuas call a *punca*, or door, and found ourselves on the border-land of a most magnificent and imposing snow-clad region.

We rode until sunset, and with the setting of the sun came a fog, so dense, so thick, so impenetrable, that we were as if muffled in thick vails. After wandering helplessly about, the mist cleared away a little, and presently the welcome cry of, "I espy the roofs of houses!" came from a muleteer. We were at Marcapata. We entered the village to the music of the barking of dogs and the shouting of our party. A door opened, and an individual whom we recognized as the governor appeared, candle in hand. This functionary saluted us gravely, and asked if we required to be put up for the night. On responding in the affirmative, we were conducted to a barn with a clay floor, and open at all sides to the caresses of the cutting wind. We thought of our terrible night at Lauramarca; but there was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad bargain, and to seek rest upon the sheepskins that lay loosely around.

I was up at sunrise, and the view of the Valley of Marcapata would have repaid the awakening of any of the Seven Sleepers. The valley was bordered on both sides by a double line of high conical hills, clad to their summits with the richest verdure. In the distance, vertical mountains, seemingly touching the sky, and also clothed in velvety green, shut in the valley, while a delicious odor from a myriad flowers perfumed the morning air, till to inhale it caused a keen sensation of subtle ecstasy. From my standpoint, I could perceive the Araza meandering through the valley like a silver thread, and at one point on its banks, a number of Indians gathering firewood resembled so many busy and thriving ants.

We had taken eight Indians with us from Cuzco, and it now became necessary to double that number. I spoke to the governor and curé upon the subject, and as it happened to be Sunday, and as I knew the Indians would all attend mass, I suggested the advisability of making our selection in close proximity to the chapel.

The curé entered into my views at once, and said that he would announce our intention of taking extra hands from the altar. His reverence was as good as his word, and during the service he addressed his congregation, informing the men—who, by-the-way, occupied one side of the church, the females the other—that we were desirous of exploring the interior of the valley, and ordering them to await us outside the church instead of going to play at bowls or to get drunk. The curé's words bore excellent fruit, and we had no difficulty whatever in increasing the strength of our ranks to the number required. After a last *viva* from such of the inhabitants of Marcapata as we left behind us, to which we responded by waving our handkerchiefs and hats, we took the road leading to the heights at a brisk trot. Our first check was at the River Ccoñi, which, in some places, is deep, swollen and treacherous, but as our chief guide suddenly bethought him of a ford about three miles from where we first attempted the passage, and as his information proved in this instance to be based upon reliable data, we got safely across, and almost dry-shod.

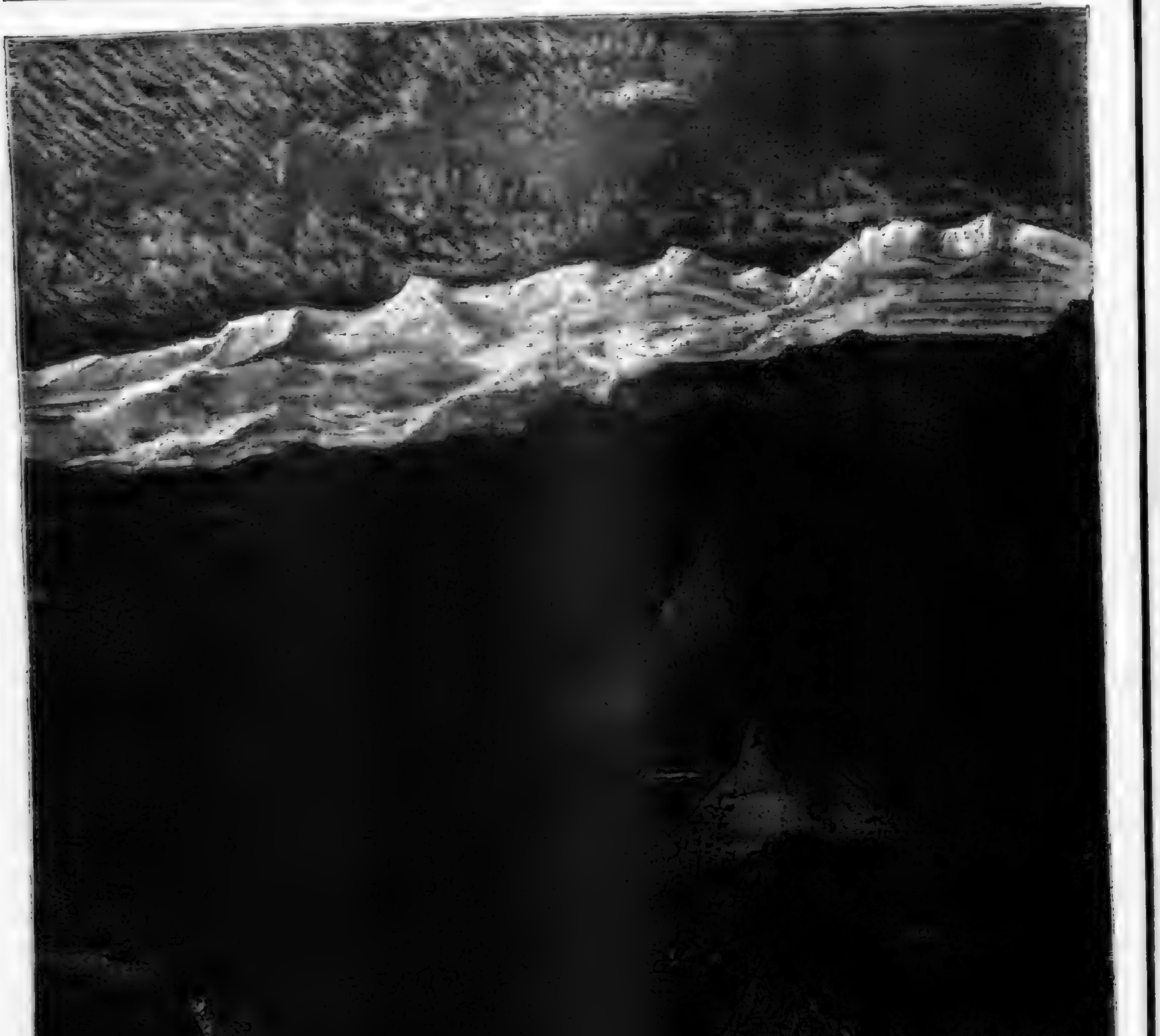
Our porters would have made studies for Teniers or Ostade. Never was there a more debauched-looking lot; never did Sir John Falstaff march to Coventry with more ragged recruits. They were Quechuas, and I only wish I could do them justice with my pen or pencil. In addition to these unsavory gentry, we were compelled to secure the services of an interpreter, the nephew of the Governor of Marcapata, a villainous-looking personage, armed to the very teeth, who, with his family, forced himself upon us, backed up by his worthy uncle.

Out across the plain, after several hours' hard walking and riding, we struck the *rancheria* of Thyo, and having refreshed horse and man, pushed on to Iscaybanta. Here we were entertained on bear-steaks, as small black bears are numerous enough in the eastern Andes. We halted for the night at the foot of the Morayaca. A great fire was prepared by the villagers beneath the shade of gigantic trees, around which our porters, guides and muleteers made merry with the inhabitants, singing and dancing and romping the whole of the livelong night. It is scarcely necessary to say that our porters got drunk, and that they were utterly unfit to travel upon the following day; nevertheless, by *strong* persuasives, we urged them forward, and until we reached Chaupichaca, situated in an open space in the very heart of a forest, the bare trunks of the trees showing in perspective like the pillars of a temple.

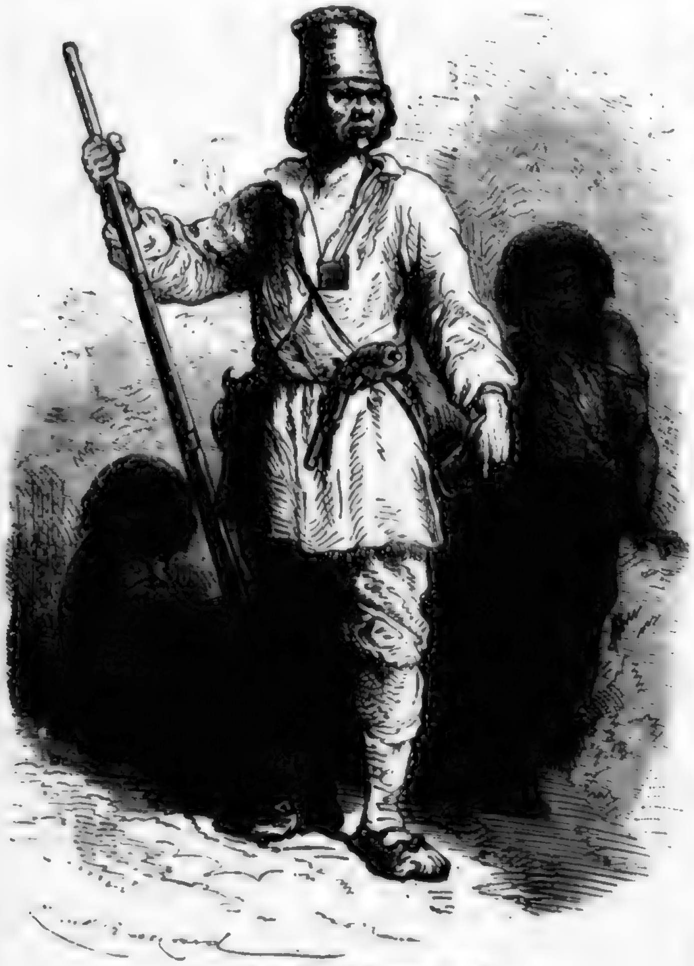
About three miles from Chaupichaca, we came upon a torrent in the woods, called Piquimachay, in some places deep set in overhanging and precipitous banks. This we crossed by means of the trunk of a prostrate tree. Toward evening we arrived before an enormous rock of gray schist leaning into the river that washed it with a rippling murmur. These porches gave upon as many grottoes, festooned with the rarest and most luxuriant vegetation, and the contrast of the cool interior, with its delicate green, to the heat and brassy light outside, was as remarkable as it was grateful. Whilst traversing the wood, Pepe Garcia, our chief guide, shot a monkey, a feat that earned for him the frantic applause of his unsavory fellow-companions.

The forest now became so thick that we were literally compelled to cut our way through the interlaced foliage,

XUM



GENERAL VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF MARCAPATA.



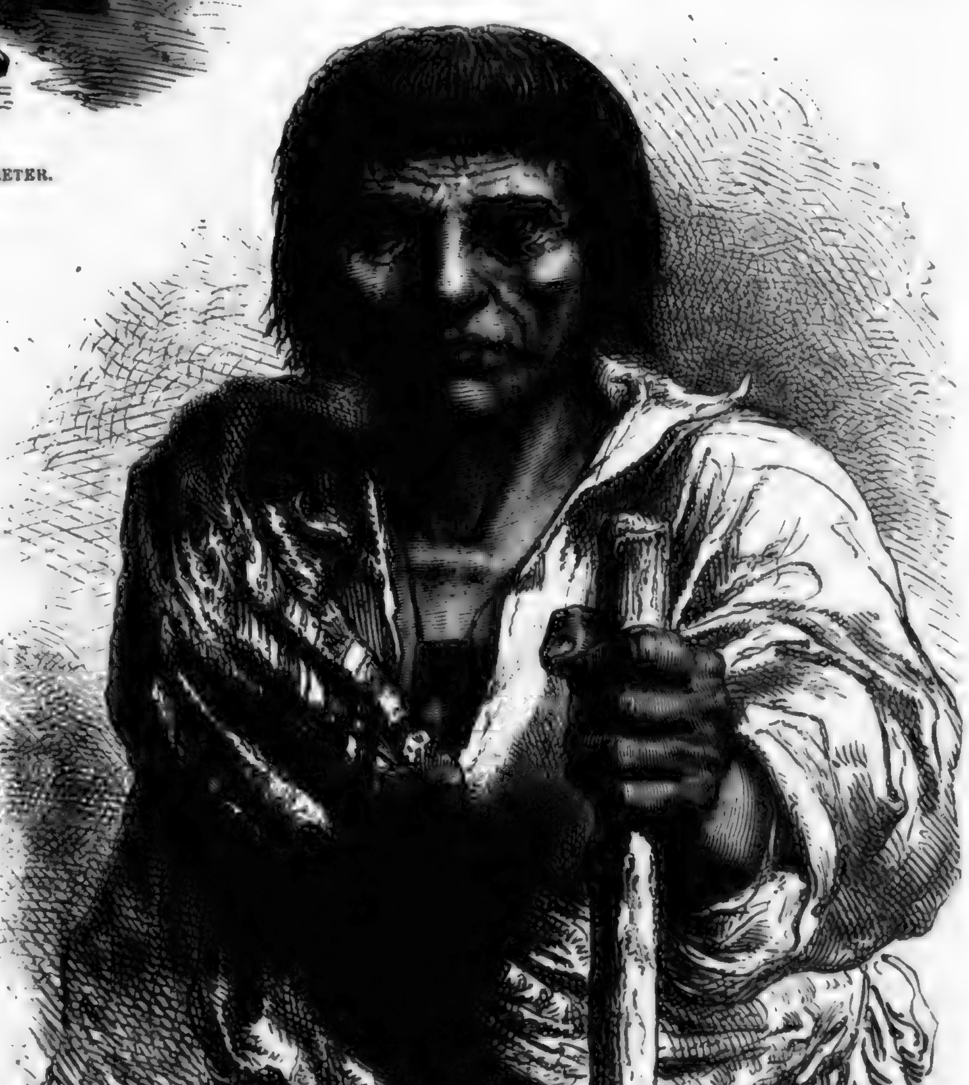
OUR GUIDE AND INTERPRETER.

and I could not help thinking that we resembled a small fragment of a defeated army getting away from its pursuers at any cost. A cry from our chief guide, and lo! we came upon San Pedro. In a small open space in the forest stood a roof of twigs seated upon eight upright poles. This was San Pedro. We instantly took possession of it, and hanging our baggage on the cross-beams, lighted a fire, which at first nearly stifled us with its smoke, but which ultimately afforded us grateful warmth by its blaze. Here we roasted and ate the monkey, the "trimmings" being potatoes.

I have dined at the Trois Frères in Paris, at Delmonico's in New York, at Blanchard's in London—but I do not think I ever tasted anything half as savory as this *singe à la pommes de terre!*

The next day was ushered in by the songs of birds. Before starting I pushed a little into the forest in order to force some of the secrets of its botanical world. I was rewarded by the discovery of a blood-red flower five fingers long, and the shape of a tulip, which the natives called *bejuco*. In addition to this I also met with a large, pale-yellow bell-shaped flower, striped with the keenest blue, while the leaves presented all the delicate green and dainty outlines of the common fern. The juice of the *bejuco* is considered as an infallible remedy in case of snake or scorpion bites. The vegetation, as we proceeded onward, became as varied as it was rich. We remained at Corregidor for breakfast, and visited the cocoa plantation Miraflores. The temperature around Chile-Chile and Thyo does not suit the cultivation of cocoa, and it is necessary to descend into the valleys, the temperature increasing one degree in warmth for every three miles of descent, in order to succeed with this plant. In spite of their apprehension of the fierce and warlike Chunchos, with whom they sometimes come in contact, the people of Chile-Chile and Thyo are compelled to make excursions into the valleys, and the valley between Hiapchana and Jimio is dotted with *ajoupas*, or thatched open barns, where the operation of cutting the cocoa-leaves is carried on.

When quitting San Pedro, our intention was to sleep at Sausipata, distant twenty-one miles, but the road was in such a bad condition, and this coupled with our halt at Miraflores, that we were compelled to alter the programme, and to put up at Huaynapata, where we duly arrived at six o'clock.



EUSEBIO, A BOLIVIAN CHIEF.

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Huaynapata is one of those isolated coniform hills so frequently to be met with in Peru, and the difficulty we experienced in climbing it, owing to the loose shingle, was something indescribable, since for every step we took in advance we descended two. Upon the plateau on the summit we found a good-sized hut, surrounded on three sides by banana trees. After we had taken possession, we proceeded to sup upon some *pécari* captured the day before.

Having slept like dormice, we awoke thoroughly refreshed, and never did a more splendid sight meet mortal eye than that Valley of Marcapata, as viewed from the summit of Huaynapata, with the River Ccoñi flashing like a steel blade beneath the rays of the sun!

Our chief guide, who had been out in the forest reconnoitering, returned with the "glad tidings of great joy" that we had struck the cinchona country, and that the presence of the *quinquinas* which he had discovered denoted the very best quality; while fear of causing us to wait breakfast alone prevented his pursuing his researches still further.

Having breakfasted on a species of snail, which the Peruvians regard as a delicacy, we descended Huaynapata, the porters sliding down on their backs, and a couple of miles from the hill we struck a shady gorge from which the River Escopal flowed from the neighboring heights into the Ccoñi. The River Cahuasiri, a tributary of the Ccoñi, barred our passage, but we proved equal to the emergency, and, save for a good sousing for which the porters were all the better, we struck the opposite bank in safety. The Rio Cadena we were also compelled to ford by breasting it. From here to Circhua the forest through which we threaded our way was dense, and almost impassable. Here we found *quinquinas*, tracing cinchona to its very home.

After a day's sojourn in the forest, we "made tracks" for Sausipata; and here my narrative ends.

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE.

BETWEEN eight and ten years ago I engaged in a long vacation campaign among the Alps of Savoy. I was alone. My object was not amusement, but study. I occupy a professor's chair, and I was engaged in the collection of materials for a work on the flora of the higher Alps; and, to this end, traveled chiefly on foot. My route lay far from the beaten paths and passes. I often journeyed for days through regions where there were neither inns nor villages. I often wandered from dawn till dusk among sterile steeps unknown even to the herdsmen of the upper pasturages, and untrodden save by the chamois and the hunter. I thought myself fortunate, at those times, if, toward evening, I succeeded in steering my way down to the nearest chalet, where, in company with a half-savage mountaineer and a herd of milch goats, I might find the shelter of a raftered roof, and a supper of black bread and whey.

On one particular evening I had gone further than usual, in the pursuit of the *Senecio unifloris*, a rare plant which I had hitherto believed indigenous to the southern valleys of Monte Rosa, but of which I here succeeded in finding one or two indifferent specimens. It was a wild and barren district, difficult to distinguish with any degree of precision on the map; but lying among the upper défiles of the Val de Bagnes, between the Mont Pleureur and the Grand Combin. On the waste of rock-strewn moss to which I had climbed there was no sign of human habitation. Above me lay the great ice-fields of Corbassière, surmounted by the silver summits of the Graffenière and Combin. To my left, the sun was going down rapidly behind a forest of smaller peaks, the highest of which, as well as I could judge from Osterwald's map, was the Mont Blanc de Cheilon. In ten minutes more those peaks would be crimson; in one short half-hour it would be night.

To be benighted on an Alpine plateau toward the latter end of September is not a desirable position. I knew it by recent experience, and had no wish to repeat the experiment. I therefore began retracing my route as rapidly as I could, descending in a northwesterly direction, and keeping a sharp lookout for any chalet that might offer a shelter for the night. Pushing forward thus, I found myself presently at the head of a little verdant ravine, channeled, as it were, in the face of the plateau. I hesitated. It seemed, through the gathering darkness, as if I could discern vague traces of a path trampled here and there in the deep grass. It also seemed as if the ravine trended down toward the upper pastures, which were my destination. By following it I could scarcely go wrong. Where there is grass, there are generally cattle and chalet; and I might possibly find a nearer resting-place than I had anticipated. At all events, I resolved to try it.

The ravine proved shorter than I had expected, and, instead of leading immediately downward, opened upon a second plateau, through which a well-worn footway struck off abruptly to the left. Pursuing this footway with what speed I might, I came, in the course of a few more minutes, to a sudden slope, at the bottom of which, in a basin almost surrounded by gigantic limestone cliffs, lay a small dark lake, a few fields, and a chalet. The rose tints had by this time come and gone, and the snow had put on that ghostly gray which precedes the dark. Before I could descend the slope, skirt the lake, and mount the little eminence on which the house stood, sheltered by its background of rocks, it was already night, and the stars were in the sky.

I went up to the door and knocked; no one answered. I opened the door; all was dark. I paused—held my breath—listened—fancied I could distinguish a low sound, as of some one breathing. I knocked again. My second knock was followed by a quick noise, like the pushing back of a chair, and a man's voice said, hoarsely:

"Who is there?"

"A traveler," I replied, "seeking shelter for the night."

A heavy footstep crossed the floor, a sharp flash shot through the darkness, and I saw, by the flickering of tinder, a man's face bending over a lantern. Having lighted it, he said, with scarce a glance toward the door, "Enter, traveler," and went back to his stool beside the empty hearth.

I entered. The chalet was of a better sort than those usually found at so great an altitude, consisting of a dairy and house place, with a loft overhead. A table and three or four wooden stools occupied the centre of the room. The rafters were hung with bunches of dried herbs, and long strings of Indian corn. A clock ticked in a corner; a kind of rude pallet upon trestles stood in a recess beside the fireplace; and through a lattice, at the further end, I could hear the cows feeding in the outhouse beyond.

Somewhat perplexed by the manner of my reception, I unstrapped my knapsack and specimen-box, took possession of the nearest stool, and asked if I could have supper.

My host looked up, with the air of a man intent on other things. I repeated the inquiry.

"Yes," he said, wearily; "you can eat, traveler."

With this he crossed to the other side of the hearth, stooped over a dark object which until now I had not observed, crouched in the corner, and muttered a word or two of unintelligible patois. The object moaned; lifted up a white, bewildered woman's face; and rose slowly from the floor. The herdsman pointed to the table, and went back to his stool and his former attitude. The woman, after pausing helplessly, as if in the effort to remember something went out into the dairy, came back with a brown loaf and a pan of milk, and set them before me on the table.

As long as I live I shall never forget the expression of that woman's face. She was young, and very pretty; but her beauty seemed turned to stone. Every feature bore the seal of an unspeakable terror. Every gesture was mechanical. In the lines that furrowed her brow there was a haggardness more terrible than the haggardness of age. In the locking of her lips there was an anguish beyond the utterance of words. Though she served me, I do not think she saw me. There was no recognition in her eyes; no apparent consciousness of any object or circumstance external to the secret of her own despair. All this I noticed during the few brief moments in which she brought me my supper. That done, she crept away, abjectly, into the same dark corner, and sank down again, a mere huddled heap of clothing.

As for her husband, there was something unnatural in the singular immobility of his attitude. There he sat, his body bent forward, his chin resting on his palms, his eyes staring fixedly at the blackened hearth, and not even the involuntary quiver of a nerve to show that he lived and breathed. I could not determine his age, analyze and observe his features as I might. He looked old enough to be fifty, and young enough to be forty; and was a fine muscular mountaineer, with that grave cast of countenance which is peculiar to the Valaisan peasant.

I could not eat. The keenness of my mountain appetite was gone. I sat, as if fascinated, in the presence of this strange pair; observing both, and, apparently, by both as much forgotten as if I had never crossed their threshold. We remained thus, by the dim light of the lantern and the monotonous ticking of the clock, for some forty minutes or more; all profoundly silent. Sometimes the woman stirred, as if in pain; sometimes the cows struck their horns against the manger in the outhouse. The herdsman alone sat motionless, like a man cast in bronze.

At length the clock struck nine. I had by this time become so nervous that I almost dreaded to hear my own voice interrupt the silence. However, I pushed my plate noisily aside, and said, with as much show of ease as I could muster:

"Have you any place, friend, in which I can sleep tonight?"

He shifted his position uneasily, and without looking round, replied, in the same form of words as before:

"Yes; you can sleep, traveler."

"Where? In the loft above?"

He nodded affirmatively, took the lantern from the table, and turned toward the dairy. As we passed, the light streamed for a moment over the crouching figure in the corner.

"Is your wife ill?" I asked, pausing and looking back.

His eyes met mine for the first time, and a shudder passed over his body.

"Yes," he said, with an effort. "She is ill."

I was about to ask what ailed her, but something in his face arrested the question on my lips. I know not, to this hour, what that something was. I could not define it then; I cannot describe it now; but I hope I may never see it in a living face again.

I followed him to the foot of the ladder at the further end of the dairy.

"Up there," he said; placed the lantern in my hand, and strode heavily back into the darkness.

I went up, and found myself in a long, low granary, stored with cornsacks, hay, onions, rock-salt, cheeses and farming implements. In one corner were the unusual luxuries of a mattress, a rug and a three-legged stool. My first care was to make a systematic inspection of the loft and all that it contained; my next, to open a little unglazed lattice with a sliding shutter, just opposite my bed. The night was brilliant, and a stream of fresh air and moonlight poured in. Oppressed by a strange, undefined sense of trouble, I extinguished the lantern and stood looking out upon the solemn peaks and glaciers.

Their solitude seemed to me more than usually awful; their silence more than usually profound. I could not help associating them, in some vague way, with the mystery in the house. I perplexed myself with all kinds of wild conjectures as to what the nature of that mystery might be. The woman's face haunted me like an evil dream. Again and again I went from the lattice to the ladder, and from the ladder back to the lattice, vainly listening for any sound in the rooms below. A long time went by thus, until at length, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, I stretched myself on the mattress, took my knapsack for a pillow, and fell fast asleep.

I can guess neither how long my sleep lasted nor from what cause I awoke. I only know that my sleep was dreamless and profound, and that I started from it suddenly, unaccountably, trembling in every nerve and possessed by an overwhelming sense of danger.

Danger! Danger of what kind? From whom? From whence? I looked round—I was alone, and the quiet moon was shining in as serenely as when I fell asleep. I listened—all was as still as when I fell asleep. I got up, walked to and fro, reasoned with myself; all in vain. I could not stay the beatings of my heart. I could not master the horror that oppressed my brain. I felt that I dared not lie down again; that I must get out of the house somehow, and at once; that to stay would be death; that the instinct by which I was governed must at all costs be obeyed.

I could not bear it. Resolved to escape, or, at all events, to sell life dearly, I strapped on my knapsack, armed myself with my ironheaded alpenstock, took my large claspknife between my teeth, and began, cautiously and noiselessly, to descend the ladder. When I was about half-way down, the alpenstock, which I had been keeping studiously clear of the ladder, encountered some dairy vessel, and sent it clattering to the ground. Caution, after this, was useless. I sprang forward, reached the outer room at a bound, and found it, to my amazement, deserted, with the door wide open and the moonlight streaming in. Suspecting a trap, my first impulse was to stand still, with my back against the wall, prepared for a desperate defense.

All was silent. I could only hear the ticking of the clock and the heavy beating of my own heart. The pallet was empty. The bread and milk were still standing where I had left them on the table. The herdsman's stool occupied the same spot by the desolate hearth. But he and his wife were gone—gone in the dead of night—leaving me, a stranger, in the sole occupation of their home.

While I was yet irresolute whether to go or stay, and

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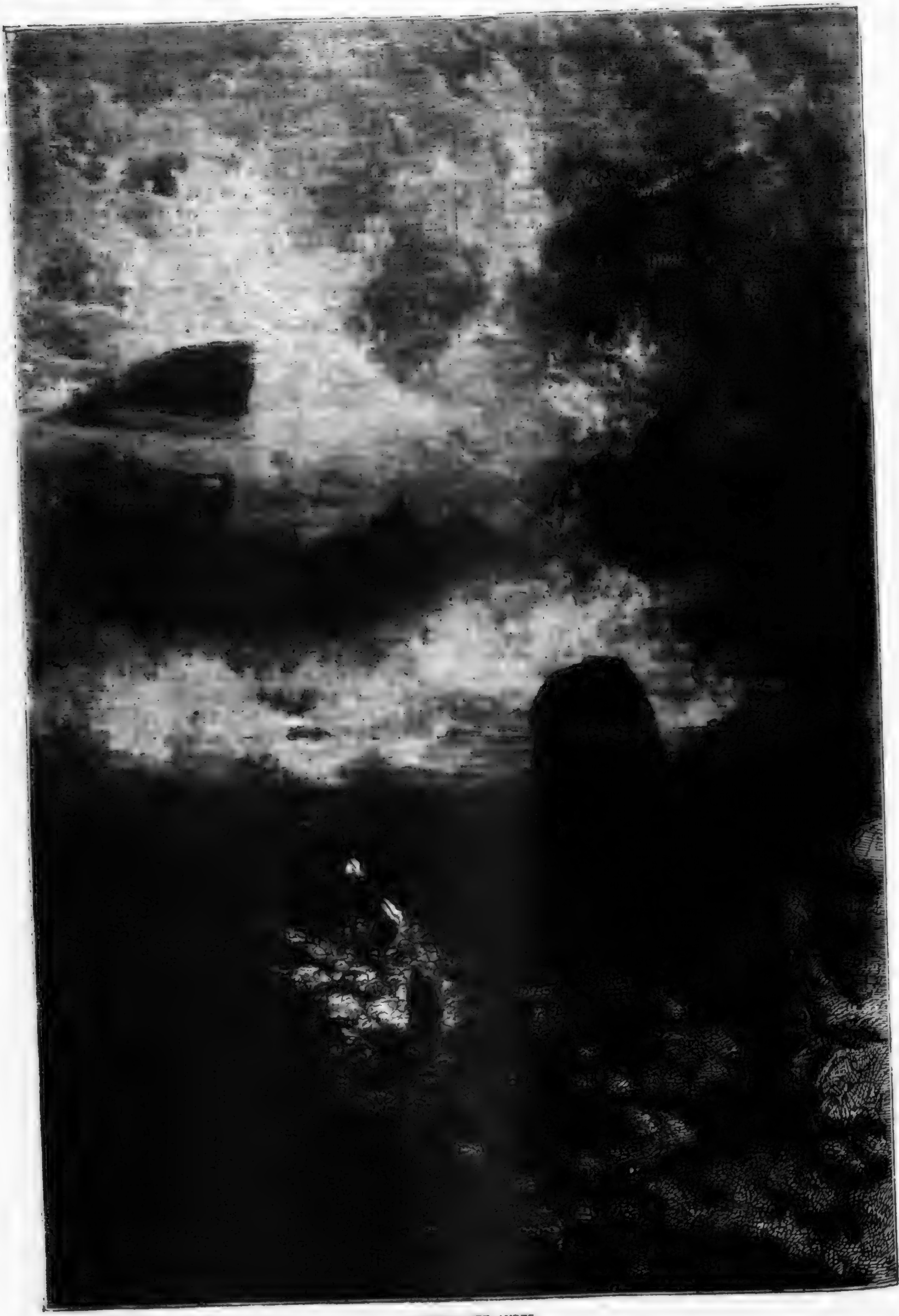
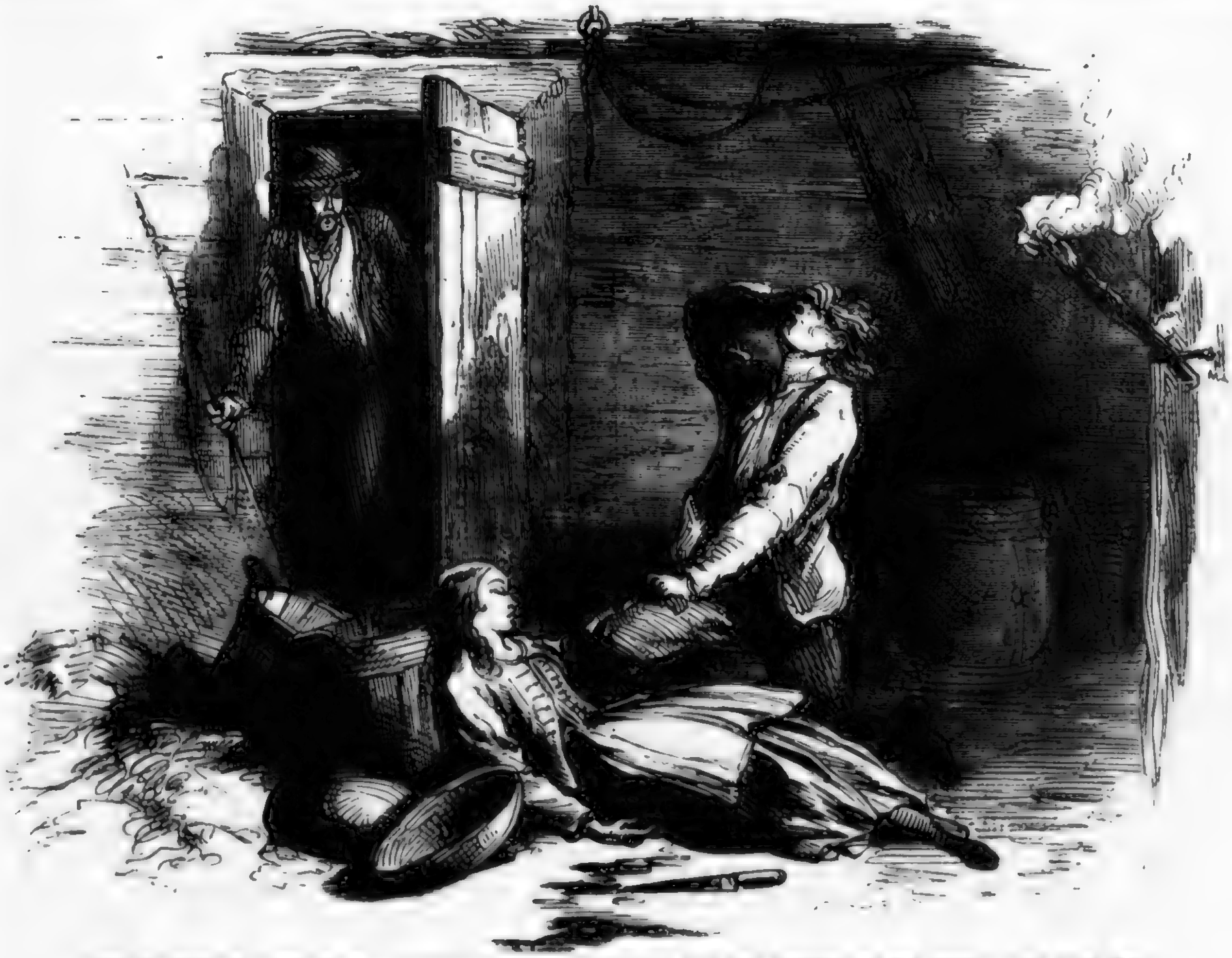


CLIMBING THE ANDES.



THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE.—REMORSE OF THE HERDSMAN FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.—SEE PAGE 610.

while I was yet wondering at the strangeness of my position, I heard, or fancied I heard, something—something that might have been the wind, save that there was no air stirring—something that might have been the wailing of a human voice. I held my breath—heard it again—followed it as it died away. I had not far to go. A line of light gleaming under the door of a shed at the back of the chalet, and a cry bitterer and more piercing than any I had yet heard, guided me direct to the spot.

I looked in—recoiled, giddy with horror—went back, as if fascinated; and so stood for some moments, unable to move, to think, to do anything but stare helplessly upon the scene before me. To this day I cannot recall it without something of the same sickening sensation.

Inside that hut, by the light of a pine torch thrust into an iron sconce against the wall, I saw the herdsman kneeling by the body of his wife; grieving over her, like another Othello; kissing her white lips, wiping bloodstains from her yellow hair, raving out inarticulate cries of passionate remorse, and calling down all the curses of heaven upon his own head and that of some other man who had brought this crime upon him! I understood it all now—all the mystery, all the terror, all the despair. She had sinned against him, and he had slain her. She was quite dead. The very knife, with its hideous testimony fresh upon the blade, lay near the door.

I turned and fled—blindly, wildly, like a man with bloodhounds on his track; now stumbling over stones; now torn by briars; now pausing a moment to take breath; now rushing forward faster than before; now battling up hill with straining lungs and trembling limbs; now staggering across a level space; now making for the higher ground again, and casting never a glance behind.

At length I reached a bare plateau above the line of vegetation, where I dropped exhausted. Here I lay for a long time, beaten and stupefied, until the intense cold of approaching dawn forced upon me the necessity of action. I rose and looked around on a scene no feature of which was familiar to me. The very snow-peaks, though I knew they must be the same, looked unlike the peaks of yesterday. The very glaciers, seen from a different point of view, assumed new forms, as if on purpose to baffle me. Thus perplexed, I had no resource but to climb the nearest height from which it was probable that a general view might be obtained. I did so just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east and the sun rose.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me—peak beyond peak, glacier beyond glacier, valley and pine forest and pasture slope, all flushed and palpitating in the crimson vapors of the dawn. Here and there I could trace the foam of a waterfall or the silver thread of a torrent; here and there the canopy of faint blue smoke that wavered upward from some hamlet among the hills. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a little lake—a sullen pool—lying in the shade of an amphitheatre of rocks some eight hundred feet below. Until that moment the night and its terrors appeared to have passed away like a wicked vision; but now the very sky seemed darkened above me. Yes; there it all lay at my feet. Yonder was the path by which I had descended from the plateau, and lower still the accursed chalet, with its background of rugged cliff and overhanging precipice. Well might they lie in shadow! Well might the sunlight refuse to touch the ripples of that lake with gold, and to light up the windows of that house with an illumination direct from heaven!

Thus standing, thus looking down, I became aware of a strange sound—a sound singularly distinct, but far away—a sound sharper and hollower than the fall of an avalanche, and unlike anything that I remembered to have heard. While I was yet asking myself what it could be, or whence it came, I saw a considerable fragment of rock detach itself from one of the heights overhanging the lake, bound rapidly from ledge to ledge, and fall, with a heavy plash, into the water below. It was followed by a cloud of dust and a prolonged reverberation, like the rolling of distant thunder. Next moment a dark fissure sprang into sight all down the face of the precipice—the fissure became a chasm—the whole cliff wavered before my eyes—wavered, parted, sent up a cataract of earth and stones—and slid slowly down, down, down into the valley.

Deafened by the crash and blinded by the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and anticipated instant destruction. The echoes, however, died away, and were succeeded by a solemn silence. The plateau on which I stood remained firm and unshaken. I looked up. The sun was shining as serenely, the landscape sleeping as peacefully as before. Nothing was changed, save that a wide white scar now defaced all one side of the great limestone basin below, and a ghastly mound of ruin filled the valley at its foot. Beneath that mound lay buried all record of the crime to which I had been an unwilling witness. The very mountains had come down and covered it—nature had obliterated it from the face of the Alpine solitude. Lake and chalet, victim and executioner, had disappeared for ever, and the place thereof knew them no more.

SAGACITY OF A FIELDFARE.

Many birds would be quite tame, and show confidence in man, were he less an avowed enemy. Yet even the sportsman, with his fowling-piece, does not ruffle the equanimity of some birds, which seem to know by instinctive experience that they are not game. There have been instances where birds seemed to know that, while they had nothing to fear from man, a state of war existed between man and certain enemies of theirs.

The following incident will tend to show this proper appreciation of the relative positions:

As the gamekeeper of Lord Lowther, in Ravenstonedale, was ranging the fields with his gun, he observed a hawk hovering near him; and whilst preparing to give it a shot, a fieldfare flew in terror against his breast, and then perched upon his shoulder. He fired at the hawk with the first barrel (while the fieldfare sat still), but missed. The hawk, intent upon his prey, disregarded the shot; with the second barrel he brought the bird down. The fieldfare left his shoulder, and fluttered for a short time round its dead enemy, uttering a chirp of joy, and then flew off with confidence.

ANNETTE DELARBRE.

A Tale of Normandy.

In the course of a tour that I once made in Lower Normandy, I remained for a day or two at the old town of Honfleur, which stands at the mouth of the Seine. It was the time of a *fête*, and all the world was thronging in the evening to dance at the fair, held before the chapel of Our Lady of Grace.

Whilst I was regarding the animated picture, I was struck with the appearance of a beautiful girl, who passed through the crowd without seeming to take any interest in their amusements. She was accompanied by a venerable-looking man, whom I presumed to be her father. She approached the edge of the hill, where there is a little platform, from whence the people of Honfleur look out for the approach of vessels. Here she stood for some time, waving her handkerchief, though there was nothing to be seen but two or three fishing-boats, like mere specks on the bosom of the distant ocean.

These circumstances excited my curiosity, and I made some inquiries about her, which were answered with readiness and intelligence by a priest of the neighboring chapel.

Annette Delarbre was the only daughter of one of the higher order of farmers, or small proprietors, as they are called, who lived at Pont l'Evêque, a pleasant village not far from Honfleur, in that rich pastoral part of Lower Normandy called the Pays d'Auge.

Annette was the pride and delight of her parents, and was brought up with the fondest indulgence. She was gay, tender, petulant and susceptible. All her feelings were quick and ardent; and never having experienced contradiction or restraint, she was little practiced in self-control; nothing but the native goodness of her heart kept her from running continually into error.

Even while a child, her susceptibility was evinced in an attachment which she formed to a playmate, Eugene La Forgue, the only son of a widow who lived in the neighborhood. Their childish love was an epitome of maturer passion; it had its caprices and jealousies, and quarrels and reconciliations. It was assuming something of a graver character as Annette entered her fifteenth and Eugene his nineteenth year, when he was suddenly carried off to the army by the conscription.

It was a heavy blow to his widowed mother, for he was her only pride and comfort; but it was one of those sudden bereavements which mothers were perpetually doomed to feel in France during the time that continual and bloody wars were incessantly draining her youth. It was a temporary affliction also to Annette to lose her lover. With tender embraces, half childish, half womanish, she parted from him.

Weeks, months, years flew by. Annette increased in beauty as she increased in years, and was the reigning belle of the neighborhood. Her time passed innocently and happily. Her father was a man of some consequence in the rural community, and his house was the resort of the gayest of the village. Annette held a kind of rural court; she was always surrounded by companions of her own age, among whom she shone unrivaled.

As she was a rural heiress, she did not want for suitors; many advantageous offers were made her, but she refused them all. She laughed at the pretended pangs of her admirers, and triumphed over them with the caprice of buoyant youth and conscious beauty. With all her apparent levity, however, could any one have read the story of her heart, they might have traced in it some fond remembrance of her early playmate, not so deeply graven as to be painful, but too deep to be easily obliterated; and they might have noticed, amidst all her gayety, the tenderness that marked her manner toward the mother of Eugene. She would often steal away from her youthful companions and their amusements, to pass whole days with the good widow; listening to her fond talk about her boy, and blushing with secret pleasure when his letters were read, at finding herself a constant theme of recollection and inquiry.

At length the sudden return of peace, which sent many a warrior to his native cottage, brought back Eugene, a young, sunburnt soldier, to the village. I need not say how rapturously his return was greeted by his mother, who saw in him the pride and staff of her old age. He had risen in the service by his merit; but brought away little from the wars, excepting a soldier-like air, a gallant name and a scar across the forehead.

He had left Annette almost a child; he found her a blooming woman. If he had loved her before, he now adored her. Annette was equally struck with the improvement which time had made in her lover. But Annette was a rural belle. She had tasted the sweets of dominion, and had been rendered willful and capricious by constant indulgence at home and admiration abroad. She was conscious of her power over Eugene, and delighted in exercising it. Eugene, however, was of too serious and ardent a nature to be trifled with. He loved too fervently not to be filled with doubt. A slight misunderstanding took place; a quarrel ensued. Annette, unaccustomed to be thwarted and contradicted, and full of the insolence of youthful beauty, assumed an air of disdain. She refused all explanations to her lover, and they parted in anger. That very evening Eugene saw her, full of gayety, dancing with one of his rivals; and as her eye caught his fixed on her with unfeigned distress, it sparkled with more than usual vivacity. It was a finishing blow to his hopes, already so much impaired by secret distrust. He retired from her presence with the hasty determination never to see her again.

A woman is more considerate in affairs of love than a man, because love is more the study and business of her life. Annette soon repented of her indiscretion; she felt that she had used her lover unkindly; she felt that she had trifled with his sincere and generous nature—and then he looked so handsome when he parted after their quarrel—his fine features lighted up by indignation. She had intended making up with him at the evening dance, but his sudden departure prevented her.

Day after day passed, but Eugene did not make his appearance. Sunday evening came, the usual time when all the gayety of the village assembled; but Eugene was not there. She inquired after him; he had left the village.

While his feelings were yet smarting with her affected disdain, and his heart was a prey to alternate indignation and despair, he had suddenly embraced an invitation which had repeatedly been made him by a relation, who was fitting out a ship from the port of Honfleur, and who wished him to be the companion of his voyage. He hastened to Honfleur just in time to make the needful preparations for the voyage; and the first news that Annette received of this sudden determination was a letter delivered by his mother, returning her pledges of affection, particularly a long-treasured braid of her hair, and bidding her a last farewell, in terms more full of sorrow and tenderness than upbraiding.

This was the first stroke of real anguish that Annette had ever received, and it overcame her. The thought occurred to her that the ship might not yet have sailed; she seized on the hope with eagerness, and hastened with her father to Honfleur. The ship had sailed that very morning.

When she returned home, the cheerfulness of her spirits was at an end. With humiliation and diffidence she sought the widowed mother of Eugene, but was received by her with an overflowing heart; for she only beheld in Annette one who could sympathize in her doting fondness for her son. It seemed some alleviation of her remorse to sit by the mother all day, to study her wants, to beguile her heavy hours, to hang about her with the caressing endearments of a daughter, and to seek by every means, if possible, to supply the place of the son whom she reproached herself with having driven away.

In the meantime the ship made a prosperous voyage to her destined port. Eugene's mother received a letter from him, in which he lamented the precipitancy of his departure. The voyage had given him time for sober reflection. If Annette had been unkind to him, he ought not to have forgotten what was due to his mother, who was now advanced in years. He accused himself of selfishness in only listening to the suggestions of his own inconsiderate passions. He promised to return with the ship, to make his mind up to his disappointment, and to think of nothing but making his mother happy.

"And when he does return," said Annette, clasping her hands with transport, "it shall not be my fault if he ever leaves us again."

The time approached for the ship's return. She was daily expected, when the weather became dreadfully tempestuous. Day after day brought news of vessels foundered or driven on shore, and the seacoast was strewed with wrecks. Intelligence was received of the looked-for ship having been dismasted in a violent storm, and the greatest fears were entertained for her safety.

Annette never left the side of Eugene's mother. She watched every change of her countenance with painful solicitude, and endeavored to cheer her with hopes, while her own mind was racked by anxiety. She made a daily pilgrimage to the chapel of Our Lady of Grace; hung votive garlands on the wall, and passed hours either kneeling before the altar or looking out from the brow of the hill upon the angry sea.

At length word was brought that the long-wished-for vessel was in sight. She was seen standing into the mouth of the Seine, shattered and crippled, bearing marks of having been sadly tempest-tossed. There was a general joy diffused by her return; and there was not a brighter eye nor a lighter heart than Annette's in the little port of Honfleur, as the ship came to anchor in the river; and shortly after a boat put off for the shore. The populace crowded down to the pierhead to welcome it. Annette stood blushing and smiling and trembling and weeping; for a thousand painfully pleasing emotions agitated her breast at the thoughts of the meeting and reconciliation.

Her agitation increased as the boat drew near, until it became distressing; and it was almost a relief to her when she perceived that her lover was not there. She presumed that some accident had detained him on board of the ship; and she felt that the delay would enable her to gather more self-possession for the meeting.

At length Annette heard some inquiries after her lover. Her heart palpitated; there was a moment's pause; the reply was brief, but awful. He had been washed from the deck, with two of the crew, in the midst of a stormy night, when it was impossible to render any assistance. A piercing shriek broke from among the crowd, and Annette had nearly fallen into the waves.

The sudden revulsion of feelings after such a transient gleam of happiness was too much for her harassed frame. She was carried home senseless.

"The subject," continued my informer, "is never mentioned in her hearing; but she sometimes speaks of it herself, and it seems as though there were some vague train of impressions in her mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled; some imperfect idea of her lover's shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

"Her parents have tried every means to cheer her, and to banish these gloomy images from her thoughts. It makes every one's heart ache to see her in this way, for she used to be the happiest creature in the village.

"She passes the greater part of the time with Eugene's mother, whose only consolation is her society, and who dotes on her with a mother's tenderness. She is the only one that has perfect influence over Annette in every mood.

XUM

SAGACITY OF A FIELDFARE.—SEE PAGE 614.

Upward of a year, he informed me, had now elapsed without effacing from her mind this singular taint of insanity; still her friends hoped it might gradually wear away. They had at one time removed her to a distant part of the country, in hopes that absence from the scenes connected with her story might have a salutary effect; but when her periodical melancholy returned, she became more restless and wretched than usual, and, secretly escaping from her friends, set out on foot, without knowing the road, on one of her pilgrimages to the chapel.

About a year afterward I reached Honfleur on a fine afternoon, intending to cross to Havre the next morning and embark for England. As I had no better way of passing the evening, I strolled up the hill to enjoy the fine prospect from the chapel of Notre Dame de Grace; and while there, I thought of inquiring after the fate of poor Annette Delarbre. The priest who had told me her story was officiating at vespers; after which, I accosted him and learnt from him the remaining circumstances.

He told me that, from the time I had seen her at the chapel, her disorder took a sudden turn for the worse, and her health rapidly declined. She became impatient of all sounds of gayety, and was never so contented as when Eugene's mother was near her. The good woman watched over her with patient, yearning solicitude; and in seeking to beguile her sorrows, would half forget her own.

Just at this time, to the astonishment of every one, news was received of Eugene, who, it appeared, was still living. When almost drowned, he had fortunately seized upon a spar which had been washed from the ship's deck. Finding himself nearly exhausted, he had fastened himself to it, and floated for a day and night, until all sense had left him. On recovering, he had found himself on board a vessel bound to India, but so ill as not to move without assistance. His health had continued precarious throughout the voyage; on arriving in India he had experienced many vicissitudes, and had been transferred from ship to ship, and hospital to hospital. His constitution had enabled him to struggle through every hardship; and he was now in a distant port, waiting only for the sailing of a ship to return home.

Great caution was necessary in imparting these tidings to the mother, and even then she was nearly overcome by the transports of her joy. But how to impart them to Annette was a matter of still greater perplexity. Her state of mind had been so morbid; she had been subject to such violent changes; and the cause of her derangement had been of such an inconsolable and hopeless kind, that her friends had always forborne to tamper with her feelings. Her mind admitted but one leading idea at a time, which nothing could divert or efface; or, if ever they succeeded in interrupting the current of her fancy, it only became the more incoherent, and increased the feverishness which preyed upon both mind and body. Her friends felt more alarm for her than ever, for they feared that her senses were irrecoverably gone, and her constitution completely undermined.

In the meantime, Eugene returned to the village. He was violently affected when the story of Annette was told him. They did not dare as yet to bring him into Annette's sight, but he was permitted to see her when she was sleeping. The tears streamed down his sunburnt cheeks as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made.

At length the physician that attended her determined to venture upon an experiment—to take advantage of one of those cheerful moods when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavor to engraft, as it were, the reality upon the delusions of her fancy. Several of her most favorite companions were kept continually about her; they chatted gayly, they laughed and sang and danced; but Annette reclined with languid frame and hollow eye, and took no part in their gayety.

At length the Winter was gone; the trees put forth their leaves; the swallows began to build in the eaves of the house. Annette's spirits gradually revived. She began to deck her person with unusual care; and, bringing forth a basket of artificial flowers, she went to work to wreathe a bridal chaplet of white roses. Her companions asked her why she prepared the chaplet.

"What!" said she, with a smile, "have you not noticed the trees putting on their wedding-dresses of blossoms? Has not the swallow flown back over the sea? Do you not know that the time is come for Eugene to return? that he will be home to-morrow, and that on Sunday we are to be married?"

Her words were repeated to the physician, and he seized on them at once. He directed that her idea should be encouraged and acted upon. Her words were echoed through the house. Every one talked of the return of Eugene as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning the same theme was resumed. She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the village. "Eugene is coming!" was the cry. She saw him alight at the door, and rushed with a shriek into his arms.

Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had prepared her for his return. She was as one in a dream, to whom a tide of unlooked-for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed his waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, showed that her senses were wandering. There was an absolute forgetfulness of all past sorrow; a wild and feverish gayety that at times was incoherent.

The next morning she awoke languid and exhausted. All the occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind, as though they had been mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and abstracted, and as she dressed herself, was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads. When she entered the parlor her eyes were swollen with weeping. She heard Eugene's voice without and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing, like one endeavoring to recall a dream. Eugene entered the room, and advanced toward her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and sank on the floor.

She relapsed into a wild and unsettled state of mind; but now that the first shock was over, the physician ordered that Eugene should keep continually in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and when he was not present she would speak of him as if buried in the ocean, and would sit, with her clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

One day, when Eugene was present, one of her companions endeavored to rouse her, singing, in a low voice, a tender little air, which was a particular favorite of Annette's.

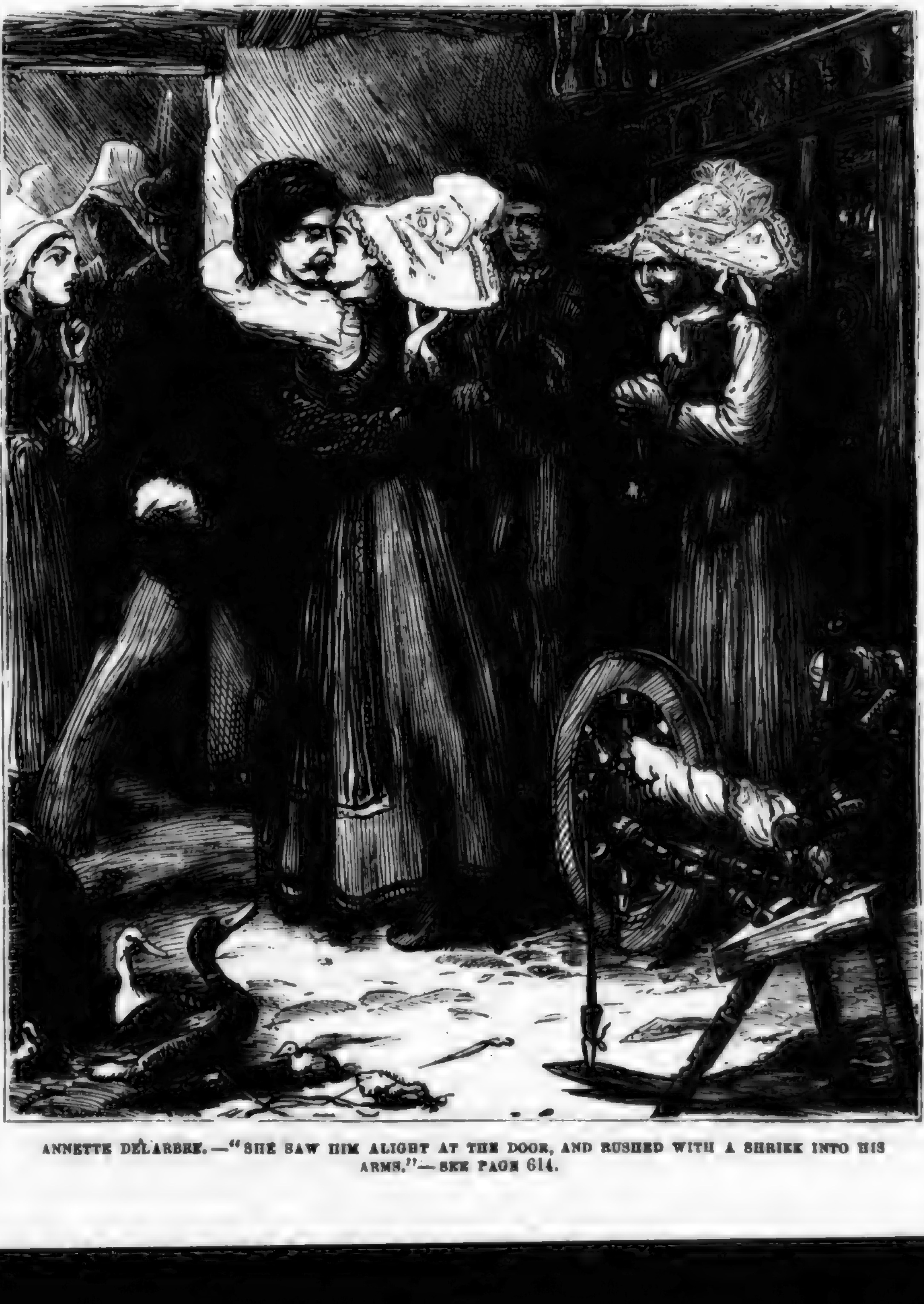
As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided, and when the song was ended she opened her eyes and looked about her, as one awaking in a strange place.

"Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" said she, "it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream; what has happened, what has been the matter with me?"

He endeavored to put her off with some evasive answer.

"No, no!" cried she, "I know I have been ill, and I have been dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us—and that he had gone to sea—and that—and that he was drowned! But he *has* been to sea," she added, earnestly, as recollection kept flashing upon her, "and he has been wrecked—and we were all so wretched—and came home again one bright morning—and—— Oh!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead, with a sickly smile, "I see how it is; all has not been right here. I begin to recollect—but it is all past now—Eugene is here! and his mother is happy—and we shall never, never part again—shall we, Eugene?"

She sank back in her chair, exhausted; the tears streamed down her cheeks. Her companions hovered



ANNETTE DELARBRE.—"SHE SAW HIM ALIGHT AT THE DOOR, AND RUSHED WITH A SHRIEK INTO HIS ARMS."—SEE PAGE 614.

XUM

round her, not knowing what to make of this sudden dawn of reason. Her lover sobbed aloud. She opened her eyes again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgment.

"You are all so good to me!" she said, faintly.

The physician drew the father aside.

"Your daughter's mind is restored," said he; "she is sensible that she has been deranged; she is growing conscious of the past, and conscious of the present. All that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health is re-established, and then let her be married."

"The wedding took place," continued the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last *fête* during their honeymoon, and a handsomer and happier couple was not to be seen, as they danced under yonder trees."

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

The following is a correct copy of a bill of indictment, preferred *in this city*, against Ralph Hall and Mary his wife, for *witchcraft*, over two centuries ago. Later Bills of this character may be found in Connecticut, but this, we believe, was among the last in this State. It is curious to read this remnant of barbarous ages; and, while we do so, let us not forget the lights of learning and civilization which have introduced a better order of things.

At a court of Assizes, held in *New-York*, the 2d day of Oct. 1655, &c., the tryel of Ralph Hall and Mary his wife, upon suspicion of witchcraft. The names of the persons who served upon the Grand Jury, are Thomas Baker, foreman of the Jury, of Easthampton; Capt. John Symonds, of Hempstead; Mr. Helcett, of Jamaica; Anthony Waters; Thomas Wandell, of Marsh Path Hill; Mr. Nichols, of Stanford; Belthazar D'Haart, John Garland, Jacob Luster, Anthonio De Mill, Alex. Munro, Thomas Searle, of New-York.

The prisoner being brought to the barr by Allard Anthony, Shff. of N. Y. this following indictment was read, first agst. Ralph Hall, and then agst. Mary, his wife, viz.:

The constable and overseers of the towne of Setalcott, in the east riding of Yorkshire, upon Long Island, do present, for our soveraigne Lord the King, that Ralph Hall, of Setalcott, aforesaid, upon the 25th day of Dec. being Christmas day last was twelve months, in the 15th year of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord Chas. the 2d, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. and several other days and times since that day, by some detestable and wicked arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, did (as is suspected) maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise, at the said town of Setalcott, in the east riding of Yorkshird, on Long Island aforesaid, on the person of George Wood, late of the same place, by which wicked and detestable arts the said Geo. Wood (as is suspected) most dangerously and mortally sickened and languished, and not long after, by the aforesaid wicked and detestable arts, the said George Wood (as is likewise suspected) died.

Moreover the constable and overseers of the said town do further present, for our soveraigne Lord the King, that some while after the death of the said Geo. Wood, the said Ralph Hall did, as is suspected, divers times by the like wicked and detestable arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise at the said town of Setalcott, on the person of an infant child of Ann Rogers, widow of the aforesaid George Wood, deceased, by which wicked and detestable arts, the said infant child, as is suspected, most dangerously and mortally sickened and languished, and not long after, by the said wicked and detestable arts (as is suspected) died: And so the said constable and overseers do present, that the said George Wood, and the said infant childe, by the ways and means aforesaid, most wickedly, and maliciously, and feloniously were (as is suspected) *murdered by the said Ralph Hall*, at the times and places aforesaid, and against the laws of this govt. in such cases provided.—The like indictment was read against Mary, the wife of Ralph Hall: Thereupon several depositions accusing the prisoners of the fact for which they were indicted were read, *but no witness appeared* to give testimony in court *vive voce*; then the Clk. calling up Ralph Hall, bade him hold up his hand, and read as follows: "Ralph Hall, thou standest here indicted for, that having not the fear of God before thine eyes, thou didst, upon the 25th day of Dec. being Christmas last was 12 months, and at several other times since, (as is suspected) by some wicked and detestable arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise upon the bodies of George Wood, and an infant child of Ann Rogers, by which said arts the said George Wood and the infant child (as is suspected) most dangerously and mortally fell sick and languished unto death. Ralph Hall! what dost thou say for thyself—art thou guilty or not guilty? Mary, the wife of Ralph Hall, was called in the like manner. They both pleaded not guilty, and threw themselves to be tried by God and the country. Whereupon the cause was referred to the Jury, who brought into Court this following verdict, viz.:—We having severally considered the case committed to our charge against the prisoners at the bar, and having well weighed the evidence, we find that there are *some suspicions* by the evidence of what the *woman* is charged with, but nothing considerable of value *to take away her life!* but in reference to the man, we find nothing considerable to charge him with. The Court thereupon gave this sentence—"That the man should be bound, body and goods, for his wife's appearance *at the next sessions, and so on from sessions to sessions as long as they stay within this govt.* In the meantime to be of good behaviour. So they were returned to the Shff's. custody, and upon entering into a recognizance, according to the sentence of the Court, they were released.

They were released from the indictment and suretyship for good behaviour, and wholly discharged therefrom on the 21st day of August, 1663!

HILDUR, THE QUEEN OF THE ELVES.

A Fairy Story.

Once, in a mountainous district, there lived a certain farmer. He was unmarried, and had a housekeeper named Hildur, who had all the indoor affairs of the farm under her charge, and managed them wondrous well. All the inmates of the house, the farmer himself to boot, were fond of her, as she was clean and thrifty in her habits, and kind and gentle in speech.

Everything about the place flourished exceedingly, but the farmer always found the greatest difficulty in hiring a herdsman. This difficulty did not arise from any fault of the farmer's own, nor from neglect on the part of the housekeeper to the comforts of the servants, but from the fact that no herdsman who entered his service lived more than a year, each one being without fail found dead in his bed on the morning of Christmas Day. No wonder, therefore, the farmer found herdsmen scarce.

In those times it was the custom of the country to spend the night of Christmas Eve at church.

But so far was this farm from the church, that the herdsmen, who did not return from their flocks till late in the evening, were unable to go to it on that night until long after the usual time; and as for Hildur, she always remained behind to take care of the house, and always had so much to do in the way of cleaning the rooms and dealing out the rations for the servants, that the family used to come home from church and go to bed long before she had finished her work and was able to go to bed herself.

The more the reports of the death of herdsman after herdsman, on the night of Christmas Eve, were spread abroad, the greater became the difficulty the farmer found in hiring one, although it was never supposed for an instant that violence was used toward the men, as no mark had ever been found on their bodies; and as, moreover, there was no one to suspect.

At length the farmer declared that his conscience would no longer let him thus hire men only in order that they might die, so he determined in future to let luck take care of his sheep, or the sheep take care of themselves. Not long after he had made this determination, a bold and hardy-looking man came and made him an offer of his services. The farmer said:

"My good friend, I am not in so great need of your services as to hire you."

Then the man asked him:

"Have you a herdsman?"

"No; I suppose you know what has hitherto befallen every one I have hired?"

"I have heard it," replied the other; "but fear shall neither trouble me nor prevent my keeping your sheep this Winter for you, if you will but make up your mind to take me."

But the farmer would not hear of it, at first.

"For," said he, "it is a pity, indeed, that so fine a fellow as you should lose your chance of life. Begone, if you are wise, and get work elsewhere."

Yet still the man insisted. At length the farmer consented to take him, and very well they agreed together. On Christmas Eve all went to church, except Hildur and the herdsman. Late in the evening, the latter returned, and, having eaten his supper, went to bed.

As soon as he was well between the sheets, he thought it would be best to lie awake, and thus be ready for any accident, though he was mighty little troubled with fear.

Quite late at night, he heard the farmer and his family returning from church, enter the house, and, having taken supper, go to bed. Still, nothing happened, except that whenever he closed his eyes for a moment, a deadly faintness stole over him, which only made him do his best to keep awake. Shortly after, some one crept stealthily up to the side of his bed, and he recognized Hildur.

So he feigned to be asleep, and felt her place in his mouth the bit of a magic bridle, but yet allowed her to fix it on him without moving. When she had fastened the bridle, she dragged him from his bed with it, and out of the farmhouse, without his being able to resist.

Then mounting on his back, she made him rise from the ground as if on wings, and rode him through the air, till they arrived at a precipice, which yawned down into the earth.

She dismounted at a large stone, and fastening the reins to it, leaped into the precipice. But the herdsman, thinking it would be no bad thing to know what became of the woman, tried to escape from the stone; but, failing in this, managed, after a short struggle, to get the bridle off his head, and having so done, leapt into the precipice, down which he had seen Hildur disappear.

After sinking for a long, long time, he caught a glimpse of Hildur beneath him, and at last they came to some beautiful green meadows.

From all this, the man guessed that Hildur was no common mortal, and feared if he were to follow her along these green fields, and she turn round and catch sight of him, he might, not unlikely, pay for his curiosity with his life. So he took a magic stone which he always carried, the nature of which made him invisible when he held it in his palm, and, placing it in the hollow of his hand, ran after her.

When they had gone some way along the meadows, a splendid palace rose, with which Hildur seemed well acquainted. At her approach a great crowd of people came forth and saluted Hildur with respect and joy.

Foremost of these walked a man of kindly and noble aspect, whose salutation seemed to be that of a husband; all the rest bowed to her as if she were their queen. This man was accompanied by two children, who ran up to Hildur, calling her mother, and embraced her.

After the people had welcomed their queen, they all returned to the palace, where they dressed her in royal robes, and loaded her hands with costly robes and bracelets.

The herdsman followed the crowd, and posted himself where he would be least in the way of the company, but where he could catch sight easily of all that passed, and lose nothing.

So gorgeous and dazzling were the hangings of the hall, and the silver and golden vessels on the table, that he thought he had never, in all his life before, seen the like; not to mention the wonderful dishes and wines.

After a little time, all the guests were begged to take their seats, while Hildur sat on the throne beside the king, and the feast commenced.

When it was concluded, the guests amused themselves by dancing, singing, drinking and revel; but the king and queen talked together, and seemed very sad.

While they were thus conversing, three children, younger than those the man had seen before, ran in, and clung round the neck of their mother. Hildur received them with all a mother's love, and as the youngest was restless, put it on the ground, and gave it one of her rings to play with. After the little one had played awhile with the ring, he lost it, and it rolled along the floor toward the herdsman, who, being invisible, picked it up and put it into his pocket. Of course, all search for it by the guests was in vain.

When the night was far advanced, Hildur made preparations for departure, at which all the people assembled, showed great sorrow, and begged her to remain.

The herdsman had observed in one corner of the hall an old woman, who neither received the queen with joy nor pressed her to stay.

As soon as the king perceived that neither his entreaties nor those of the assembly could induce Hildur to stay, he went up to the old woman, and said:

"Mother, rid us now of thy curse; no longer compel my queen to live far from me. Her short visits are more pain to me than joy."

The old woman answered angrily:

"Never will I depart from what I have said. My words shall hold true in all their force, and on no condition will I abolish my curse!"

On this the king, going up to his wife, entreated her in the fondest and most loving terms not to depart.

The queen answered:

"The infernal power of thy mother's curse forces me to go, and perchance this may be the last time that I shall see thee. For lying, as I do, under this horrible ban, it is not possible that my constant murders can remain much longer secret, and then I must suffer the full penalty of crimes which I have committed against my will."

While she was thus speaking, the herdsman sped from the palace and across the fields to the precipice, up which he mounted as rapidly as he had come down, thanks to the magic stone.

When he arrived at the rock, he put the stone into his pocket, and the bridle over his head again. Very soon after Hildur came up, mounted on his back, and off they flew again to the farmhouse, where Hildur, taking the bridle from his head, placed him again in his bed, and retired.

The herdsman, who by this time was well tired out, now considered it safe to go to sleep, which he did so soundly as not to wake till quite late on Christmas morning.

The farmer rose early, filled with the fear that, instead of passing Christmas in joy, he should assuredly, as he so

XUM

often had before, find his herdsman dead, and pass it in sorrow and mourning. So he and all the rest of the family went to the bedside of the herdsman.

When the farmer had looked at him and found him breathing, he praised God aloud for His mercy in preserving the man from death.

Not long afterward the man got up.

HILDUR, THE QUEEN OF THE ELVES.—"SO HE MANAGED TO GET THE BRIDLE OFF HIS HEAD, AND LEAPED OVER THE PRECIPICE."—SEE PAGE 618.

Wondering at his preservation, the farmer asked him how he had passed the night, and whether he had seen anything. The man replied:

"No; but I have had a very curious dream."

"What was it?" asked the farmer.

The man related everything that had passed in the night, as well as he could remember.

When he had finished his story, every one was silent for wonder, except Hildur, who went up to him and said:

"I declare you to be a liar in all that you have said, unless you can prove it by sure evidence."

The herdsman took from his pocket the ring which he had picked up on the floor of the hall in Elfland, and, showing it to her, said:

"Though my dream needs no proof, yet here is one you will not, doubtless, deem other than a sure one; for is not this your gold ring, Queen Hildur?"

Hildur answered:

"It is, no doubt, my ring. Happy man! may you prosper in all you undertake, for you have released me from the awful yoke which my mother-in-law laid, in her wrath, upon me, and from the curse of a yearly murder."

And then Hildur told them the story of her life, as follows:

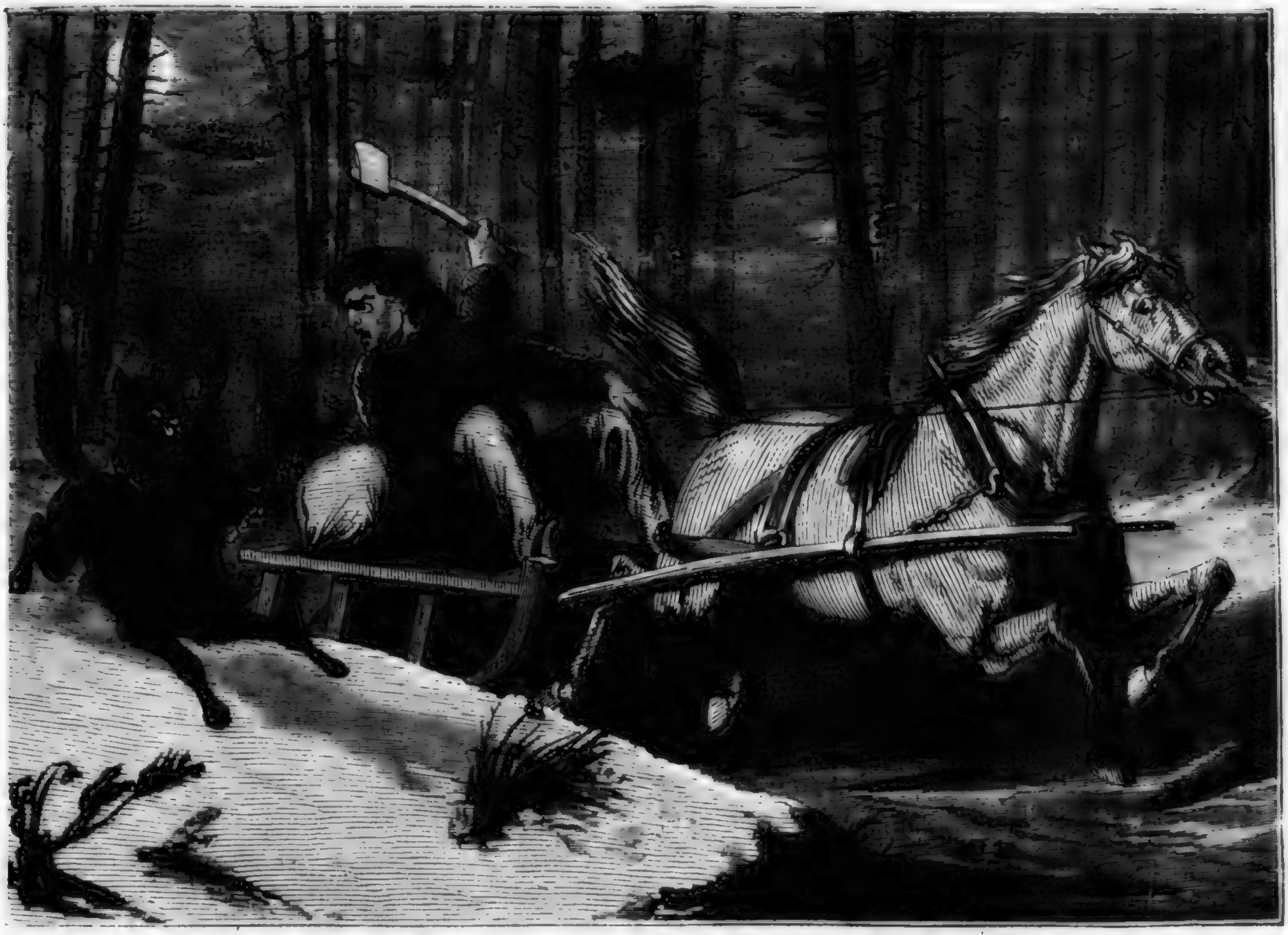
"I was born of an obscure family among the elves. Our king fell in love with me and married me, in spite of the strong disapproval of his mother. She swore eternal hatred to me in her anger against her son, and said to him: 'Short shall be your joy with this fair wife of yours, for you shall see her but once a year, and that only at the expense of a murder. This is my curse upon her, and it shall be carried out to the letter. She shall go and serve in the upper world, this queen, and every Christmas Eve shall ride a man, one of her fellow-servants, with this magic bridle, to the confines of Elfland, where she shall pass a few hours with you, and then ride him back again till his very heart breaks with toil, and his very life leaves him. Let her thus enjoy her queenship.'

"And this horrible fate was to cling to me until I should either have these murders brought home to me, and be condemned to death, or should meet with a gallant man like this herdsman, who should have nerve and courage to follow me down into Elfland, and be able to prove afterward that he had been there with me, and seen the curious customs of my people.

"And now I must confess that all the former herdsmen were slain by me, but no penalty shall touch me for their murders, as I committed them against my will. And as for you, O courageous man, who have dared, the first of human beings, to explore the realms of Elfland, and have freed me from the yoke of this awful curse, I will reward you in times to come, but not now.

"A deep longing for my home and my loved ones impels me hence. Farewell!"

With these words, Hildur vanished, and was never seen again.



AN AFFRAY WITH WOLVES.—"HE THEN TURNED, AND BRANDISHING HIS KEEN-EDGED HATCHET, SHOUTED TO THE BRUTES."

But our friend the herdsman, leaving the service of the farmer, took a farm for himself, and prospered, and became one of the chief men of the country, and always ascribed his prosperity to "Hildur, Queen of the Elves."

AN AFFRAY WITH WOLVES.

One of the most muscular, powerful-limbed settlers on the old New York frontier, a century since, was Henreich Kaupman. His arms were like piston-rods, and he could drive his huge mallet-fists with such tremendous momentum as to fell an ox as if stricken by a thunderbolt.

It is said that he was once caught by two iron-muscled Mohawks, armed with knives, while Henreich had none; yet at the first onset he fractured the skull of the foremost Indian, and bore the second one to the earth as if he were nothing but an infant. That Indian never resumed the perpendicular again.

All this is by way of introduction to an adventure that Kaupman once had with a pack of wolves, and which came fearfully nigh having a fatal result for him.

The Winter of 17— was an unusually severe one throughout the Northern States, and many deaths from exposure and starvation occurred before the opening of Spring. The wolves, bears and wild animals became nearly famished from hunger, and, as a consequence, were unusually fierce and courageous. They came down from the mountains, and woe to the sheepfold that was left unprotected during the night. It was sure to be invaded by the starving animals, and not a sheep would live to "tell the tale."

There were tracks around the barns, where the wolves had trotted all night in their search for some means of entrance; their howls could be heard through the still, cold hours, and more than one housewife had been chased to her very door for imprudently venturing forth after nightfall.

Many of the settlers sat in the upper stories of their houses and amused themselves by shooting the wolves, for whose scalps the Government had a standing bounty of several shillings.

Henreich Kaupman remained at home, only venturing forth to attend to his dumb animals, and to see that they were properly protected during the night. But after a while his stock of groceries became low, and finally gave out altogether. True, he and his family could live upon the poultry, sheep and animals they owned, but it was rather unpleasant to be without tea, coffee, sugar, salt, and many other articles that were more necessities than they were luxuries.

By this time, too, the roads had been traversed so much that they were thoroughly broken, and Henreich concluded to harness up his mare to his sled and go to the village, about four miles distant, and procure the articles which he so much needed.

With a want of foresight which he could never explain, he started out upon his journey without any weapon except a keen-edged hatchet, which was carried in case the sled should give out. In the house hung his trusty rifle, but neither he nor his wife seemed to imagine that there would be any call for it, and he drove cheerily away, bidding his wife a merry good-by as his mare went at a spanking gait down the road toward the village.

The latter place—which more properly might be termed a settlement—was reached in due time, the groceries all bought, and everything was in readiness to start homeward.

XUM

Henreich had been storm-bound so long in his house that he found the companionship of his friends at the village tavern extremely agreeable. There was so much to talk about, so much news to listen to, such a quantity of gossip regarding the affairs of the neighborhood, that the time slipped unconsciously by, until, when he arose to go, he found it was almost dark.

Still he had no fears, as his wife would understand that he had remained at the village, and there was no necessity of his immediate return.

As he turned homeward and left the village behind him, and noticed that the dim light by which he was traveling belonged to the moon, it flashed upon him that perhaps he would encounter danger before reaching home, and he regretted, for the twentieth time, that he had left his rifle behind.

The road, deep between the drifts of snow, was of just sufficient width for the little mare and sled, and the spirited little animal went forward at a swift gait, while Henreich, somewhat stupefied and weary, was beguiled into drowsiness by the easy, gliding motion of the sled.

He was half asleep and half conscious, when he became sensible of a rapid increase in the motion of the sled. He felt it jerk several times beneath him, and all at once a fiercer jerk than usual, accompanied by a neigh of terror, effectually aroused him.

He looked in front; all wore its wonted appearance. A wild, straggling piece of wood, standing two feet deep in snow; the narrow track twisting through it; the heavens cold and clear; the earth white; but close behind the sled were three gaunt animals, cantering heavily, while a fourth was fast gaining behind.

The jaws of the leading wolf, owing to the lowness of the sled, were within reach of Henreich's shoulder. But the latter cared little for this. The brutes were after the mare, and upon her courage and fortitude depended the escape of herself and master.

If the alarmed creature could have the nerve to keep steadily onward in the track, she had a good chance of eluding her pursuers; for the moment the wolves sprang outside the road to pass the sleigh, the depth of the snow so diminished their speed that they fell behind.

But should the mare, in her terror, spring aside and plunge into the snow, Kaupman knew it was all up with both of them. Such a proceeding would disentangle her from the sled; and before she could flounder a dozen yards through the snow the wolves would be tearing her to shreds.

Henreich leaned forward and spoke kindly to his animal, who raised her ears, that were flat with terror, and fell into a more even pace. He then turned, and brandishing his keen-edged hatchet, shouted to the brutes, but it did not discomfit them in the least.

Reaching forward, he patted his mare with the hand that held the reins, while he held the hatchet in the other, and kept his eye upon the ferocious brutes. However, he did not use the weapon, for the closer the wolves kept to the sled the less were they seen by his horse, and, as a consequence, there was the less probability of her terror becoming uncontrollable, and her breaking aside from the path.

So long as matters retained their relative position, Henreich felt that all was going well.

It was not long before the wolves discovered that there was little prospect of success so long as they remained in the track, and they now began springing aside, and attempting to get abreast of the horse. In every instance they fell behind; but each effort revealed them to the terrified mare, who had no blinkers, and the furious plunges she made filled Henreich with the greatest anxiety.

One of the wolves was very large, straight-limbed, and showed a speed superior to the rest. More than once, when he sprang out into the snow, he advanced nearer abreast the horse than did the others. Upon this gaunt creature Henreich fixed his eye, and caught the green light that played from beneath his eyelids.

By-and-by the snow became flatter, and the huge wolf again sprang aside. The speed of these animals is extraordinary, and he gained rapidly. Henreich waited until he got just abreast, when, rising in his seat, he circled the hatchet over his head, and brought it down with the quickness of lightning. The head of the wolf was cleft in twain, and with a dying yelp he doubled over in the snow, and was quickly left behind.

One of the dreaded animals was dispatched; there were three left, as furious for blood as him; and these never abated their speed in the least. Had they got a taste of the blood of their companion, they would have gorged themselves on him before seeking the horse; but he whisked off the stage of life so suddenly that they scarcely noticed his absence.

The distance from home was rapidly diminishing beneath the quick steps of the mare, which continued to carry the sled at full speed, until the fear of overturning became again a source of anxiety. Henreich, too, had learned by this time that these were no ordinary animals with which he had to deal, but sharp-set, fiercely courageous and determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome; their preference, however, as manifested by their actions, being for horseflesh.

These were not the animals to be frightened away by the sight of a man's house, and there was a bad open space between the outskirts of the forest and Henreich's home, to which he looked with no little apprehension.

They had now approached the very edge of the wood, and the wolves began gaining on each side. The terror-stricken horse became uncontrollable, and bounding terrifically forward, caught the sled against the stump of a tree, overturned it, and galloped away at a full run, leaving Henreich alone in the snow.

Before he could rise he felt the brutes clawing at his throat, but his garments were so thick that he was saved from injury; and rising to his feet, he threw them off. His hatchet had been jerked out of his hand as he fell, and he looked desperately around for it, but it was not to be found.

By this time the mare was almost out of sight, and two of the wolves were upon the defenseless man, and the other, deserting the animal, bounded back. Henreich faced the foremost, and the next moment was surrounded.

The powerful man now called into play all the strength for which he was so renowned. He struck furiously at the leaping, snarling brutes, and flung them off when they attempted to cling to him. Had he possessed a weapon, it is not impossible that he would have escaped without injury. One blow with a club in his hands would have cracked the skull of the largest brute, and with a knife he could have ripped them open.

But there was no hope fighting with his naked hands. His blood had already dyed the snow, and the smell and taste of it made the brutes furious. Their lithe, heavy bodies were hurled against him, as if impelled by some power not their own, and finally they pulled him down.

The sweets of this earth, the mystery of heaven, swept through poor Henreich's mind; nay, in those brief, terrible moments, the particulars found time to intrude. It is often, very often thus in the moment of death.

He thought how his devoted Mary would watch through the vigil—how his mangled remains would tell his fate in the morning—a life's despair for the mother of the helpless little ones. All these things rushed through his brain, and he knew that he himself was in the jaws of the wolves.

Then those foul, lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was finished. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on his throat was choking him; his senses reeled; when, like the whizzing of a meteor, another hard-breathing animal shot in among the assailants and fastened itself on the chief.

The wolves for an instant relaxed their fury; Henreich reeled giddily to his feet, and recognized his brave dog. For a moment he stood bewildered, when he saw one wolf retreating and the other two attacking his dauntless dog. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow, within an arm's length of the last terrible struggle. Henreich snatched it up, and was himself again.

His arms were bleeding, but their giant strength remained. The next instant he had split the skull of one of the wolves, and he now turned, like a madman that he was, upon the fierce animal that had borne his faithful dog to the ground.

The first blow laid bare the gaunt backbone, the next gave his throat a terrible gash, and the third loosened his fearful grip upon the dog. Still he struggled fiercely, when Henreich sprang upon the animal, and cut and hacked and slashed until the wolf was mincemeat.

As he arose a hand was on his shoulder, and turning, a head was on his bosom.

"Henreich!"

"Mary!"

Long did the young couple stand in speechless embrace; but the weaker supported the stronger, for Henreich's manly nerves were gone, and he leaned upon Mary like a helpless child.

The arrival of the frightened horse had aroused the wife, and the moment she opened the door the dog rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Mary fled wildly after him, not pausing to bring the rifle. But this, it has been shown, was not needed.

"WITH A WILL, JOE!"

Twenty years ago there lived in a little street near Vincent Square, Westminster, England, a widow woman, named Robins, who maintained herself and her two boys by taking in mangling. A friend of mine used to visit her weekly with tracts, and I sometimes went round with my friend, the tract-distributor.

There was not in the whole district a more decent family than this. On an average, Mrs. Robins earned ten shillings a week by her mangle. She let a furnished room for five shillings and sixpence a week, and that nearly paid her rent; and her eldest boy was at a shop, where he earned half-a-crown a week. So that the most this woman could reckon on to keep her children and herself, after her rent was paid, was eleven or twelve shillings a week. Yet I have seldom seen a more comfortable, and never a cleaner, home than this widow's.

Her youngest boy, Joe, a little fellow of ten, used to help her of an evening, when he was at home from school, and with his little wheelbarrow, holding a basket of linen, I have often met him going home with work to her customers. He was a sturdy little fellow, with a bustling, important look, as if proud of being trusted, and of being able to help his mother. His clean face, white collar and holland pinafore made him look quite respectable.

I have no story to tell of this family, beyond the fact that they lived in comfort on their honest toil; that the mother and sons might be seen on the Lord's Day going to the house of God, and that about four years after the time I first knew them, some relative in Canada sent to Mrs. Robins to go out there, and she and her boys emigrated, few persons being more fit than they were, by their industry, economy, cleanliness and piety, to make their way in any country. I felt sorry they left, for such families are the strength and glory of old England.

My reason for describing them is, that I learned a lesson I never forgot from that little boy, Joe. It was a Summer afternoon; the barrow stood before Mrs. Robins's door; the street was empty of all traffic, for the heat was intense. I sauntered languidly along on the shady side opposite the widow's house, and noticed her boy bringing out some linen in baskets to put on the barrow. I was surprised at the size of the baskets he was lugging along the passage and lifting on to the barrow, and paused to look at him. He pulled and dragged, and then, resting a moment, began again, and in the silence of the street I heard him saying something to himself. I half crossed the road. He was too busy to notice me, and then, in a pause of his toil, I heard him gasp out, "With a will, Joe!" He was encouraging himself to further effort with these words. At last, bringing the large basket to the curbstone, he ran in and got a piece of smooth wood as a lever; resting one end of the basket on the barrow, he heaved up the other end, and saying, a little louder than before, "With a will, Joe!" the basket was mounted on to the barrow.

As he rested and looked proudly at his successful efforts, he saw me, and his round, red face, covered with perspiration, became scarlet for a moment, as I said:

"That's a brave boy!"

The mother's voice sounded in the passage, "I'm coming, Joe"; and out she came, as the child, pointing to the basket, said: "I've managed it, mother."

It was a pretty sight, the looks of the widow and her willing boy. Though no further word was spoken, the sense of satisfaction on each face was very plain, and I have no doubt in each heart there was a throb of pleasure that words have no language for.

I went on my way, but the saying, "With a will, Joe!" went with me. How much there was in that simple phrase, "With a will!" How different is our work, according as we do it with or against our will! This little fellow might have cried or murmured, or left his mother to do the work, and been dissatisfied with himself, and a source of discontent to his mother; but he had spurred himself on to toil and duty with his words, powerful in their simplicity—"With a will, Joe!"

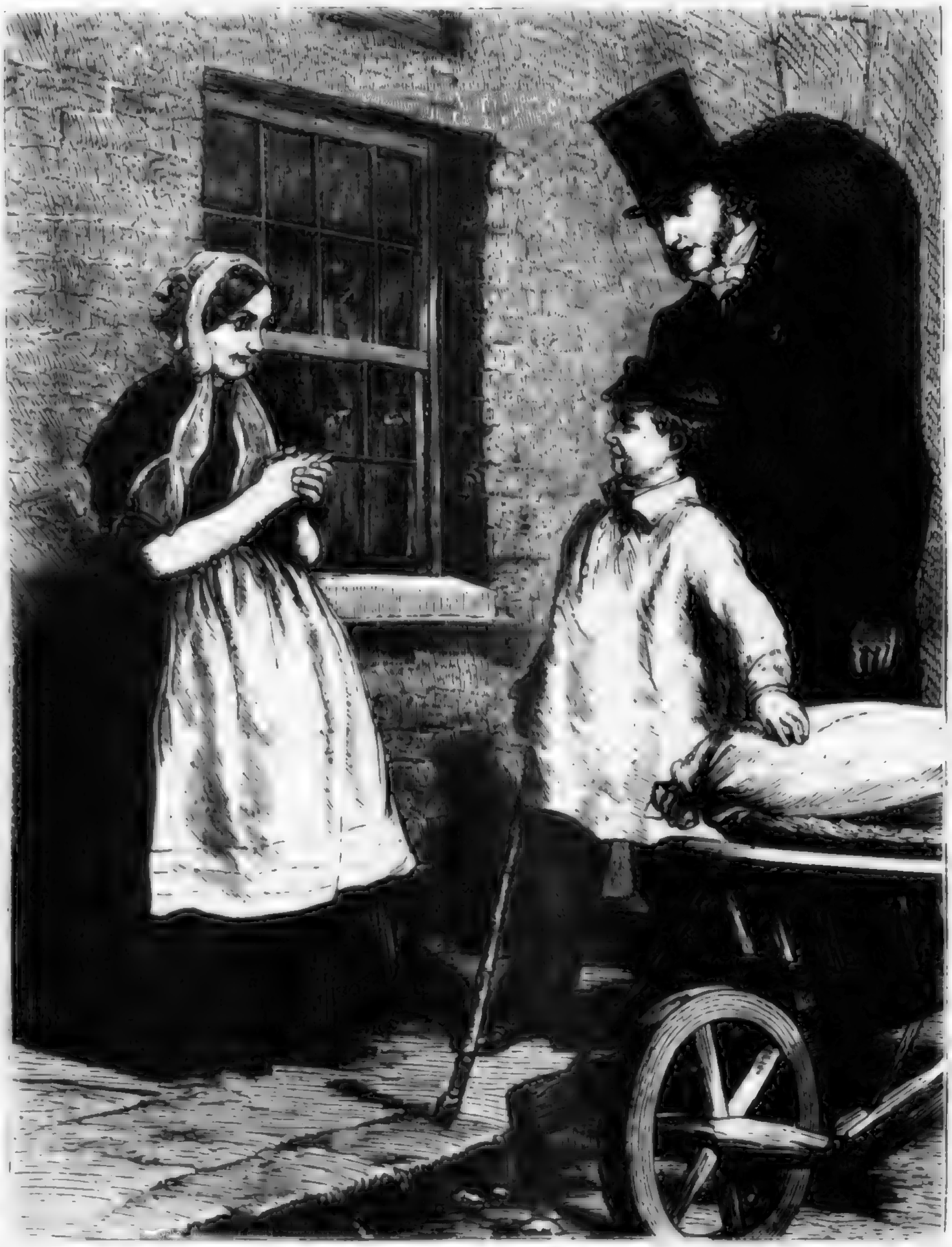
Often since have I recalled the scene and the saying. When some young lady complains to me, "I have no time to give to doing good; I've visits to make, and shopping to do, and embroidery to finish—how can I help the poor when I'm so pressed for time?" I am apt to say, mentally, "How different would it be with her if she had ever said to herself, 'With a will!'"

When some house-mother spends her morning at the door, gossiping or wrangling with her neighbors, and just before her husband's return home, puts a bit of tough steak in the frying-pan, or a rasher of hard, salt bacon before the fire, that when he returns is not cooked fit for a dog to eat; and then when he is angry, begins to complain, "There's no pleasing you," I think how different it would be if she had cleaned up her house, gone early for the meat, cooked it properly, and as she bustled about to make all tidy against his return, had strengthened herself by saying, "With a will!"

When I see some unhappy man who has yielded to the love of strong drink, and hankers after the public-house, and who tells me, "I cannot leave it off," I am ready to say, in the words of my little teacher of old, "With a will, Joe!"

PAUL ARNOLD; Or, A DREAM REALIZED.

"So you like my friend Arnold?" said Creswell, as we lounged over our wine and cigars, in his private apartment at the St. Nicholas, an hour or so after my second sitting to the artist in question.



"WITH A WILL, JOE!"—"THE CHILD, POINTING TO THE BASKET, SAID, 'I'VE MANAGED IT, MOTHER,'"—SEE PAGE 623.

"Yes, very much," I replied. "A generous, large-souled man. Somewhat enthusiastic and visionary, it strikes me—though this may be excusable in one of his profession."

Creswell smiled quietly as he thoughtfully cleared the ashes from his cigar

"He *is* somewhat of a dreamer," he admitted. "Did you see his wife?"

"Yes—one of the most lovely women I have ever beheld; not only in perfection of feature, but as regards the greater charm of expression. As she stood in the window, with that beautiful little boy of hers in her arms, she struck me as being the very ideal of a Madonna," I said, enthusiastically.

"And yet she is French," said Creswell, with a smile. "And, what will more surprise you, considering what most people would call her *air distingué*, she is simply the daughter of a small Provençal farmer, with, at the time of her marriage, little or no advantage of cultivation."

"Indeed! But I can see that there must have been much native refinement as well as beauty. Your friend Arnold was fortunate."

"The acquaintance was formed under very singular circumstances," observed Creswell, in the same meditative tone—"circumstances which could have occurred, probably, only in a country such as France. I was there at the time, and acquainted with the whole affair. Will you have the story?"

"By all means."

He threw away the end of his cigar, slowly refilled our glasses, and commenced.

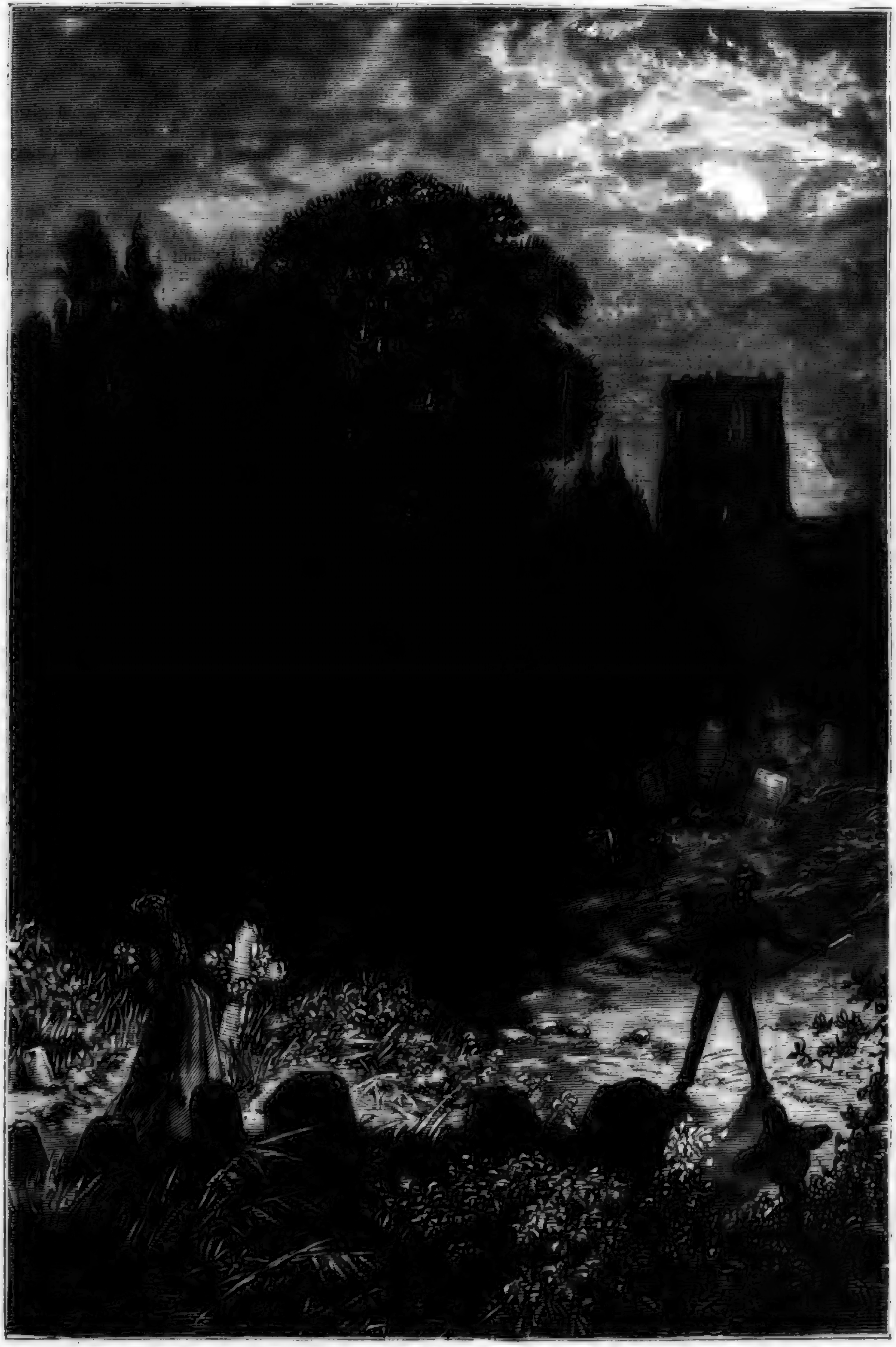
But I must tell the story in my own way, adhering only to facts, not alone as I learned them then, but afterward from Arnold himself.

Paul Arnold was a young American artist, a native of the Southern States, who, at the age of three-and-twenty, was sojourning in Paris, devoting himself heart and soul to the study of his art. Handsome, amiable and talented, he possessed also much of that dreamy and imaginative turn—that ideal love of beauty, which constitutes the poet. In such natures the affections are strong—their world is a world of love; and yet, Paul Arnold had lived till now without having experienced that passion.

"It was very strange!" said his fellow-artists, who invited him to their suppers and reunions, and introduced to him the most beautiful women of their acquaintance. "It was very strange!" said, also, the girls themselves, finding their charms powerless upon this handsome and attractive young man. And the conclusion at which they all finally arrived was, that he had no heart.

In this they were mistaken. Paul had a heart, and a warm and true one. But the truth of the case was, that this heart had been, from his boyhood, occupied by an ideal love—a creation of his own poetic imagination—young, innocent and lovely; and until he could find a living reality corresponding with his visionary creation, he felt that he could never love.

XUM



PAUL ARNOLD; OR, A DREAM REALIZED.—"THE MOON SHONE FULL UPON THE GRAVE AND THE WHITE CROSS AS PAUL ARNOLD APPROACHED IT. AND BY THAT LIGHT HE BEHELD A FORM STANDING THERE—A WHITE, PHANTOM-LIKE FIGURE."

XUM

Arnold was a believer in fate—in destiny—in the beautiful theory of kindred souls predestined for each other. To him the lovely vision which had so strangely taken possession of his mind was no mere fancy, no poet's or artist's dream, but an inspiration, a prophecy, an assurance of a blissful reality somewhere awaiting him in the future. And in this faith he lived and waited, his heart turning each day more yearningly toward his yet unknown love, longing to look upon the sweet face, and to clasp in his arms the graceful form that for ever haunted his inward sight. And hence it was that, true to his unseen love, his predestined bride, he had no heart for the charms of another.

One day, Paul Arnold's countryman and most intimate friend in Paris—Creswell—entered his studio during its owner's absence. To amuse himself till the artist's return, the visitor commenced examining the various pictures, studies and sketches which adorned the walls, and finally turned to the light a vailed frame which he had sometimes observed standing in a remote corner. He started as there met his view a lovely face—the face of a young girl, whose pure pale complexion, golden-brown hair and dove-like violet eyes, tender and earnest, appeared a fitting realization of an angel.

He was gazing on this picture when Arnold entered.

The young artist flushed when he saw what his friend had done, and, without a word, gravely turned the canvas again to the wall, carefully and almost reverentially drawing over it the linen curtain.

"I did not design to take a liberty, *mon ami*," said Creswell, apologetically. "But you were fortunate in securing La Belle Madelaine for a study. Le Roy offered her one hundred francs a sitting, and she refused."

"Who?—what?" exclaimed Arnold, staring.

"It is the portrait of the street-singer known as La Belle Madelaine."

"It is no portrait. It is an ideal."

"Impossible! The likeness is too perfect. Why, those are her features—that her hair, her form, her very expression; except, perhaps, not quite so sad-looking as La Belle. Otherwise, it is she herself."

Paul Arnold turned to his friend, his face quite pale.

"Creswell," he said, "are you in earnest, or only joking?"

"Why should I be joking? I can only say that if this be not the portrait of the street-singer, Mademoiselle Madelaine, then the resemblance is little less than miraculous."

The artist's breath came quick, and his voice was tremulous and eager, as he laid his hand upon the arm of his companion.

"My friend, you must help me to find this young girl you speak of. Where is she?"

"Indeed, I do not know. I have heard her on the boulevards and in the cafés, of evenings, singing divinely; but of late I have missed her."

'She must be found!" exclaimed Arnold, in strange excitement. "Come with me, Creswell. Help me to find her!"

So impatient was he, that his friend could but accompany him without delay to the boulevards, and thence to the cafés, where he had seen the young girl in question, making, as they went, close and particular inquiries. Yet nothing could they learn of the fair singer, save that she had once or twice visited those places, never speaking to any one, never delaying when her song was ended, but disappearing quietly and silently, leaving no clew by which she could be traced. No one, it appeared, remembered to have seen her within the past week.

"I know how it is," said Creswell. "Beauty such as hers cannot go unappreciated. La Belle has found a protector."

A sharp pang pierced Arnold's heart at these words.

"We must find her!" he repeated, firmly, though with something like a tremor in his voice.

But, though his friend pressed him, he would give no explanation of his words or conduct, except to say:

"I have a reason—the best of reasons. Some time you shall know."

For days the search continued, but in vain.

Then Paul Arnold resorted to the police, and Legarde, a famous Paris detective, was engaged to assist him. The charge was high, but the young man would not have grudged a fortune, had such been in his possession.

His long-dreamed-of love lived! and, until she were found, life had for him no other interest. Also, the fear of losing her, of being one moment too late, urged him on.

She was beautiful, and if not, indeed, as Creswell had suggested, already won, all men who beheld would covet, and many seek her. He had not a moment to lose.

On the third day of the search, Monsieur Legarde came to him.

"Monsieur, I have found her."

Arnold rose, pale and agitated.

"Where is she?"

The officer produced a card, from which he read, aloud:

"Madelaine—other name unknown; age, twenty; calling, street and café singer; residence, 95 Rue José, Place des Roches, room nine."

Paul Arnold's heart beat loud and fast. He could not utter a word; but, taking his hat, silently motioned the officer to lead the way.

Through wide and handsome streets, they went toward the Seine, and entered a different quarter of the city, where the houses were old and quaint and shabby. They stopped, at length, before one which had evidently seen better days. It was numbered 95, and a bill beside the door bore the inscription, "Lodgings." An old woman, in gold necklace and earrings, sat in the doorway, knitting. A word exchanged with her, and the police officer and his companion entered.

Up a broad, rickety pair of stairs they went, and through a spacious hall, whose broken moldings and tarnished gildings rendered the surrounding squalor more striking, and stopped, at length, at a door numbered nine.

"This is the room, monsieur."

"Have you seen her?" questioned Arnold, hesitating, now that he found himself so near the desired object, and also for the first time realizing, with some embarrassment, the strangeness of his position.

"No, monsieur; but I traced the singer, Mademoiselle Madelaine, from the Rue St. Helene hither, and learn that, in age and person, as also in a certain peculiarity of dress, *à la Provençale*, she answers to the minute description given by monsieur, your friend."

At this moment the door slightly opened, and some one peeped out. Arnold's heart rose to his throat—but it was only a neat, middle-aged woman.

"Is this the apartment of Mademoiselle Madelaine?" inquired the officer.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Is she within?"

The woman stared.

The man repeated the question, adding:

"We wish to see her. We have business here. This gentleman is a friend."

"Ah, I understand," she answered, gravely. "*Entrez*, monsieur."

The room was large and dark. The woman softly opened a shutter, and they could see that the apartment was very bare, and bore evident signs of poverty A small chest of drawers, a deal table and a bed made up the furniture.

"Where is mademoiselle ?" inquired Legarde.

"She is there, monsieur," answered the woman, pointing to the bed.

There lay the form of a young girl, dressed in a long white robe, which covered it from the throat to the feet. Two small hands, grasping a white lily, lay loosely crossed upon the breast; and the face, gently inclined to one side, was visible to the visitors. Such a face ! pure and perfect as marble, but also as colorless. Long dark lashes drooped over the closed eyes, and a profusion of golden-brown hair was smoothly gathered back from the fair temples.

Paul Arnold's breath stopped as he gazed. It was the face he had dreamed of and loved for years—the face he had pictured on canvas ! and here it lay before him, in all its perfect beauty, cold and dead !

With a low exclamation he sank on his knees beside the lifeless form.

Was this the end of his long-cherished dream—blighted at the moment it seemed about to be realized ? Had he, indeed, met with the actual earthly embodiment of what he had so often pictured to his own soul, yet only when the spirit had fled away for ever ?

Oh, it was bitter, bitter ! And Paul, gazing upon the perfect mouth, the closed eyes, the white, passive hands, thought almost with anguish of the happiness that *might have been* his, had he but come in time.

A rival had, indeed, stepped in between them, and won his idol—but the rival was Death !

When, recovering some degree of composure, the young man rose from his knees, he questioned the woman—a lodger in the house.

It was but little that she could tell.

Mademoiselle Madelaine had come to the house some ten days previous. No one knew her other name, nor whence she had come; neither had any person been seen to visit her. She appeared unhappy, and was very silent, though gentle, and grateful for any little attention. A day or two before she had sickened, and the woman in question—Madame Rouel—had kindly attended her. She had apprehended no danger, and was, therefore, greatly shocked when, only a few hours before monsieur's arrival, the young girl, in attempting to rise from her pillow, had suddenly fallen back and expired.

"Poor child !" said the woman, wiping her eyes on her apron; "it was heart disease, the doctor said. And she never mentioned her friends—if, indeed, she had any—and now she must be buried at public expense, and by strangers. Is it not sad, monsieur, and she so young and so beautiful ! Ah, poor child ! And she doubtless came from the country, for she spoke of the fields and the vineyards, and once—ah, yes, I remember it now—once she said, as she looked out upon the cemetery there, that she should not wish to be buried in a city, but in some pretty village churchyard, with white lilies upon her grave. See you, monsieur—I knew she loved the flowers, and I purchased this now in her hand, poor thing, little thinking for what it was destined."

"She shall have her wish," said Paul Arnold. "Let no one touch her—let no one interfere with her. She belongs to me."

And so Madelaine was buried in the pretty churchyard of the little village of Ardes, not far distant from Paris, and Paul Arnold caused to be placed at the head of her grave a simple white marble cross, bearing on its pedestal a sculptured lily, and the single word:

"MADELAINE."

And thither, in the sweet Spring days, joyless to him, he would sometimes repair to sit beside the mound, and think, with passionate regret, of the fair sleeper beneath, and of the mysterious and cruel destiny which had brought them together for an instant, only to separate them for ever.

"Yet not for ever," he whispered to his own heart. "Life is short; and in another world, surely, surely, the boon denied here should be granted, and Madelaine will be mine."

To persons of ordinary nature it may appear strange that Paul Arnold, a strong, healthy young man of three-and-twenty, with, in other, respects, abundance of what is called good sense, should have yielded himself to influences of so entirely visionary a character. But in those finely-cast, poetic natures, the spiritual often holds as strong sway as does the actual and tangible in minds of coarser mold.

Arnold had *believed* in the mysterious influence which had pictured to him a predestined bride—his dream had appeared realized when he found himself, as he thought, on the point of finding her, and his disappointment was consequently bitter. Still, his faith was unshaken.

It had been no mere dream or fancy. He still looked forward to something—he knew not what—and a strange, indefinable influence led him often to the grave in the village churchyard, where lay the form of her whom he had never seen in life, and yet so much lamented.

He himself wondered at the feeling—a sense of waiting and expectancy, as though all were not yet ended. Could it be—he even questioned within himself—could it be that the spirit of the dead girl drew him thus irresistibly to the place where her body lay ? But to this extent his belief led him not, and so he yielded to the impulse without understanding it.

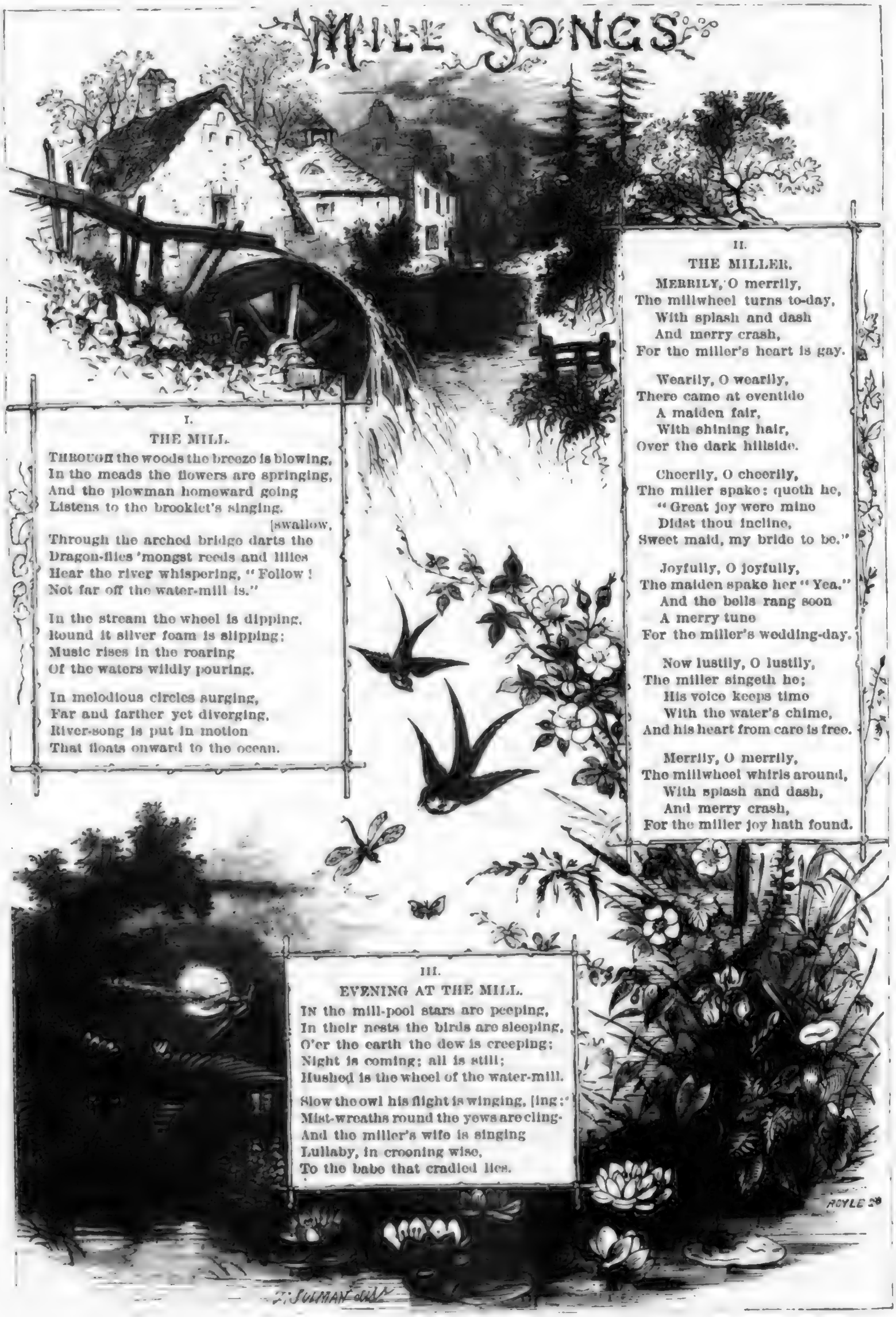
One evening, about twilight, he was wandering slowly through the shaded alleys of the graveyard; his spirit weighed down by the sense of loneliness and desolation which had, ever since the finding and loss of his imagined love, oppressed him. He was thinking of her now—not as he had seen her, lying dead, but as she had appeared to him in his dreams, and as he had pictured her on canvas. As he recalled the image a great yearning, an inexpressible tenderness, arose in his heart, and, forgetting the place, he uttered, in a low and passionate tone:

"Oh, Madelaine, my lost love !—could you but be permitted to come to me, even in spirit——"

Was it a dream, the fancy of an excited brain, that, as he spoke, there slowly emerged from behind a clump of acacias the form of a young girl—the living embodiment of his cherished vision ?—the lips parted, the dark blue eyes fixed upon him in wondering, wistful earnestness !

His head grew dizzy, his eyes blinded, and when the mist cleared away he could see only something like a shadow vanishing in the remote twilight.

Paul Arnold did not return to Paris that night, as he had intended. He was in no mood for it. That he had really beheld, with his bodily eyes, the disembodied spirit of Madelaine, he could not doubt. This had been no fancy, no mental hallucination; and the question with him now was, would she again appear to him—would she speak to him ? Was it, indeed, true, what with all his spirituality he had hitherto disbelieved, that the departed could appear visibly, in their old earthly forms, to the eyes of the living ?



MILL SONGS

I.
THE MILL.

Through the woods the breeze is blowing,
In the meads the flowers are springing,
And the plowman homeward going
Listens to the brooklet's singing.
Through the arched bridge darts the swallow,
Dragon-flies 'mongst reeds and lilies
Hear the river whispering, "Follow!
Not far off the water-mill is."

In the stream the wheel is dipping,
Round it silver foam is slipping;
Music rises in the roaring
Of the waters wildly pouring.

In melodious circles surging,
Far and farther yet diverging,
River-song is put in motion
That floats onward to the ocean.

II.
THE MILLER.

Merrily, O merrily,
The millwheel turns to-day,
With splash and dash
And merry crash,
For the miller's heart is gay.

Wearily, O wearily,
There came at eventide
A maiden fair,
With shining hair,
Over the dark hillside.

Cheerily, O cheerily,
The miller spake: quoth he,
"Great joy were mine
Didst thou incline,
Sweet maid, my bride to be."

Joyfully, O joyfully,
The maiden spake her "Yea."
And the bells rang soon
A merry tune
For the miller's wedding-day.

Now lustily, O lustily,
The miller singeth he;
His voice keeps time
With the water's chime,
And his heart from care is free.

Merrily, O merrily,
The millwheel whirls around,
With splash and dash,
And merry crash,
For the miller joy hath found.

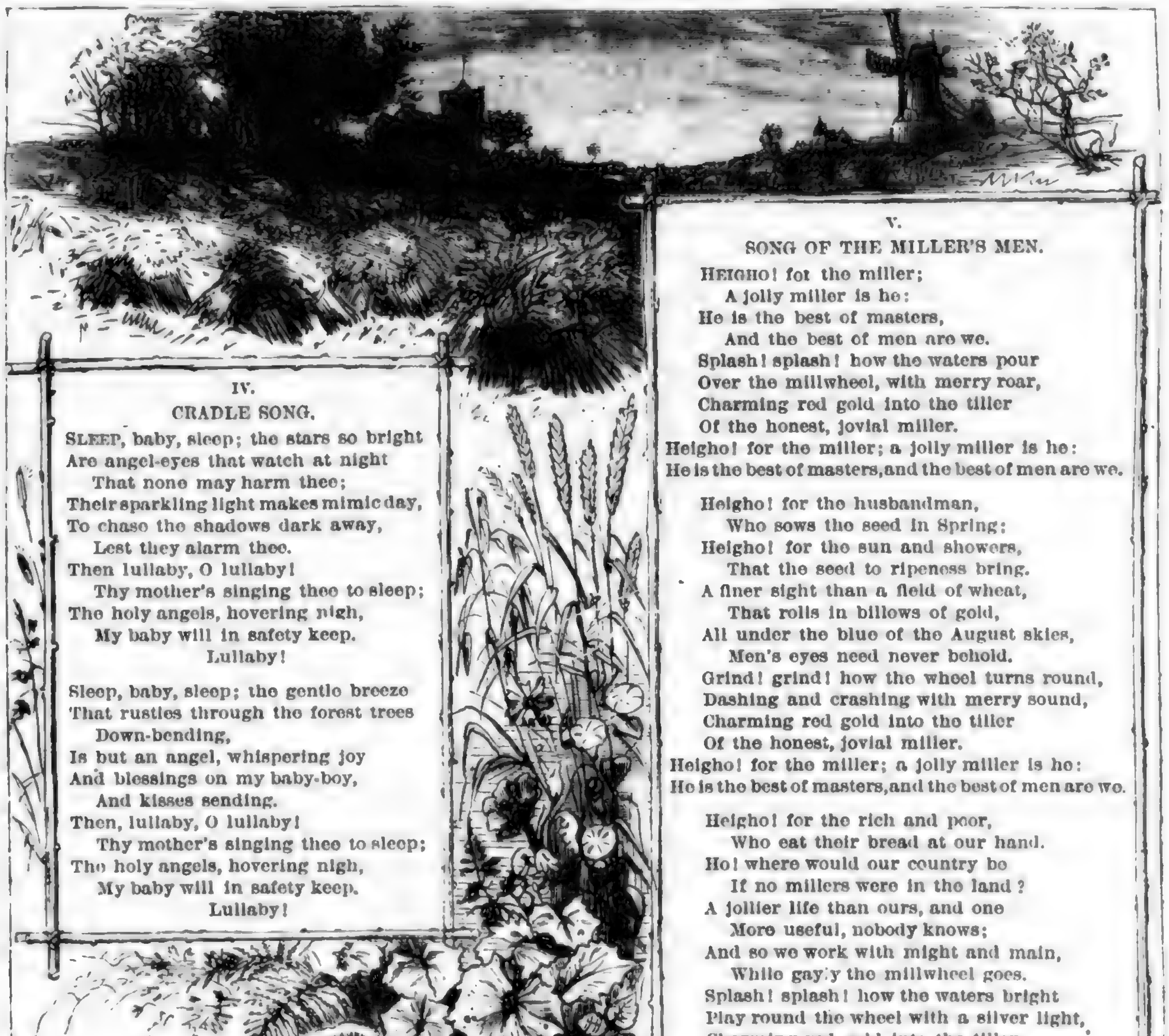
III.
EVENING AT THE MILL.

In the mill-pool stars are peeping,
In their nests the birds are sleeping,
O'er the earth the dew is creeping;
Night is coming; all is still;
Hushed is the wheel of the water-mill.

Slow the owl his flight is winging,
Mist-wreaths round the yews are clinging;
And the miller's wife is singing
Lullaby, in crooning wise,
To the babe that cradled lies.

It was with an almost trembling eagerness and excitement that Paul Arnold, on the following evening, sought the old churchyard. The white cross gleamed duskily in the twilight, and the willow above the grave swayed its long branches softly to and fro, with a low, soft murmur. He started at every breath and motion, and the white tombstones seemed continually, to his fancy, assuming the appearance of the form which he half believed and half doubted would appear.

But twilight passed, and it came not. Heavy shadows of funereal trees and sepulchral marbles gathered about the quiet burial-place, and the breeze sighed in low, fitful



IV.
CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep; the stars so bright
Are angel-eyes that watch at night
That none may harm thee;
Their sparkling light makes mimic day,
To chase the shadows dark away,
Lest they alarm thee.
Then lullaby, O lullaby!
Thy mother's singing thee to sleep;
The holy angels, hovering nigh,
My baby will in safety keep.
Lullaby!

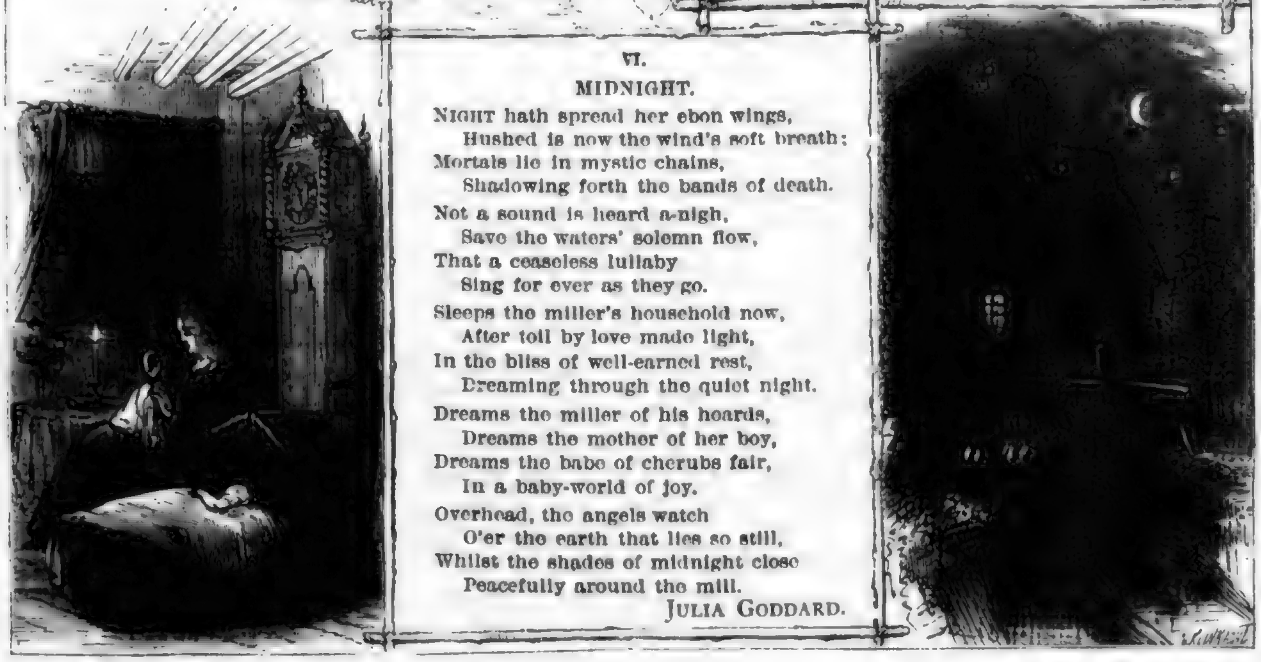
Sleep, baby, sleep; the gentle breeze
That rustles through the forest trees
Down-bending,
Is but an angel, whispering joy
And blessings on my baby-boy,
And kisses sending.
Then, lullaby, O lullaby!
Thy mother's singing thee to sleep;
The holy angels, hovering nigh,
My baby will in safety keep.
Lullaby!

V.
SONG OF THE MILLER'S MEN.

Heigho! for the miller;
A jolly miller is he:
He is the best of masters,
And the best of men are we.
Splash! splash! how the waters pour
Over the millwheel, with merry roar,
Charming red gold into the tiller
Of the honest, jovial miller.
Heigho! for the miller; a jolly miller is he:
He is the best of masters, and the best of men are we.

Heigho! for the husbandman,
Who sows the seed in Spring;
Heigho! for the sun and showers,
That the seed to ripeness bring.
A finer sight than a field of wheat,
That rolls in billows of gold,
All under the blue of the August skies,
Men's eyes need never behold.
Grind! grind! how the wheel turns round,
Dashing and crashing with merry sound,
Charming red gold into the tiller
Of the honest, jovial miller.
Heigho! for the miller; a jolly miller is he:
He is the best of masters, and the best of men are we.

Heigho! for the rich and poor,
Who eat their bread at our hand.
Ho! where would our country be
If no millers were in the land?
A jollier life than ours, and one
More useful, nobody knows;
And so we work with might and main,
While gayly the millwheel goes.
Splash! splash! how the waters bright
Play round the wheel with a silver light,
Charming red gold into the tiller
Of the honest, jovial miller.
Heigho! for the miller; a jolly miller is he:
He is the best of masters, and the best of men are we.



VI.
MIDNIGHT.

Night hath spread her ebon wings,
Hushed is now the wind's soft breath;
Mortals lie in mystic chains,
Shadowing forth the bands of death.
Not a sound is heard a-nigh,
Save the waters' solemn flow,
That a ceaseless lullaby
Sing for ever as they go.
Sleeps the miller's household now,
After toil by love made light,
In the bliss of well-earned rest,
Dreaming through the quiet night.
Dreams the miller of his hoards,
Dreams the mother of her boy,
Dreams the babe of cherubs fair,
In a baby-world of joy.
Overhead, the angels watch
O'er the earth that lies so still,
Whilst the shades of midnight close
Peacefully around the mill.

Julia Goddard.

whispers through the shivering foliage. Paul grew restless, the painful tension upon his mind became tightened almost to agony. What was he expecting? How long should he have to wait?

"I shall go mad," he said to himself, with a sudden apprehension; and he arose from beside the white cross and walked away to a distant part of the ground. But something seemed instinctively to draw him back, and he soon retraced his footsteps.

The clear rays of the now rising moon shone full upon the grave and the white cross as Paul Arnold approached it. And by that light he beheld a form standing there—a white, phantom-like figure, with golden hair rippling down her shoulders, and a wreath of white lilies in her hand. Her back was toward him, but he knew those bright tresses, and the graceful, girlish figure, and with his hands extended, he uttered, breathlessly:

"Madelaine!"

She turned then, displaying the same lovely face that he had seen the evening before—the same gentle and tender expression, and clear, earnest eyes.

"Madelaine!" he repeated, his voice tremulous with emotion.

"I am not Madelaine," answered a low, sweet voice.

Half doubting, he approached, and touched the white hand that held the lilies. No impalpable shadow, this, but flesh—soft, warm flesh—whose full pulses he could feel throbbing beneath his touch.

"Who, then, are you?" asked Paul, half unconsciously, in his tumult of wonder and bewilderment.

"I am Magdalen, monsieur—Magdalen Reamé, younger sister of Madelaine."

He gazed at her, bewildered; and she, standing before him with a gentle, girlish dignity, met the gaze with the sweet blue eyes, clear and tender, that he had seen a thousand times in his imagination—the living embodiment of that cherished picture in his studio.

"And you, monsieur," she said, gently—"you are Monsieur Paul Arnold, they tell me. It is to you that we owe so much for our lost Madelaine!" and her eyes filled with tears.

Paul's heart was in a strange tumult. Had he, after all, been mistaken, and was this, and not the dead girl, she who was predestined for him? Subduing his emotion, he spoke, quietly:

"You live, then, here in Ardes?"

"No, monsieur; I live in Provence, amid the Chartres vineyards. You knew my sister, monsieur. Did you know, also, her husband, Hugo?"

"Her husband!" Paul started, yet he answered in the negative.

"He was not worthy of her," said the girl, in a faltering voice. "He abandoned her, who had given up all for him, and she lived and died alone in the great, strange city."

"She was very kindly cared for," said Paul.

"Yes, I know. I have seen the good Madame Rouel, who nursed her. It was she who told me of your kindness, and directed me hither to my sister's grave."

"Did you come from Chartres to Paris alone?" asked Paul.

"No, monsieur. I came with a good old neighbor of ours to Paris, but am alone here in Ardes. The good Madame Rouel directed me to a friend of hers here, in whose house I am staying. To-morrow," she added, looking sadly upon the mound at her feet—"to-morrow I return to Paris."

"You came, then, to visit your sister's grave?"

"Yes, monsieur; or, rather, I know not why I came. Something seemed urging me hither. I felt that I could not rest until I had knelt upon the spot where she lay buried, and placed upon it a garland of her favorite flowers. Oh, monsieur! I felt as though she called me hither!"

It was with difficulty that the young man restrained his emotion. A great joy, almost too great to be borne, filled his heart. She was not lost to him—the love of so many years. He had found her; she was here in his presence; he was speaking to her, looking into her eyes; and it was only by a great effort that he could refrain from telling her all.

Magdalen hung the garland of lilies on the cross, and then she glanced timidly and hesitatingly at the stranger.

He understood the silent appeal, and turned reverently away, in order that she might alone take farewell of and offer up a prayer at her sister's grave.

Yet he waited at the graveyard-gate; and, as she presently appeared, tearful, and bearing in her hand a cluster of blue violets plucked from the dewy turf of the grave, he stepped forth, and walked by her side.

"Let me see you safe home," he said.

And they passed almost in silence through the quiet, old-fashioned streets, parting only at the door of the house where Magdalen was staying.

"May I see you to-morrow?" asked Paul. "We both return to Paris in the morning. May I not protect you thither?"

"If you think right, monsieur. You were my sister's friend."

And the innocent confidence and graceful delicacy of the reply strangely touched him.

"Yes," he answered, "I was her friend, though I saw her only in death. She was wondrously like you."

"So like that we could scarcely be recognized apart, but for Madelaine's eyes being brown, while mine are blue."

Paul Arnold had no longer a doubt. He had not seen the eyes of the dead girl, closed as they had been in death; but those of his ideal had been blue—the very eyes into which he now gazed. Yes, it was Magdalen, and not her sister, who had been marked out for him by destiny. And how strangely, how wonderfully, even, had that destiny been thus far fulfilled! A deep awe, as well as a great joy, was upon his spirit that evening.

On the morrow, Paul Arnold accompanied Magdalen Reamé to Paris, and thence, a few days after, to her home near Chartres, in company with the old neighbor to whom her father had intrusted her.

Monsieur Reamé, a worthy farmer in good circumstances, did not refuse the young American the hand of his only remaining child; and when, a year or two after, he died, Arnold, who had then completed his studies in the French capital, brought his lovely young wife with him to America. In that time she had wonderfully profited by the opportunities placed in her way, and was an elegant and cultivated woman, but whose chief attraction, at least to her husband, lay in the native purity and loveliness which had at first charmed him.

And thus, though Paul Arnold had been a dreamer, his dream was in the end realized.

A SOCIABLE ROOK.

We picked up the young bird at the foot of a tree, and he was at once put into a large open basket with some hay, and fed regularly till such time as he could walk and fly, and he has never quite deserted us since. He has left us sometimes for a fortnight together, and joined, I presume, the other rooks, but he always comes back as tame as when he went away.

We have, I should tell you, rookeries all around the house. I generally put my head out of my dressing-room window the first thing in the morning and whistle, when the rook, if in the neighborhood, will come down, often from a lofty tree, and settle on the window-sill. Here he sits till my toilet is finished, when I take him down-stairs on my hand. He sits on the back of my wife's chair at breakfast, with a newspaper carefully spread out under him, and drinks tea out of her cup. When he is particularly ravenous, owing to not having previously visited the servants' hall, it becomes necessary to put him outside with a piece of meat; but he generally pecks at the door till we let him in again.

During the hard weather, he often comes in again to lunch, and sometimes sits the whole morning with my wife in her room, where he likes to hear the piano played, cawing for more at the end of a tune. He is also very fond of two dogs that we have got, being especially given to riding on their backs. I have known him to ride into the breakfast-room, when full of strangers, on the back of one of these dogs—a powerful bull-dog—then settle quietly in his usual place for a time, and, watching his opportunity, suddenly pounce on a piece of butter in somebody's plate. When we have turned him out, I have watched him fly, first to the top of a lofty lime-tree, and then away over the neighboring village. Next morning he would be waiting for me on my dressing-room window-sill again. This rook breakfasted with us no later than this morning, and you will admit that he is a very sociable rook indeed.

CORALS AND THEIR POLYPES.

By Prof. P. Martin Duncan, F. R. S.

Some years ago a very beautiful exhibition took place, during one of the annual gatherings of scientific and representative men. A tank of sea-water had a glass side in it, and a beam of light was thrown on to the surface of the water, and it passed down below and came out through the transparent plate. There was an apparatus which forced air into the water, and the myriads of minute bubbles and the clear water were intensely illuminated, the air-globules looking like points of silver, and the fluid like luminous opal.

Placed on the back of the tank was a mass of dark-colored rock, the surface of which came within six inches of the glass plate; and on the stone were living things of surpassing beauty. They were of a brilliant light orange color, some being of a darker shade; they were sufficiently transparent to let the light come through their tender tissues, and they were in the shape of short cylindrical stems surmounted by a star; or, rather, the stems were sloping downward, their star-like ends drooping gracefully. About half the size and length of a lady's little finger, they moved slightly, expanding their stars and growing longer when a stream of air-bubbles came close to them, and they contracted and became smaller when the light faded. The stars had rays on them like those of a daisy in position, and there was a round place in the midst. The light shone through the fleshy body of the stem, which had radiating structures in it, and a long central mark.

The numerous stems and stars, crowded as they were, did not come in contact. Each one seemed to be independent of its fellows in its slight movements. Yet this was not the case; for on the cessation of the bright light and the occurrence of a shake, the whole of the orange-tinted colony became dull in tint, and smaller, and finally seemed to retire.

After this simultaneous and general movement had persisted for awhile, a honeycombed look came over the face of the rock, and only a faint tinge of yellow could be seen on a white surface. By-and-by the stems and stars began to be visible again, to increase in size, and in half an hour hundreds of them were stretched out to their utmost and reveling in the highly aërated sea-water.

It was a spectacle never to be forgotten; and some of the visitors had a similar, but grander, sight brought before their remembrance. Stimulated by the unexpected appearance of the pretty drooping stars, memory led their thoughts far away, and to the remote torrid Pacific. A broad ocean, a surf breaking on a circular rock with a few cocoanut-trees on it, and some underwood; a placid lake within, and a sea beyond, constituted the scene; and the mind saw, in its pleasant memories, a perfect flower-garden of stems and many-colored stars flourishing on the rock beneath the rushing waves. As the remembrance became vivid, the splendor of the distant scene recalled itself. The shallow rocky floor, on the verge of stupendous depths, was tenanted by beds of starry forms, some small, others large—the daisies and dahlias of the place—some white, gray, green, blue, red, purple or orange in tint, or variegated or splashed with other colors, and gold and silver and black. Here and there a branching mass stood in the "mind's eye," reaching to the very surface of the water, and its tints were orange, yellow, red and pale-blue, and on it were myriads of stems and stars. Just out of the water, and occasionally covered, were rounded blocks, whose stems, brilliant green centrally, had their rays all close together.

The remembrance of the dark-colored blocks of stone and the white sand of the beach recalled the common name of all these living things and their stony groundwork—for they were corals, and it was a coral island. On a previous evening, and shortly after H. M. S. *Porcupine* had returned from her cruise in the North Atlantic Ocean, a collection of very elegantly shaped and beautifully chased, embossed and fragile, but hard stony-looking things was exhibited. They were white, and had no living structures on them, but they were covered by, or they consisted of, cup-shaped bodies with stalks, and the cups had within them radiating plates. Some of these came from 1,200 fathoms, or 7,200 feet, and from off the oozy sea-floor; others had been brought up from 90 to 600 fathoms from off a rocky sea-bed, and many had been plunged up to their necks in mud. They were alive when they were first brought up on board, for they were then covered with a delicate membrane, which resembled, more or less, that of the yellow and orange stems and stars already noticed.

The thermometers which were let down when these stony things came up denoted that deep down the temperature was that of freezing water, and there are proofs that the pressure of the sea was great at the depths. These pretty relics of the ocean-floor were the hard parts of corals belonging to the same great natural history group as those forming coral reefs and islands, but differing from them in many interesting particulars. They were deep-sea corals. Many of the naturalists who examined them could not but remark that some of the dwellers in the great depths were not unlike small stony things covered with a delicate tissue, and presenting the appearance of a very flat little sea-anemone, which is found in caves and natural grottoes in limestone at the seaside, and which the tide rarely uncovers.

These stars have stony cups beneath them, and they are known to people who sell things for the aquarium as "madrepores." They are corals of the shore, and they do not form vast collections as in the tropics, but are solitary.

Thus there are reef-building corals, deep-sea corals, and shore corals; and all have many similar points of construction, whether they are small or large, single or made up of a vast number, or branching like small trees. When in life and in full vigor, there is no doubt that they all resemble flowers somewhat, and, indeed, the ancients and many of the modern naturalists, down to the time of Peyssonnel, considered them to be of a vegetable nature, or

XUM

that the hard parts were petrifactions out of sea-water. Peyssonnel sent a communication to the Royal Society of London in 1751, and demonstrated the animal nature of coral.

Everybody is aware that there is another dweller in the moderately deep parts of the Mediterranean and of some other seas, which is very precious for its beautiful red color, and which is popularly called "coral." Necklaces, earrings, brooches and many kinds of ornaments are made up occasionally of this beautiful, hard and more or less branching coral. Its purity and color gave the title of "coral lips" to what a realistic, mechanical-minded savant has called "the kissing apparatus of the maiden"; and its hardness has recommended it for the "coral and bells" of teething infants.

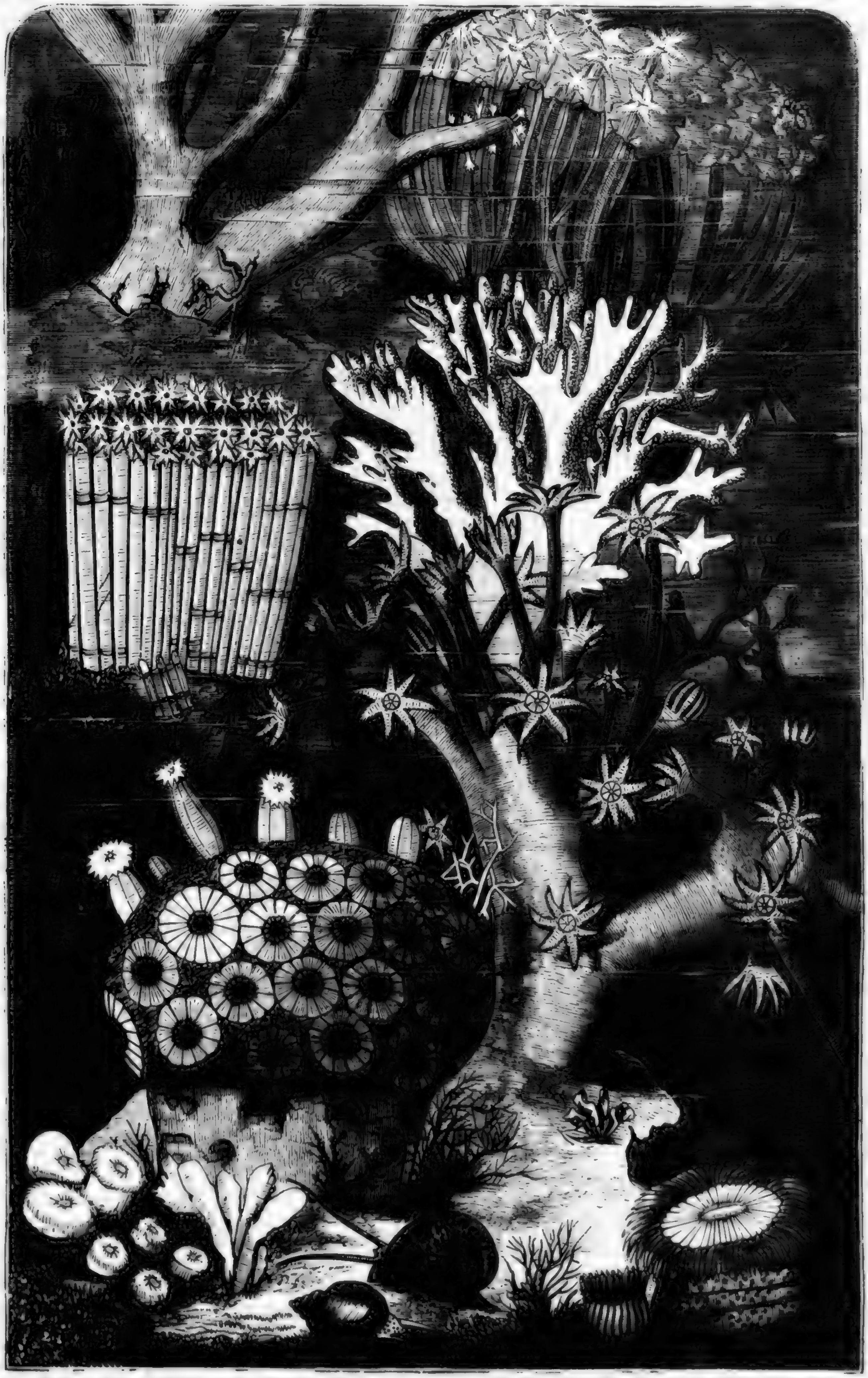
But this coral—the *corallium* of Theophrastes—is unlike the other dwellers on the reef, shore and in the deep-sea mud, in its construction and method of growth. It belongs to the same great part of the animal kingdom, but it is placed, especially from its method of growth, and from its having a different numerical relation of the rays of its stars, in a different section from the true stony corals.

A SOCIABLE ROOK.—SEE PAGE 630.

The red coral, when freshly brought up from depths of from 100 to 600 feet, is in the shape of a stunted tree, which has a broad base attached to something, a short, thickish stem, and short stunted branches, becoming thinner at their ends. This arborescent stem, which may be intensely red or pale, is covered with a film of living matter, and when it is examined under exceptional and very rare circumstances, star-shaped bodies, with eight rays extending from a centre, where there is a mouth, are seen on it. The slightest rough washing will remove this living structure and its stars, and barely a trace of their former existence is left on the hard red coral beneath. The red coral, in fact, forms a kind of base or foundation-support to the living tissues. The stars of the polypes are not let into it, and the red substance is not formed in the midst of the star tissue. On the red coral are wavy lines and slight grooves, but none of it goes into the tissues of the soft cups, which are terminated by the stars, and which contain the organs by which food is digested and the eggs are formed. Now, suppose a stem of the red coral is cut across, and a thin slice is cut and polished and examined under a moderately high power of the microscope. The appearance presented is very beautiful, and it is evident that the coral was once a slender rod, which became thick by the growing of layer after layer around it.

Again, travelers to India by the Red Sea, should they have the opportunity of coming near or landing on some of the islands, will notice that much of the beach sand and stone is red; and that just under the water great rounded masses of red stone, covered with minute stars, are seen. The red sand consists of the fragments of the masses, and these are of a dull red tint, and consist of innumerable small pipe-stem-like tubes, placed side by side, and each set arises from and is covered by a kind of confusion of red substances and tubes. The tubes are open at the top, but there are no plates in them converging from the edge to the centre, and they may be compared with cut straws. The polype lives in them, and when fully displayed emerges its upper part in the form of a tube, terminated by a star with eight serrated rays and a central mouth. The soft tissues of the minute animal extend from polype to polype, and the hard supporting tube structure, or skeleton, is formed by and within them. This is the Organ Coral, or Tubipora, and its intensely red skeleton is furnished with polypes of lighter tints, and which are often blue, green, white or reddish.

These three kinds of coral are separated by the naturalist in the scheme of natural history classification, because their anatomy differs; but the titles Stony Coral, Red



Corallum rubrum—Tubifora rubeola—Astreœa viridis. Clavellaria viridis—Pæcillopora cespitosa—Xenia elongata.

CORALS AND MADREPORES.

XUM

Coral and Organ Coral will probably always be given to them popularly. They really belong to different groups of an important order of the animal kingdom; but in order to comprehend this, it is necessary to consider minutely the nature of the structure of the true stony corals.

If one of the corals with the yellow polypes already mentioned be examined, or if some small Devonshire corals be kept in an aquarium and studied from time to time, it becomes evident that the soft and colored flower-like portions, and the hard white substance they cover, are most intimately connected. Moreover, the resemblance of the simple or solitary coral from Devonshire to a common sea anemone is very striking, but there are no hard parts within this last common seaside object. Microscopically, there is much in common, however, between the anemone and the soft part of the coral, and both are exceedingly irritable, and can swell out or diminish very remarkably in size.

The first thing which strikes any one who is desirous of studying the stony corals during their lifetime, is that (taking a simple form as the example) they are more or less cup or goblet-shaped, and that a fleshy disk, with a hole in the middle, and surrounded by one or more rows of rays or feelers (tentacles), covers the top. This is the *tentacular disk*, and the hole, which is usually longer than broad, is the mouth. The disk is a flattish membrane, and when seen from above, is usually colored in rings, and has a set of markings which go from the mouth to the margin where the tentacles are.

These are in one or more rows, and are of various sizes, but all are more or less cylindrical, hollow, and have rounded tips. They are, with few exceptions, peculiar in their number. In very young corals there would be six, in larger ones twelve, and in adults twenty-four, forty-eight, ninety-six and more in number. The number can be perfectly divided by six; or, in other words, the tentacles are in multiples of six. The tentacles, whatever may be their size, are not fringed or marked with minor ones on their sides, but are plain. When flourishing, the polype projects or hangs down a short distance from the hard part, and a kind of tube is produced. This is continuous at its top with the edges of the disk outside the tentacles, and below it is attached to the cup or tube-shaped hard part, being continued over its outside. All that the eye can see, distinctly, on the surface of the tube and tentacular disk, is the outside skin, or *ectoderm*.

The mouth opens somewhat widely occasionally, and shows an irregular, bag-like space, at the bottom of which is a whitish structure, hard to the touch, and covered with a fine layer of soft substance. Dissection shows that there is a round edge or lip to the mouth, which is capable of distention or contraction, and that beneath it there is a shallow rounded cavity or stomach, with folds on the sides, leading to a larger one, or perigastric or visceral cavity, whose lower membrane covers the white substance. These cavities, one beneath the other, are very central, and *spaces* open into the lower one all around it, and lead up to just beneath where the bases of the tentacles are attached to the disk. The tentacles are hollow, and communicate with the *spaces*, and these open into the cavity, so that any water or substances coming in by the mouth may be dispersed in and around these central spaces and over the membranes which form them. All the tissue of the inside of the lips, of the stomach and general cavity, and of the inside of the tentacles, belongs to the inner skin, or *endoderm*. So that the soft parts are made up of an outer and an inner skin, and there is some intermediate substance uniting them, and having to do with the hard parts.

Now, if the coral be removed from the water the swollen-out tentacles gradually diminish in size, and after a few minutes only a glaze of animal matter, consisting of the two skins and intermediate tissue, which have parted with much of the water usually contained in their constituent parts, is seen covering the white, hard, stony coral. If the soft parts be scrubbed off it can be easily examined.

The hard parts of the animal consist of a cup, or tube-shaped main portion, which is closed below and open above; it contained the stomach and other membranes, and supported the tentacular disk; and it has been explained that the outer membrane once covered it outside. On looking down into the top of the cup a central portion is seen, like the axle end of a wheel in position, and radiating from it on all sides, to the edge of the cup, like so many spokes, are solid plates of carbonate of lime. These are slender, but although only their tops can be seen, they really extend down the cup. Above, they are curved, and on their sides, within the cup, there is much pretty ornamentation.

These plates are called *septa*, and there is a small space on either side of each one which also goes to the bottom of the cup. These spaces are called *interseptal spaces.* The central body, or *columella*, is made up of a number of pieces of carbonate of lime in the shape of twisted ribbons, and between it and the septa are some arched bodies like small septa, and which are called *pali.* The septa are in contact with the cup at its sides, which are thick, ornamented and solid, and constitute the *theca.* Outside the *theca* there are projections running down the coral corresponding in position with the *septa* within, and which are called ribs or *costæ.*

Now, the sides of the septa, the inside of the *theca*, the top of the *columella*—that is to say, all the inside of the hard parts of the cup—are covered with an extension of the inner skin, or *endoderm*; and the outer part is, of course, covered by ectoderm; so that the only space on the coral where there is any room is between the septa, or in the *interseptal* spaces, and also above the *columella.* In life there is a fold of skin in each interseptal space, in which the eggs are developed, and each of those spaces opens into the visceral cavity, as already explained. Again, every tentacle and the under part of the disk are in relation to the septa and interseptal spaces.

But how is the soft polype connected with the hard carbonate of lime of the pretty radiate-looking cup, so as to produce this bulky and heavy skeleton? Take a living specimen and place it in a very weak mixture of hydrochloric acid and water, and great bubbling will go on for awhile during the evolution of carbonic acid gas from the carbonate of lime, and the production of a soluble chloride of lime. After awhile all the solid coral will be found to have gone, but there remains besides the skins and intermediate substance a film, bulky and yet very fragile, and which is a soft tissue which once pervaded every part of the hard coral, and which may be shown to be a continuation of the structure intermediate between the outer and inner skins, and of these tissues also.

By making a thin slice of the hard part of a fresh coral, and after polishing it until it becomes transparent, the microscopic nature of the substance can be shown. First of all, in the septa, a thin film of soft tissue evidently separated each one into two lateral halves, and crystals of carbonate of lime commenced in the tissues and radiated outward. The crystals are long prisms placed close, and side by side. Similar groups of crystals may be seen all over the coral, their arrangement producing the outside and inside ornamentation also.

The coral is not formed like structureless mineral, nor is it made up of hard grains, but of regularly placed crystals of a mineral called arragonite—a form of carbonate of lime. It must be understood, however, that an organic soft tissue has played its part in depositing these crystals. In fact, the carbonate of lime of the coral is deposited according to the same philosophy by which the phosphate of lime of our own bones is put in its proper place, out of a fluid which represents so much bread and meat digested. It is a product of life, and not of simple deposition from sea-water. Hence, as the soft coral polype flourishes, more arragonite is deposited, and the soft and hard parts grow in due relation to one another.

In the simple corals, like the Devonshire *Caryophyllia*, the growth does not proceed above that of the size of a small half-thimble, but in some of the compound forms the size is considerable, and thousands of simple corals may be said to be collected together, as carbonate of lime collectors and depositors. It is therefore necessary to proceed to consider how a compound coral is formed, and then to study the minute anatomy and physiology of some kinds.

The branching coral (*Dendrophyllia nigrescens*) lives in tolerably deep water, and its dark, black-green body is covered, here and there, with cups, each carrying a tentaculiferous disk. The little white tentacles have a yellow hue within them, the disk is green, and the mouth is dark in tint, and, as a matter of fact, during life the whole outside has a delicate ectoderm or outer skin on it.

Every cup, or *corallite*, as it is called—the whole mass being the *corallum*—has its star of tentacles hiding the septa of the inside, and although separated by much space, they are all alike. The *corallum* is tall, and contains a considerable quantity of carbonate of lime, and it increases by a process called budding.

This branching coral is brittle, and when a long piece of it is held in the hand and shaken sharply, it will snap off; but it lives in deep water, out of the range of violent currents and waves, and catches, by means of its tentacles, the minute shelled creatures which jostle against them.

Very different are the compound or reef-building corals, which dwell near the surface, and flourish amongst the surf of the grandest waves in the world, or in the quiet lagoon beyond, where, however, the sea may be troubled. They require strength, lightness and the power of rapid growth; for the rush of a wave would snap off a solid and heavy piece, and there is always some wear and tear going on. The strength and lightness are produced in a manner which modern engineers have striven to imitate in buildings exposed to similar conditions. The original cup or tube grows upward, and has the anatomy of the simple coral; but after growth has proceeded for awhile, a new hard structure is formed inside the animal. A slender floor is formed across the interseptal spaces, and all the space below it is shut off, and the soft parts which were once down there cease to grow, and others cover the top of the floor. A set of cellular compartments is thus formed, the animal growing up, and leaving so much dead coral behind.

Time after time this growth of floor (or *dissepiment*) proceeds, and in an individual coral (a *corallite*) of two inches in height, a score or more of them will be found. The polype, in each instance, withdraws into the higher chamber, lives on the top of its new floor, and leaves the rest below, all shut up like a cell, untenanted and dead. Hence, in very large masses of coral, a foot or more in height, it is only the top quarter of an inch, or even less, that is tenanted by the soft parts; all the rest is partitioned off, and is, to all intents and purposes, a mass of very strong carbonate of lime, built up of uprights and cross-pieces, all very strong and light.

But long before the original coral grows many of these cross-floors, it produces from its outside, by budding, other corallites like unto itself, and they grow up with the parent in height and strength. On the outside of each one, there are the ribs (*costæ*), and the outside skin reaches from one corallites to another, and produces within itself a flat layer of carbonate of lime, on a level with a corresponding flat internal floor. As the corallites all grow up together, more cross outside pieces (*exotheca*) are formed, so that, at last, a true reef-building coral has a multitude of tubes connected by cross-pieces, and each has a cellular structure within. The growth is rapid, and the truly living part is quite at the top; and if a piece is broken off by a wave, or nibbled off by the parrot-fish, the upward growth soon compensates. In fact, there is a constant struggle on the part of these corals to grow just under the surface-water, and they are ever wearing, dying and growing.

In the quieter water, the separate corallites, each with its colored tentacular disk, are fitted with internal floors, and sometimes there is the *exotheca*, but most frequently the walls or sides of the individuals fuse together.

The fusing, or the presence of *exotheca*, is constantly noticed in bulky reef-makers, but they are not required in solitary corals, or in those which live in deep water. The internal floor is, however, found in the deep-water kinds sometimes, and it appears to enable them to increase in height.

In a classification of the corals, those without and those with these structures are separated.

It must be remembered that not only has the coral to produce the skeleton, but that it has to grow its soft tissues, to obtain food to do this, to digest and separate protoplasm for its tissues, and carbonate of lime for its new parts, to respire, and to increase and multiply. Watch a coral in an aquarium abundantly supplied with good aërated sea-water; occasionally its tentacles move slightly, expand, contract, and sometimes the disk and all the tentacles close up. Touch the tentacles, and they seem to stick for an instant and then to close rapidly. The water is full of food in the form of minute beings, and evidently the coral catches many which are very minute, and occasionally entraps a larger and visible one. The tentacles move together on to their victim, which is stuck to one or more of them, and the mouth expands, and finally the food disappears into the stomach.

The water being fresh, the tentacles are fully expanded, and it is evident that the coral polype respires by their means. Catching prey, moving and respiring require special structures, and they, and the coloring matter of the creature, are all present.

The outside skin of the cups is continued over the tentacles, which are hollow, and on to the disk. Now, under the microscope, three or four sets of bodies or cells constitute it. Firstly, there are some globular bags or cells with very delicate walls, which contain a glairy fluid or sticky secretion, which covers the fingers on handling some corals, and entangles some kinds of prey. Secondly, there are minute cells with many contractile hairs or cilia on them; these move strongly in one direction, and return to their original position, like the closing and opening of one's fingers, and produce currents in the water in contact with the skin. Thirdly, there are thousands of long cells, almost sausage-shaped, placed side by side. They point outward, where there is a little spike-like projection. Each of these elongated cells contains a fluid which makes it tense, and also a delicate hair-like thread curled up in a pretty tight spiral. The thread is a continuation of the

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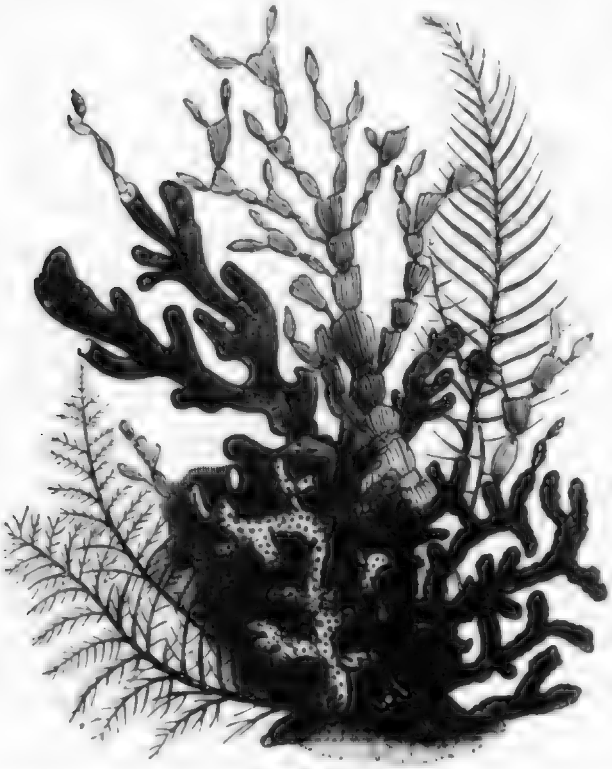
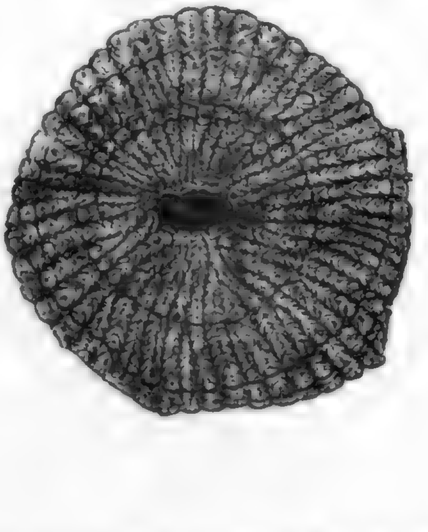


CORALS.

outside membrane of the cell, pushed in like the inverted finger of a glove, and twisted. The slightest unusual pressure will cause this thread to be turned out with a rush, and it evidently has some stinging or paralyzing power on minute creatures, and on delicate human tissues. These are called *nematocysts*, or thread cells. The last kind of structure consists of globular cells, containing granules of coloring matter. All these cells are close together, and form a moderately tenacious tissue. Inside the polype, and within the mouth and the gastric cavity, the spaces and under the tentacles, is the inner skin, and it is made up very much after the fashion of the outer. Between the skins is the intermediate tissue, and it contains young cells and a number of muscular fibres and connective tissue. The muscular fibres are simple threads of highly contractile substance, and some are in bundles, and are long, being placed lengthwise up the tentacles, and from their base to the mouth of the disk; and others are in rings, encircling the tentacles, and doing the same to the mouth and disk. By the contraction, expansion and union of action of the muscles, all the movements are produced.

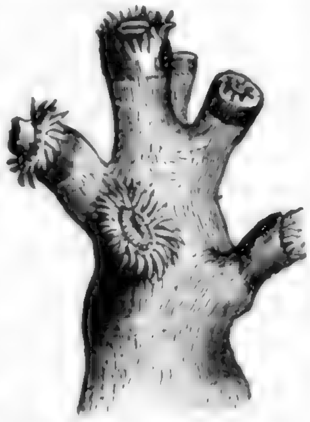
The prey is stung, paralyzed and killed; it is moved by the tentacles to the mouth, and is dissolved in the stomach by the secretion of the inner skin. Water and small things are drawn over the surface into the mouth and about the stomach by the active cilia cells, and also much air contained in the sea. The cells are so thin, that their contents not only pass more or less from set to set, but are also aërated when in contact with the rapidly moving water.



MAGNIFIED CROSS SECTION OF A STEM OF THE RED CORAL.

The respiration is of the simplest kind, and is mainly carried on inside the tentacles; but if the water is impure the coral soon dies. The circulation is perfect, but there are no vessels or special appliances; the digestion is rapid, and the partitioning of the digested matters into tissue, cells and arragonite crystals is as wonderful and as incomprehensible as all other vital processes. Ever feeding, ever growing, carbonate of lime must be deposited, and hence the huge dimensions of reef-building corals which are exposed to the rush of the tropical sea, crowded as it is with minute life.

Hanging between the septa and in the interseptal spaces, and suspended from the underneath part of the disk, are folds of tissue, on the inner side of which are curious worm-like bodies. These are crowded with the thread-cells, but they have nevertheless the duty of producing the future young. As the coral grows upward and increases in size these egg-producing parts increase in number, and as they do so the tentacles increase, and also the septa of the hard parts.



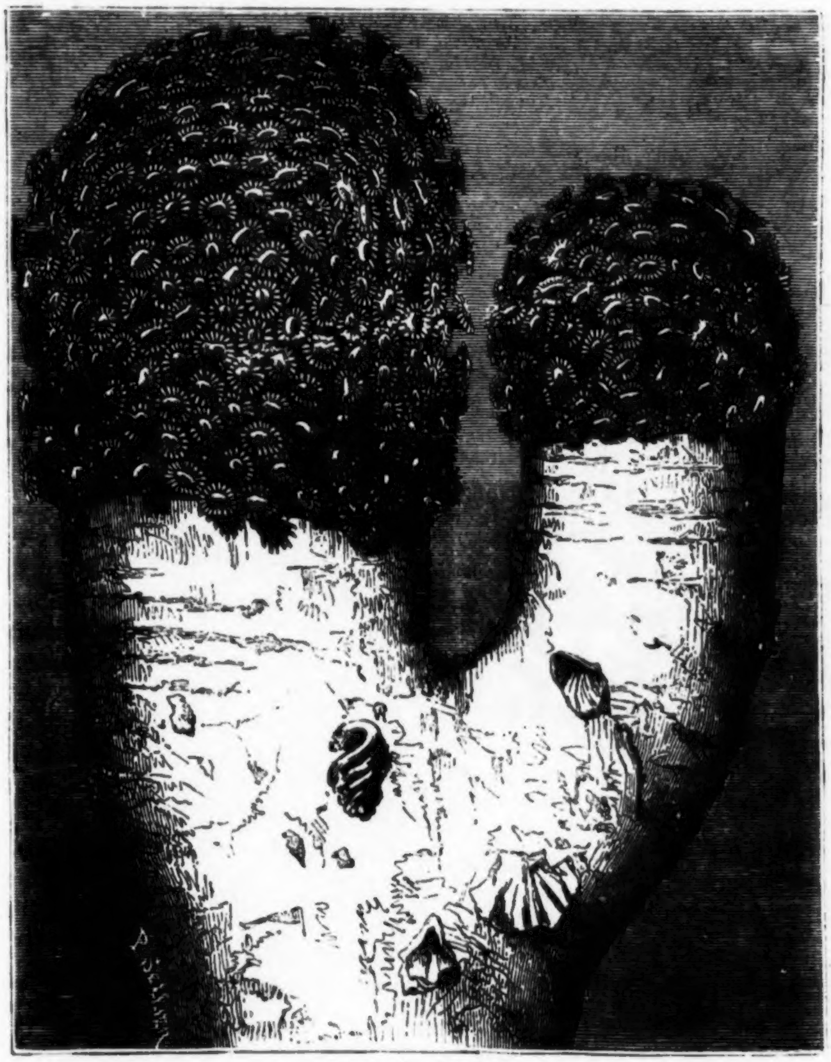
THE DENDROPHYLLIA RAMEA.

Now, this increase is a very remarkable part of the story of the life of a coral, for it does not take place by chance or irregularly, but by a definite arithmetical law.

After the young coral has grown sufficiently to secrete the hard substance within its tissues, six plates or septa are formed, and a corresponding number of tentacles, water-spaces, and egg-producing mesenteries. These are the primary septa. As growth proceeds, six others appear, starting from the wall, midway between two primary septa; each grows inward, and thus divides the original inter-space into two, and determines the development of another set of tentacles and two egg-organs. There are then twelve septa, and the second six are called the secondaries. Soon a third set appears intermediate, and a repetition of the contemporaneous tentacle and egg-organ growth occurs. These tertiaries bring the septa up to twenty-four, and the next set, growing also in the intermediate manner, develops into forty-eight and ninety-six, and sometimes more.

The older the septa, the larger are they; the same rule is true with regard to the tentacles. It is this multiplying by six that gives the great radiant symmetry to the masses of stars in large corals. The exceptions to this rule were very common in the ages of the past, and there are often peculiar defects in many recent species, but still the law is very general.

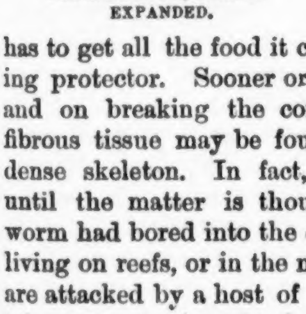
Some corals have their hard parts singularly dense and impervious, and the septa and walls are without visible pores. The Perforata grow with great rapidity, and are especially able to withstand the violence of waves.



GONIOPORA COLUMNA.

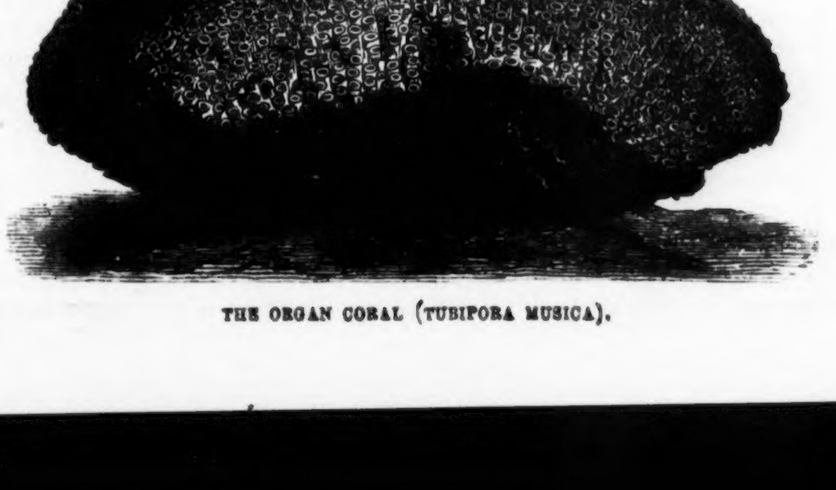
The last of the structures of the corals which has to be noticed refers to a singular and not often told chapter in their history.

Some corals which live in tolerably deep water, the base being attached to a stone, are exquisitely ornamented with beadings, flutings and curved lines from top to bottom, and the delicate soft tissue covers over all, and dips down into the hard part. There is probably not much motion of the sea at the depths where they are found, but there are living things there which trouble the coral, and which in return are troubled by it. A worm which grows to a considerable size, and forms a dense fibrous texture around its body as a kind of house, begins life by plunging into the thin tissues of the young coral when it is a few lines in length, and the feelers of the worm on the top of its head appear at the side of the calices of the coral. The worm certainly cannot get anything out of the coral by way of nourishment, but it occupies a part of the structures of its growing "host," as it may be called.



ORGAN CORAL, PARTLY EXPANDED.

But when the coral has got very large and thick, it grows so rapidly that the worm is constantly being incased, and has to get all the food it can to keep pace with its unwilling protector. Sooner or later the worm gets walled up, and on breaking the coral the incased worm with its fibrous tissue may be found inside the hard, dense skeleton. In fact, it would appear, until the matter is thought out, that the worm had bored into the coral. Other corals living on reefs, or in the mud of shallow seas, are attacked by a host of enemies, and a certain amount of protection is afforded them by the growth around their bases and parts likely to be covered with mud of a thick coating of carbonate of lime in the form of what is called *epitheca*. This layer covers up the outside ornamentation of some of the simple corals in a most curious manner, and is a plain but unique cover, and is produced in and over a soft tissue, which appears to come from the base of the coral and extend upward. It flakes off readily in some kinds, but is more like a varnish in others, and as its soft tissue soon dies, the minute creatures which bore into or live on the coral do not thrive there. There are some corals which have bases as large and as flat as a small plate, and they rest on mud or soft ground under the sea, and their epitheca covers the hidden base only, and is formed into concentric rings. On the other hand, there are some large corals, like the *Goniopora columna*, in which the epitheca, looking very much like dried mud, covers the stem up to the commencement of the calices, and is seen to be covered here and there with shells. Nevertheless, the epitheca will not keep out very persevering parasites. Thus, there is a boring shell, which drills in some extraordinary manner right into the coral, and lives, ever pressing onward, and leaving a tunnel behind, caring little for the epitheca. But it does protect the coral to a considerable degree from a vegetable parasite—*Achlya penetrans*. This is a microscopic fungus, which, after resting on the outside of the coral, secretes carbonic acid gas, and this dissolves some of the carbonate of lime of the skeleton, forming a soluble bi-carbonate. Soon a small tube is got into the hard structures by this dissolving process, and the growth of the fungus, and in the course of time thousands of minute passages are thus chemically formed in the mass, rendering the coral fragile and readily broken. This fungus attacks every part of the coral, and probably feeds on the animal matter which always exists in the forsaken portions of the hard parts.



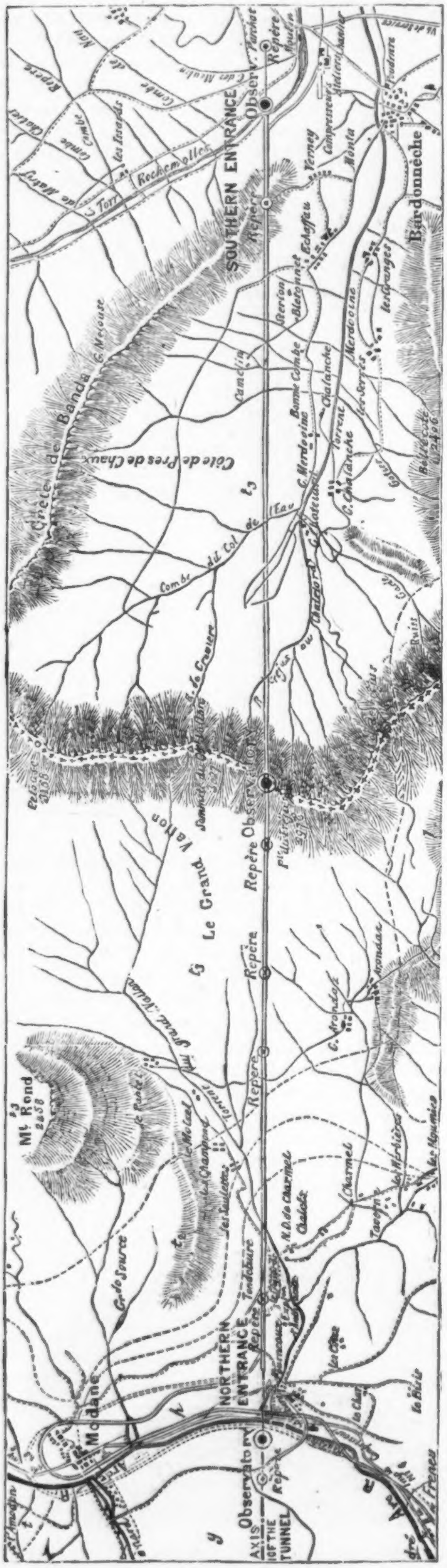
THE ORGAN CORAL (TUBIPORA MUSICA).

XUM

One of the most remarkable things about the corals is their symmetry of growth; not only do they increase in bulk, but they do this according to definite laws, for every species of compound coral has its own peculiar direction of growth and shape. Thus, the brainstone corals form large hemispherical masses, the madrepores branch and rebranch, and may attain many feet in length or height; the *Dendrophylliæ* are often wonderfully stem and bush-shaped; and there are flat, tabulate and round-topped kinds amongst the reef-builders. So definite is this symmetry, and so persistent is the shape of every kind of coral, that these peculiarities are important in the classification of the genera, most of which may be recognized by their special method of growth, and ultimate perfection.

The stony corals belong to the great group of animals which includes the red and organ corals, and it is characterized by there being but one opening in the hollow soft polypes for food, and the outward passage of the eggs and immature young. It is called the Cœlenterate order (*koilos*—hollow, *enteron*—bowel). The stony corals have their hard parts formed within their structures, by an inner derm or skin, and the tentacles are in multiples of six, and are not fringed with others. They are called *Madreporaria*. The red coral has its hard part formed as a kind of core, and is covered by the soft parts, whose tentacles are eight in number, and are fringed. It is one of the *Alcyonaria*, belonging to the family of the *Gorgonidæ*.[1]

Finally, the organ coral is provided with eight fringed tentacles, but its peculiar life-structure places it amongst the *Alcyonaria* in a family of its own.



MAP OF MONT CENIS TUNNEL AND THE NEIGHBORING COUNTRY.—SEE PAGE 542.)

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

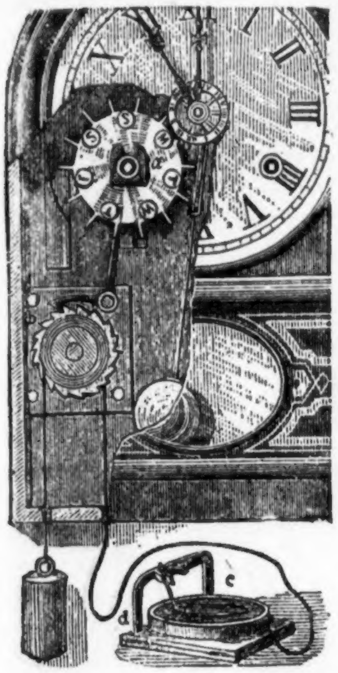
Medical Education in Germany.—There are now two classes of colleges in Germany, called academic and scientific schools. In the former the ancient classics and humanities are taught, and in the latter modern languages and science. From the former, the pupils pass at once to the universities, where they are first called students, and where they enter upon the professional studies of law, medicine or theology; from the latter, students are received at the universities, but not in full and regular standing, and they cannot become members of the three above-mentioned faculties. An effort is now making in Germany to change this ancient order of things, and students from the scientific schools have demanded the privilege of becoming candidates for medical degrees at the universities. In order to obtain the sense of the medical profession on the subject, the Minister of Education recently sent a circular to 163 medical associations in all parts of the Empire, asking them to return official replies. One hundred and fifty-seven of these societies objected to the reception of scientific students, and only six voted in favor. The physicians of Germany insist upon the necessity of a classical education as a preliminary to the study of medicine.

Phosphorescence.—The property of becoming luminous in the dark is sometimes exhibited by raw meat, in which case it is due to the presence of an infinite number of minute beings, called bacterides. Where these creatures come from has not yet been ascertained, and they do not appear to exert any deleterious effect on the meat; and they can be easily removed by wiping, or the application of a little carbolic or salicylic acid. Occasionally the light is sufficiently strong for a person to be able to see the time by a watch. In the case of the phosphorescence of sea-water, the appearance is due to an incalculable number of animalculæ, held in suspension by the liquid. These minute beings are obliged to absorb oxygen to maintain life, and then a sort of slow combustion takes place, similar to that which occurs when phosphorus is exposed to the air. That the effects of this chemical process should become visible is by no means astonishing, considering the countless myriads of these minute creatures which are collected together in the sea.

Relics of Lavoisier.—There have just been found at the residence of a descendant of Lavoisier a number of manuscripts, instruments and objects of interest, formerly belonging to the great philosopher. Among the instruments, which are in an admirable state of preservation, are many thermometers, one of them of especial value, as a duplicate was placed by Lavoisier himself in the cellars of the Observatory, the bulb being buried in the earth. It is proposed to make a comparison of the two instruments, to see what changes have been effected in them in a hundred years. There are the original balances on which Lavoisier worked, and on which he may be said to have founded modern chemistry.

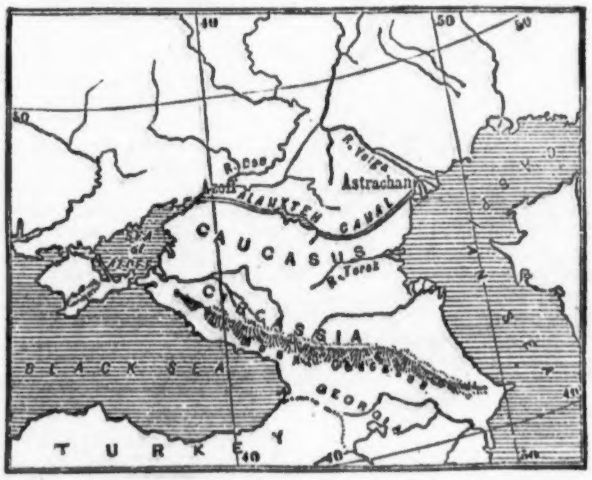
There are 22,000 Jews at work in Amsterdam cutting, polishing and setting diamonds.

An Automatic Fire-lighter.—A novel device for automatically lighting fires at any stated time, has recently been invented. By reference to the engraving it will be seen that the lighting mechanism is controlled by a clock, which carries on its hour-hand arbor an adjustable disk, bearing an arm capable of engaging the pins which project from the rim of the wheel, *a*. The pins of this wheel, *a*, correspond to the seven days of the week, and are arranged so as to disengage a pawl from the ratchet wheel, *b*, at any settled time of the day. The ratchet, *b*, is fixed upon the shaft of a small windlass, which is propelled by a weight when the pawl releases the ratchet-wheel. This windlass winds a cord that may be extended in any direction to the stove or furnace, where there is placed a light, *c*, consisting of a horizontal wheel, round whose periphery the cord is wound, and on whose upper surface there is a coating of sand-paper. The wheel is protected by an iron cover, which also supports a clamp, *d*, for holding one or more matches, so that their heads press lightly on the sand-paper. A piece of paper or other combustible extends from the match to the kindlings in the grate. At the prescribed time, the pawl is released by the clock, the weight drops, the sanded wheel revolves, and the fire is lighted. If it is desired to pass over a day or two, the corresponding pins in the wheel, *a*, are to be removed.



The Göttingen Royal Society of Sciences offers a prize of fifty ducats for the best treatment, by new researches, of the question as to the processes of development of the adult echinoderm. In addition to what is known of the embryonal development of echinoderms, it must specially be shown how the animal grows from the larva form to the completed system of organs. It is open to competitors either to examine a characteristic kind of development-process in all its features, or by exhibiting the development of different forms to establish a common behavior for the whole; in the latter case, the chief agreements or divergences in the formation of the organic system in different forms of echinoderms must be indicated from their earliest occurrence. The Society repropose their question as to the nature of the *unpolarized light-ray*, researches being desired which will bring conceptions as to natural light of any source near, in definiteness, to those which theory associates with polarized light. Papers on these subjects have to be sent in before the end of September in 1881 and 1882 respectively.

The Proposed Canal between the Sea of Azoff and the Caspian Sea.—The Russian Government has authorized M. Daniloff to carry out his proposal for the construction of a canal between the Sea of Azoff and the Caspian. This project has frequently been considered, the chief obstacle being the want of water in the Manytch River, which lies midway between the two seas. If the water communication can be kept open, little remains to be done but to work upon the natural lines of the Manytch, which in places expands into good-sized lakes. The canal will be replenished by water drawn from the Malka and the Terek, and another feeder from the Kuban, near the Sea of Azoff. A cutting 519 kilometres long will connect the Manytch with the Don, and another 370 kilometres in length will unite Astrachan, on the Volga, with the first-mentioned stream. Another branch has been proposed, to go north to Serebrjakooska, on the Caspian. The depth there will be 2.88 metres. The entire cost of this project is estimated at 50,000,000 roubles, or $37,500,000. Should M. Daniloff succeed in accomplishing his proposed plan, steamers from the Caspian will be able to reach Astrachan without transhipping cargo, and new fields of commerce will be opened up.



M. **Zaborowski** recently communicated to the Paris Anthropological Society his discovery, on the banks of the lower Vistula, of certain sepulchral vessels of a kind never before described. At the depth of 50-80 centimetres below the surface he found cinerary urns filled with bones, in the midst of which were various objects in bronze, iron and bone, and over each urn there was a cover, like an inverted bell, resting in some cases on a kind of stand, or plateau. He proposes to give to these singular urns the name of *tombeaux sous cloches*.

The Light of the Glow-worm.—The glow-worm is luminous by the slow combustion of a semi-transparent yellow matter stored up in the last three rings of its body. Cold destroys its luminous power, but plunged into water at 95° Fah., the light is very vivid. If the insect is placed in carbonic acid, nitrogen gas, etc., the light totally disappears—a fact which demonstrates the necessity of oxygen to the production of the phosphorescence.

The total consumption of sugar in the United Kingdom in 1879 was 927,903 tons, or 61 pounds per head of the population.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

When does a blooming young damsel burst into fruit? When she becomes the apple of somebody's eye.

The "Immediate Jewel."—If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, don't have it engraved on your umbrella.

"**What** I should like to know," said a school official the other day, "is how the mouths of rivers can be larger than their heads."

Lawyer (to witness): "Did you say that an incompetent man could keep a hotel just as well as anybody?" Witness: "No. I said an inn-experienced man could."

"**What** is the meaning of lost in French?" said a cab-driver to a foreign gentleman. "*Perdu*," answered the gentleman. "Well, then, your trunk is *perdu*," said the Jehu.

Somebody discovers that it takes $30,000,000 a day to run the world. If that's so, we'll take the contract for one day, and forfeit ten per centum of the money if we fail.

"**Well**, Pat, you didn't come to the two o'clock train to get me, as I told you?" "Oh, indade I did, sor; but I got there too late for that thrain, so I waited for the next one."

A **popular** conundrum among the anti-Chinese men of California is: "Why is a Chinaman like a vegetable garden?" The answer is: "Because he queue-cumbers his head."

A **dissatisfied** Cleveland mother-in-law stole the marriage certificate of her new daughter, in an attempt to get even with her for stealing away the affections of the mother's son.

"**James**, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate, and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

Heine!—Heine must have had some stirring experience to write thusly: "The music at a marriage procession always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering upon a battle."

A **Kansas** woman was buried under the ruins of her house for two days, and yet came out alive, but awful mad to think that she hadn't had anybody to talk to during the weary hours.

A **paper**, commenting on the fact that a farmer nearly lost his life by sinking in a quagmire, adds: "Men who do not subscribe for a newspaper must expect to be sucked in every now and then."

A **freshman** who was around town early the other morning singing "My Heart is in the Highlands," was told by the watchful guardian of the night that his body would be in the police-station if he did not keep quiet.

The wonderful growth of the Imperial City of the Western World could scarcely be more succinctly shown than in the compact yet compendious Guide to New York, prepared by Messrs. Rogers, Peet & Co., which will be found on our advertising pages. It comprises a brief history of the city's settlement; its boundaries; the location of its manifold trades and industries; its facilities for amusement and recreation; and concise directions for "sight-seeing," to the best advantage, within the limit of a single week.

The "bird's-eye view" map of New York and its suburbs which accompanies this compilation gives the stranger a clear idea of the compass and dimensions of our island city, and admirably supplements the varied information given by the Guide itself.

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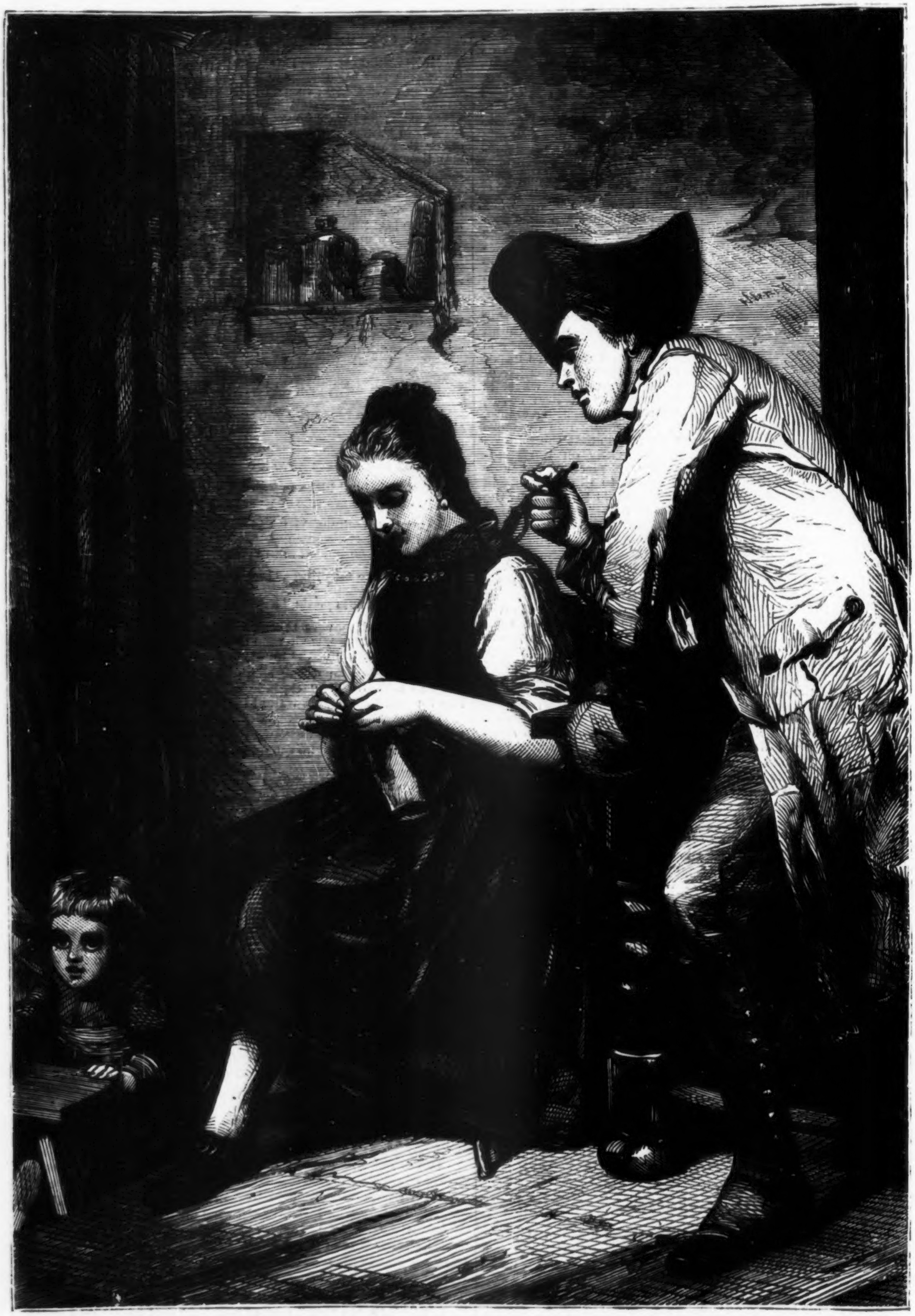

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.—FROM THE PAINTING BY C. LASCH, OF DUSSELDORF.